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MY WIFE

AND

MY MOTHER.

[BARBOUR, HEMAN HUMPHREY]

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PREFACE.

In looking over the proof-sheets of this book, I find many imperfections which I would be glad to correct; but inasmuch as such corrections would require much time, labor, and pecuniary expense, and as the book is not designed for general circulation, I have concluded to issue a small edition of it with its numerous glaring defects of style, punctuation, and matter, in the hope that my friends will regard more the motive and design of the work than the details of its execution. Having inconsiderately offered it as a prize to the scholars of several Sabbath schools in the West and in Connecticut, before its preparation, (and, of course, before I knew how defective it would be,) I fear the book will fall under the notice of many strangers who will fail to appreciate the excusatory circumstances attending its production; it is, therefore, with painful solicitude and misgiving that I now permit the precious and sacred memorials of my dear wife and mother herein contained, to pass from my keeping in so unworthy a vehicle.

H. H. B.

Hartford, May 23, 1864.

TO MY OWN DEAR SONS,

PRIMARILY AND CHIEFLY;

AND

TO THEIR GRANDFATHERS, UNCLES, AUNTS AND COUSINS,

SECONDARILY;

THE FOLLOWING PAGES ARE AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED,

With an earnest desire and Prayer that this Labor and Gift of Love

MAY PRODUCE IN EACH OF THEM,

COMFORT AND CONSOLATION AND PRACTICAL AND SPIRITUAL HOLINESS.

INTRODUCTION.

The preparation of this work began in this wise: Shortly after the death of my dear wife, a book was found and handed to me which contained about one hundred pages, on three or four of which she had written some religious thoughts, about nine years before, intending to keep a religious journal from that time; but sickness and cares and self-diffidence, as I suppose, caused her to discontinue the journal very soon afterward; hence, most of the pages were left blank. The discovery of the book was the occasion of comfort to me, and I then felt that I should ever prize it beyond any other visible memorial of the departed, which I possessed; and at once resolved to fill the blank pages with a sketch of her life, extracts from her letters, and such tributes of sympathizing friends as I might receive, to be left in manuscript for my children and children's children after me. On the 23d of October, 1863, being the anniversary of our marriage, (six days after my wife's death,) I wrote in this book a sketch of her life. While I was thus employed, the thought of putting the large materials which I found in my possession, (and which I knew could readily be greatly increased,) into a form to be seen by other friends and acquaintances, came into my mind, and the more I reviewed her life and character, the more the thought pressed upon me,

until I became thoroughly convinced, not only that the subject was worthy of such an exhibition and use, but also that great good might be accomplished in that way, provided the materials were so arranged as to give a just view of her inner life and character and growth and development. It seemed to me that just such a history and portraiture might be useful to some, in this age, when far different principles of action, and ideas of what is good and desirable in female education and life and aims prevail, from those which she cherished and adopted. There were many young females who knew and loved the deceased; there were abundant demonstrations of this fact during her life; and the expressions of the love and esteem of such for her given after her death were very remarkable. It seemed to me that such persons would be deeply and permanently impressed by looking upon a true picture of such a woman. Some time afterward I received a note acknowledging the receipt of a photographic likeness of my wife, from a young married lady, (Mrs C.,) of Hartford, in which she said,

"I loved your wife always—even before I knew her—her face attracted me—and since I have known her, my aspirations have been to be as true a *wife* and as faithful a *mother*."

This was the highest tribute to the blessed life and character of one who was universally beloved among her acquaintances, which was bestowed by any one of the many who wrote glowing eulogies of her lovely virtues. It affected me deeply, as showing that her influence had been widely felt and appreciated, and had contributed to render other domestic circles happy, besides the one which she had hallowed and illumined and warmed by her immediate presence. Here was practical evidence that her example would have a salutary influence upon

the hearts and lives of many of the young of her sex, if it could be held up in its true light before them. But who could do it? Who should do it? Should I attempt it? These were questions which troubled me sorely. I felt an aversion to in trusting such a work to a *stranger*, and no one knew her well but myself; besides, she was *mine*, and I could not *then* consent to part with any thing that belonged to her, even temporarily and for a good purpose. The more I considered the question the more decided and clear was the answer—"he who knew her best must do it." And I resolved to do it by the help of God. Yet another question remained; "shall it be printed as soon as prepared, or after my death?" The latter seemed preferable for at least one reason—a much freer use of her letters could properly be made in that case than my feelings of delicacy would allow me to make in the other; and besides, the egotism I must necessarily display in giving a just view of her life would be less offensive to good taste; if not, *I* should be beyond the reach of criticism, to which I am apt to be painfully sensitive. Certainly, if I could have known that the hour of my departure from earth was as near as I then desired it to be, I should have decided to leave this work for posthumous publication. But other considerations outweighed these, which were purely *personal;* and for the sake of the good which I hoped would be effected by it among my children and their posterity, in the sabbath-schools with which I was connected, and in which she took a deep interest, and in the circle of her relations and acquaintances, I determined to expose myself to such criticism as the bringing of myself, and many of the privacies of domestic life, so prominently before the public might excite.

I, however, beg critics to consider this fact, that the book is printed at my own expense, as a family book, for private distribution, and not for sale; the rule of criticism must therefore, in justice to me, be very different from that by which a book designed for general circulation and reading may properly be judged.

To conclude these apologies, I wish to say further, that having filled the blank pages of the book before referred to in the manner proposed, I placed it, first in the hands of a lady, and afterward in the hands of a gentleman, both possessed of discriminating tastes and judgment, and having little previous knowledge of the life and character of the deceased, whose relations to her would not be likely to render them partial in their decisions upon the question submitted to them, which was, "may such materials be printed, with propriety, for private distribution?" and they, each, decidedly encouraged me to make such use of them.

Some, perhaps, will wonder how I could, so soon after the death of my wife, apply my mind and hands so industriously to such a work. I have often wondered at my own course, and much oftener have blessed God that He led me to it. It was a most merciful providence, designed, and having the effect, to divert my thoughts from the contemplation of my own changed condition, my unspeakable, and (without Divine grace and mercy,) unbearable loss.

In regard to the publication of the memoir and letters of my dear mother I have felt far less delicacy and hesitation, and for reasons which will be obvious to all. The sons had spoken of such a memorial soon after her death, and it seemed, after the death of my wife, to be appropriately connected with the me-

morial of the latter. The differences in their characters and dispositions are very marked, and will be very apparent to the discerning reader, and yet there is not the slightest antagonism. Both possessed all the Christian virtues and graces, but in different degrees; both, I regard as excellent patterns of the best domestic qualities, and yet they were not alike; both were naturally amiable in disposition; and both had unusually bright and strong mental faculties; but in all these respects they exhibited interesting varieties. Nevertheless, they had common sympathies, tastes, faiths, and aims, which attracted them together very closely and pleasantly; this will be seen in the letters of each in which the other is spoken of, and was very observable to the near relatives of both, while they lived. "Very pleasant were they in their lives, and in their deaths (scarcely) divided." How sweet must be their communion now!

I shall endeavor, especially, in giving the history of the early life of each, to use the language, illustrations, and familiar style of narration which will be likely to interest children. I do not possess the happy "faculty" of writing or speaking in such a manner: I earnestly wish I did.

The reader will surely not fail to keep in mind when reading the letters and other productions of the subjects of these memoirs, that such productions were written without a thought of any public use being made of them; they were all strictly private and confidential, and therefore unstudied and familiar.

I give the letters in chronological order, and interspersed with my own narrations of history, because that arrangement seems best calculated to exhibit the *growth* and *development* of intellectual moral and spiritual life and character, which is a leading object of this work. I want my children and other young per

sons to see what my wife and mother were in the beginning, and to what they severally attained, and as far as possible, all the steps of progress. In regard to many considerable periods of their respective lives, their own letters furnish a connected history, and my aim in making extracts and selections will be to have each tell the story of her own life, and especially to enable the reader to understand and estimate by these the mental and moral character of each. Fulsome eulogies of dead men, whose lives never bore corresponding testimony in regard to their virtues, have become so cheap and common as to be very little valued or noticed. I hope what I may say in praise of these loved ones will be abundantly sustained and justified by that revelation of themselves which their own writings shall make.

The genealogy of an individual appropriately precedes the biography: when I first determined to give the genealogies of my wife and mother, it was my purpose to introduce them in the natural order, but finding so much material for that part of my book to which something was added every day, I concluded to reverse the order, for two reasons; first, that I might better judge how much space to occupy with it, and second, that I might thus be able to print a selection from all the genealogical matter I should discover before I closed the work. I wished to begin to print as soon as possible in order to bring out the book about the 1st of May, which was the time I first fixed for its publication.

MY WIFE.

CHAPTER I.—HER CHILDHOOD.

YOUNG persons especially wish to have some description of the localities or places where events occurred, of which they hear or read, and to gratify them I will describe, in few words, the place where my wife was born, and spent her early days.

The town of Barkhamsted lies in a north-westerly direction from the city of Hartford, a little more than twenty miles distant. Three ranges of high hills run through the town from north to south—one on its western boundary, one on its eastern boundary, and one through the middle. Between the western and middle range is a valley, (part of which is called Pleasant Valley,) through which runs the west branch of the Farmington River; between the middle and eastern range is another valley, (sometimes called East Hollow,) through which and along the east base of the middle range of hills, runs the east branch of the Farmington River. These two branches unite in the town of New Hartford, about five miles south of the centre of Barkhamsted. The old Congregational meeting-house, which had neither bell or steeple, was situated on the east slope of the middle range of hills, about half way from the top, or summit. North of it is the burying-ground, and just south of it,

on the green, is the school-house, just as they were forty years ago: there is a natural terrace or level surface running along the side of the hill at this point affording eligible building sites. About ten rods south-west of the school-house still stands a small building which was once a "store," as Yankees call the building in which goods are sold; attached to the store in the rear, was once a dwelling-house, which has been removed. In this house my wife was born, May 25, 1824. About three-fourths of a mile east of this place, and about half that distance east of the east branch of the river, and in the east valley, very near the foot of the east range of hills, still stands another house, with a store in front of it, just as it did forty years ago; and to this house my wife's parents removed when she was about five years old, and this was afterward her home until her marriage, and still is the home of her father and youngest brothers. When I was first introduced to this home it was a happy one; its surroundings were very pleasant and still remain the same; but within, O, how changed! Then, the inmates were father, mother, two daughters, and four younger sons. The mother and daughters, lovely and loving then, and making that household one of the happiest of earth, have all gone, leaving that earthly mansion dark and desolate—a gloomy monument of departed joys; but there is a bright mansion discernible by the eye of faith which is very attractive now, for the same spiritual vision discerns those lovely and loving ones within, all clothed in white robes with palms in their hands—all "their tears wiped away."

My wife's first name was Frances Elizabeth Merrill. She was the first born child of Merlin and Clarissa Merrill, who were plain, honest, and sensible people, having about the amount of worldly possessions which Agar

prayed for, Prov. chap. xxx. Her little sister, Caroline, died June 19, 1827, aged twenty months. Her sister Helen Caroline, was born four years after Frances' birth. She next had a brother called Merlin, a lively little boy, who, in his play, on the 4th day of September, 1833, when about three years old, ran against a kettle filled with hot brine, which his mother was carrying, whereby a very little was spilled upon his neck, or into his ear, from which dreadful accident he died, after suffering a few hours of great agony. I do not know how Frances was affected by this sudden and painful death of her little brother; undoubtedly her tender heart suffered a severe shock at the time, and her childish amusements and joys were temporarily interrupted, but as she was but nine years old, I presume she did not carry a great burden of grief long; children's minds are usually diverted from sad retrospects by passing scenes and events; and if one delightsome thing is snatched from them, others soon fill the void. I suppose this is the order of their Creator, and it seems well that it is so; if they "laid to heart" the disappointments and bereavements they suffered, as older people often do, they would either be utterly crushed by them, or, at least, greatly hindered and disabled from making preparation for the trials and duties of manhood and womanhood.

I am told that Frances was a good and obedient child, and very fond of play and fun. It is not uncommon to see lively, cheerful, and pleasant children, but I am inclined to believe from the testimony of those who remember her childish manifestations that she was uncommonly vivacious and frolicsome. I judge, too, that her exuberant spirits sometimes overflowed in school and at other places and times, when she should have put a restraint upon them. Children often do thoughtlessly com-

mit such improprieties, and I am led to the conclusion by reading Frances' own letters that she was sometimes thus guilty; some of her letters of youth show that she regretted the follies and neglected opportunities of her earlier school days. I have heard a great deal (since she died,) about her childhood, and three intelligent ladies, older than she was, who knew her in those days, have written specially in regard to that period of her life. I will give extracts from their letters here, and follow them with extracts from her own letters written before she was fourteen years old, and thus close this chapter of her childhood.

Mrs. Kendall of Granby, Conn., writes in relation to Frances, at the age of six years—

"The first time I ever saw dear Frances, (for I must still call her by that endearing name,) was in the winter of 1830. Her father employed me to teach the school in his district. I went to his house on Saturday preparatory to commencing school on the following Monday. After I was seated, Mrs. Merrill said to Frances, "this is your teacher." She came forward and greeted me very cordially. She seemed to scan every lineament of my face; and appeared finally satisfied. I shall never forget her open, ingenuous countenance, at that moment. I could look through her countenance right into her heart. I loved her then, and my interest in her increased through the winter. She was an excellent scholar, *peculiarly* so for one of her age. I found that she possessed an amiable disposition—was kind hearted, and beloved by her school-mates as well as her teacher. I always found her frank and truthful. She was a bright sunbeam in school and at home. I spent most of the winter in Esquire Merrill's family, and became very much attached to them all. Mrs. Merrill I loved as a sister."

The remainder of the letter relates to later periods of Frances' life, and may be used in other connections.

Mrs. Seymour of Syracuse, N. Y., writes in regard to Frances, at the age of eight or ten years—

"I perfectly well remember the first time I saw her; she was but a mere child—not more than eight or ten years old—and was overflowing with exuberance of spirits and playful wit and humor: I was charmed with her."

Mrs. Rexford, of Barkhamsted, writes of Frances at the age of ten:—

"As a child she was very lively and intelligent. At the age of ten she was for six months under my care as a scholar. She was uniformly kind, and won the love of her teacher and school-mates, and was regarded by the latter as their superior. She was the youngest of a class of fourteen scholars, but was equal to any in scholarship. She was nurtured under the law of kindness, and that was all she needed."

Other portions of Mrs. Rexford's letter will be given in the next chapter.

The first letter, written by Frances, which I have found, was written when she was ten years old, to her cousin Jane, then in New Hartford at the house of her grandmother Newton, her mother's mother. I give it in full.

BARKHAMSTED, *Feb.* 28, 1835.

It is with pleasure that I now sit down to write you a few lines, to let you know that my health is good, and I hope yours is the same. In regard to uncle Clark, he was quite comfortable yesterday, but more feeble to-day. Doctor Beecher has hopes of him and Doctor Weed, some. Grandma says that aunt Betsy must do the best she can, and take good care of the cows, and that she must take home Mr. Cannon's work, and keep you at home a little while in the morning to help her do the chores. I want to see you very much, and hope that when your school is out, you will come up here and stay two or three weeks, or more. I have not seen you since thanksgiving. Our school is going to be out in two weeks after this week, and when you have been up here, I don't know but I shall go home with you, if Ma will let me. Newton came over here last Saturday and went home the next day; he said that Monroe had got so well that he rode out, and he said he thought he should bring your Ma

and Monroe over in a week or two. Helen sends her love to you and wants to see you very much. As I have no more to write, I must close by saying, good-bye.

P. S. Grandma says you must do as well as you can and help aunt Betsy, and when your school is out you shall come up and make me a visit. Give my love to Sarah Ann and Helen Strong.

From your cousin,

FRANCES MERRILL.

To cousin Jane, four days after the preceding; I also give this in full.

BARKHAMSTED, *March* 3, 1835.

Ever dear COUSIN JANE.

Having an opportunity to convey to you a few lines, I would inform you that uncle Clark remains the same as he did the other time I wrote to you. We heard from Monroe to-day; he is poorer—he has taken cold and is very lame. Your mother came over here last Sunday. Monroe then was better and was so he rode out; his eyes are better now. Our babe was very sick last night, but is better to-day. We were afraid of the rattles. He was taken all of a sudden. Ma laid him down in the cradle and got him to sleep; he had lain about an hour when he waked up, and he could not but just breathe, and our folks had to sit up all night with him and uncle Clark. I suppose you are very lonesome without Grandma, and would like to see her very much. I hope you will come up here soon. I do not attend school very steady, I hope you go every day. I should not wrote [have written] to you so soon again, but Grandma thought you would be glad to know how we all did here. You must write me a great long letter. Your Ma said she thought you had not better go to Hitchcockville till April. As I have no more to write, I must close, by saying good-bye. Please to excuse this from

FRANCES E. MERRILL.

To COUSIN JANE.—*Feb.* 1, 1836.

Dear Cousin.

I received your letter Jan. 30, and was very glad to hear from you. The worst of it was you did not write quite enough. I want to see you very much, and want to have you come up here. I have been to school all these stormy days since I wrote you my last letter,

but have rode most of the time. They have had a very interesting meeting, and H. B. thinks she has experienced religion, besides a good many others. * * * I must close, telling you not to show this to any body, as I have not much time to write.

P. S. Give my love to Helen Mills and Ann Brace. Tell them they must write; and you must.

F. MERRILL.

To COUSIN JANE.—*Jan.* 16, 1837.

My dear Cousin.

In token of friendship, remembrance, and esteem, I retire with alacrity and resume my pen to write to a most beloved, though absent cousin, to let you know you are not forgotten. You still live in my remembrance and will till my heart ceases to beat. I have nothing in particular to write worthy of your notice. I attend school this winter; my principal studies are geography, grammar, and arithmetic; also reading, spelling, and writing. It seems a long time since I saw you, I want to see you very much. * * * My monthly rose grows very fast; it will blow this winter if it does not freeze. * * * You must write me as quick as you can; I find nothing else to write: so, good-bye.

Your affectionate friend,

FRANCES E. MERRILL.

N. B. Give my love to aunt Betsy, and tell her not to let Grandma do any housework this cold winter, and you must help Grandma all you can.

To COUSIN JANE.—*Feb.* 8, 1837.

Dear Cousin.

It is with pleasure that I now sit down to answer your kind letter which I received to-day. * * * I suppose you are pretty lonesome at home without grandmother, but I am glad to hear that you enjoy yourself so well at school. * * * I do not like our teacher as well as I did, for he made me sit out on a bench alone to-day, just because I laughed a little; don't you think that was most too bad? After I had sat there a little while, he asked me if I thought I made a pretty good appearance, I told him I thought I did, he told me then to take my seat and not laugh any more, which I did. * * *

FRANCES.

To Cousin Jane.—*Jan.* 30, 1838.

Dear Cousin.

With pleasure do I resume my pen to address a beloved cousin, although I have nothing interesting to write, and write merely for the sake of receiving an answer from you. * * * I go to school and have first-rate times. We have not got quite so cross a teacher as you had, I guess; any how, he don't punish us any, but I do not think we deserve it. He scolds sometimes, because we laugh so much. * * * But my pen is so poor I can not write any more. So good-bye.

From your cousin,
Frances Merrill.

CHAPTER II.—HER RELIGIOUS CONVERSION.

I have not been able by diligent search and inquiry to find any writing of Frances, relating to her earliest religious thoughts and experience, although she wrote letters soon after her conversion to several friends, and at the time of her uniting with the church of which she was last a member, wrote an account of her exercises of mind at, and just preceding the beginning of her Christian life. I have, however, seen several persons who remember very clearly about this, the most important event of her eventful life,—her conversion. She gave me some account of it several years since, but I am unable to recall the particulars of her statement.

Her parents were not professedly pious, though I fully believe her mother died a Christian. Her grandmother Newton, was a devotedly pious woman, and made religion appear attractive by her cheerfulness. She talked much of God's goodness and love, and the blessedness of Heaven. I know that Frances was much impressed by the example and teachings of her grandmother, for she often spoke to me in after years of her pious life and

conversation; and I have no doubt that these contributed largely to the sum of human instrumentalities which, finally, under God's sanctifying grace, induced Frances to seek earnestly and heartily the religion which her grandmother so beautifully exemplified. I conclude from the letter of Mrs. Rexford, that she was early a member of the sabbath-school, how early I do not know. She was converted sometime in the winter, or spring of 1840, before she was sixteen, during an extensive revival of religion, which then prevailed in her native town.

I saw and conversed with Mrs. Pierce of New York city, in November last, who lived near, and was a very intimate companion of Frances at the time now referred to. She stated to me that for some time previous to Frances' yielding to her convictions, and becoming an anxious inquirer and seeker, she struggled against, and resisted good influences and impressions, and occasionally made light of, and ridiculed serious things, which is not an uncommon, though *very dangerous* course with awak ened sinners. The next morning after her conversion, Frances came over to see this companion, bringing with her the "Village Hymns," (*I suppose I have in my possession the book she carried,*) and said to her friend, "I have found the Savior, and I want to have you go with me into a private room for prayer." They did retire, and spend a season in prayer, and this friend was shortly afterward converted; and they went together from house to house, to urge others to repent. Mrs. Pierce says, Frances was very bold and earnest in addressing persons of all ages and classes, and seemed to produce good impressions wherever she went. She expressed to this friend her great love for all Christians, especially the humble and poor—said she loved Mr. ——, (a deformed man who was converted about that time, and who was

very ardent,) and some other poor and despised Christians. Mrs. Pierce told me these things, and added that these manifestations of love for the lowly on the part of Frances, were remarkable, as she thought; she confessed she did not herself feel such *strong* attachment to such persons.

Her cousin Hannah Munson, of Smyrna, N. Y., writes:

"In the spring of 1840, we had a precious revival of religion: there were a large number converted; Cousin Frances, was one of them. I do not remember about her conviction, or how long she was serious, and I was not present at the meeting at which she was converted; but others who were there, said she was entirely senseless for a time, and when she revived, her mouth was filled with praise and love to God. She came out so bright that it almost discouraged many an anxious one. I saw her next morning—she was happy. I went with her and called on some of the neighbors. She was like all others when they have found Christ—they want all to come and go with them. We had our young people's meeting, she was active and earnest in the good cause. She offered herself with others, for examination to unite with the church, and was admitted in July, 1840."

I have seen Mr. and Mrs. Amos Beecher, who were present at the meeting where Frances "found peace in believing" on Christ. It was a neighborhood prayer meeting, held in the evening, at the house of Mr. William Stillman, about one-half mile north of her father's house, now occupied by Mr. Elbridge Howd. She had been, as I learn from many persons and as she told me, in great distress of mind for several days. Now, she seems to have *fully* resolved to give her heart to Christ *without reserve*, or *condition;* she has made known her feelings and desire for a new heart to the praying people there assembled, and bows with them before God, while earnest prayer is offered to Him, who alone can change the heart—that is the affections and the will. He had

already begun this work; the proud and rebellious spirit which had kept her in darkness, and agony through so many days, was even then subdued; she had given up the controversy with her Maker, and was an earnest suppliant for mercy on *His terms*—not her own; she needed only love and faith to become a new creature in Christ Jesus, and these she would surely have soon. None ever came to the point of entire submission to God's terms of salvation and failed to receive communications of His love in their hearts, which overflows in love to Him and to their fellow-men, or to gain that view of Christ as their Savior and Redeemer, which enables them to throw themselves into His outstretched arms, no longer nailed to the "accursed tree," but free and ready to embrace and fold them to His heart, where they may lie sweetly, exclaiming "my Lord and my God."

While Christians prayed, she prayed in the depths of her soul, with all the powers of her being, moved as she was by a realizing sense of her guilty and lost condition, without any other means or way of deliverance but God's. Prostrate at the foot of the Cross she lay with her load of sins upon her. Suddenly, instantaneously, the burden was removed by an unseen hand; she ventured to look up: it was Jesus; He smiled, and said "daughter thy sins are forgiven thee;" she believed: she loved: joy unspeakable poured in torrents into her soul: her physical frame, exhausted by the terrible struggle through which she had passed, was overcome for a time, by the sudden turning, or revulsion of the strong currents of her deep nature: "she fell to the earth"—or rather she was caught in the act of falling by some one, and remained for several minutes, in an apparently unconscious condition. Mrs. Pierce told me that Frances described to her, her feelings during this interval—it was

only the outward senses that were suspended, while her spiritual vision was refined and intensified for the time, beyond what mortals often experience. She had visions of Heaven and awaked as she said, with regret to the consciousness that she was still in the body. Frances never told me of these extraordinary experiences, and it is not strange that she did not. There was something of the marvelous in them, and she was not readily credulous of the marvelous, and she knew I was not; but she doubtless carried the sweet impression of these visions while she lived. She was timid and self-distrusting, and it was therefore natural that she should "keep these things and ponder them in her heart," and not speak of them only at the first, and then only to a sympathizing and confidential friend.

Mrs. Beecher informed me, that shortly after Frances' conversion, a general visitation of the families embraced within the limits of the ecclesiastical society in which she lived, by females, for purposes of religious conversation and prayer, was proposed, and that two were appointed or volunteered for this service, for each school-district. Mrs. Beecher, "a mother in Israel," was appointed, and Frances volunteered to accompany her in visiting the families in what was called the South Hollow district; and together they went from house to house, inviting sinners to come to Christ, and praying with, and for them. Mrs. Beecher says she well remembers, especially the visit at one house—(Mr. P's.,) where the wife and mother was a pious woman, and the father and sons were not. The latter were called in from their work, and Mrs. P., and the visitors each prayed in turn,—Frances being very earnest and fearless in prayer and exhortation, among these boys, (some older than herself,) with whom she had previously associated as school-mates and neigh-

bors, as she was everywhere. Another lady told me of a visit which Frances made to the house of a relative, where she affectionately appealed to her friends to seek religion, when one of them thoughtlessly replied in scornful and derisive language, which severely wounded and grieved her sensitive heart, and caused her to weep bitterly: but she was generally received with kindness, for all loved her before, and could not love her less now that she was so deeply interested for their highest welfare.

The manifestations at the time of, and after her conversion, seem the more remarkable in view of her natural disposition and temperament. She was not very excitable or impulsive, and by no means visionary, forward or bold; she was rather the opposite of all these; and when in connection with such a beginning, we mark her subsequent Christian course, no doubt can be entertained that she there experienced that mysterious change of the soul, or spiritual essence which we denominate conversion, or the new birth, which every sinner must experience in order to "inherit the kingdom of God." The preliminary exercises of mind are not the same in every case; the emotional nature is frequently far less excited when the change comes, and the contrast in the *feelings* of the subject of this change, immediately before and after it occurs, may be very slight to the consciousness of the individual; and because of this difference of experience many young Christians, and even older ones, are led to doubt the reality of the work in themselves. But if any one can truly say, "whereas I was once blind, now I see," and can respond affirmatively to the test questions—"do you believe—do you love—do you desire to obey and follow Christ?" he or she has cause to believe that the transforming influences of the Holy Spirit have created that faith, love and spirit of obedience within

them, although the *time* when such a new creation began, can not be definitely fixed. When God first spake the natural light into existence, it may have come in full blaze, and suddenly, or so gradually as to be imperceptible in its beginning; we are not informed in regard to this. Neither did Christ tell Nicodemus or any one, so far as the record of his teachings shows, how the work of soul regeneration should be accomplished, or what the feelings of the subject of it should be under the operation. There surely must be an instant of time when the work is completed—a *point* before which the soul is unregenerate, and after which it is regenerate. This even those must admit who hold that the process through and by which the soul is "brought out of nature's darkness into God's marvelous light," is a gradual one. Doubtless it is, in most cases, except in times of the special outpouring of God's Holy Spirit. To deny that in such seasons the work of conversion is in many cases very sudden, is to deny the genuineness of the conversions on the day of Pentecost, of Paul's conversion, and of the conversion of multitudes since, who "continued faithful unto death." How far back the *means* lie, which under God's grace produce the complete result, can never be told; in many cases, and, in a Christian community where "Christian culture" has been enjoyed, perhaps generally—many of these means may be very remote in point of time, from the glorious consummation. I believe fully in the importance of a Christian *education.*

But I have no purpose to discuss abstruse theology in this book. I entered upon this subject simply for the purpose of saving my readers from the discouraging effect which Mrs. Munson says was produced at the time of Frances' conversion, by her extraordinary experience, and have been led too far. I should be very sorry to

disturb the mind of any evangelical Christian by the introduction here of controverted points of theology. I am, however, very anxious to produce good moral and religious impressions by these Memoirs.

I close this chapter with the following written accounts of Frances' early religious developments.

Mrs. Rexford writes:

"I think she was about fifteen years of age, when her attention was particularly called to the subject of personal religion. Her conversion resulted in a marked change of her life. She wished publicly to confess her faith in Christ before an ungodly world, and expressed her desire to obey the commands of Christ in all things, and so far as my acquaintance with her continued, she proved herself faithful to the cause she espoused."

Mrs. Kendall continues her letter, partly given in the first chapter, as follows:

"My heart was made truly glad when I heard that Frances had given her heart to God, and had commenced a life of youthful piety. You doubtless know the particulars of her conversion; I was not present, but soon heard the joyful news. It was at an evening meeting that she gave her heart to her dear Savior. Her evidence of her acceptance with God was very clear. The change was so great that it almost overpowered her corporeal system. She went home happy in the love of Jesus. Her happiness was so great that she could not retire to rest until she had awakened her dear parents, and told them of her joys in loving her Savior, and she wanted them to love Him too. The next time I saw her, I found that piety had added new charms to her manners and disposition; so true is it, that "the flower of youth never looks so beautiful as when it bends toward the Sun of Righteousness."

Rev. John W. Alvord, now connected with the Boston Tract Society, was pastor of the church in Barkhamsted, when Frances was converted. I wrote to him for his recollections in regard to her exercises of mind previous to, and after conversion, and, although he had not seen

or heard of her, for more than twenty years, he seems to have retained a vivid remembrance of her, as will be seen by his letter in reply, dated—

WASHINGTON, D. C., *October* 31, 1863.

My dear Brother:

Yours of the 26th inst., came duly, bringing the sad intelligence of the death of your beloved wife. I remember Frances affectionately, and the time of her conversion. Her exercises were very deep, and she came out one of the happiest persons I ever knew. This state of mind continued for some time, settling down gradually into the calm, tender, earnest Christian. My ministry in Barkhamsted, was a short one, but I left her one of the most lovely and consistent of a large number who were admitted to the church. She became very deeply interested in the salvation of others. After her conversion she obtained permission to have her father's house opened for prayer meetings. These were at once crowded, from the fact, that her case was considered a remarkable one, and I can never forget the glowing countenance of Frances on these occasions, as the delightful and solemn exercises progressed, and earnest prayer at her request was offered for her dear parents.

No one in all my ministry ever excited a deeper interest in my heart, or higher hopes of future usefulness. But, as I said above, I was soon called away from that endeared flock, and I rejoice greatly, that at this distant period of more than twenty years, I can hear from one who knew her best, that the pathway of this beloved sister was as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. Will you not be so kind as to place within my reach a copy of any thing you may publish? Her intermediate life will have to me an exceeding interest.

May God bless you, dear brother, in your great loss, and prepare you joyfully to follow in the footsteps of your departed companion, is the wish and prayer of your's in the Lord,

J. W. ALVORD.

CHAPTER III.—HER EARLY YOUTH,

FROM FOURTEEN TO EIGHTEEN.

It is common to make five general divisions or stages in human life, viz.: infancy, childhood, youth, manhood, and old age; Shakespeare makes seven. I wish to make such divisions in this biography as shall best exhibit the character and progress of the individual subject, and shall also make chapters of such length as will not tire the reader. I therefore propose to divide the youthful period of Frances' life into two—her *early*, and her *riper* youth. And this I think may be done very naturally. The period from fourteen years of age to eighteen, may be called the *formation* period, and from eighteen to twenty-one, the *confirming* and *finishing* period. The youthful period begins in the life of some, as early as twelve, and perhaps in some, earlier. In the period of childhood, the mind and heart are so susceptible and plastic that impressions do not continue; one influence or motive is easily counteracted by another, and impressions are made and effaced in quick succession, like marks in the sand. I do not mean to say that the impressions made in childhood are always ephemeral; I mean that the character does not generally take permanent form in childhood, though sometimes it does. There are many instances of moral precocity—a child becomes fixed in vicious habits; or, by the grace of God, religious and virtuous principles are sometimes firmly implanted in the hearts of children. It may be called the *germinating* period—seeds are sown; some are not blown away and remain in the heart, and begin to germinate and take root; these are sometimes eradicated after they have ger-

minated, and can be removed more easily than in after life.

But in the opening period of youth the bent or inclination which the mental and moral natures receive is apt to continue and give permanent shape to the character. It is therefore, a very *critical* period, and no right minded parent or guardian can fail to be very solicitous and vigilant in regard to those under their charge, especially during this period. And I must say further, that there is special cause for such anxiety and watchfulness in reference to females. We hear of boys "sowing their wild oats" and not reaping the crop, though such cases are rare even among boys,—so rare that no boy should dare to risk the result of such a course; better by far improve the opportunity to sow good seed which shall bear sweet fruits in after years. But we do not hear of *girls* "sowing their wild oats," and leaving them behind—if they "sow the wind," they are pretty sure to "reap the whirlwind." This difference between the sexes does not seem to be the result of any law of nature, or of any moral necessity, but rather of the inexorable laws of society which give "no place for repentance," to the poor girl who openly deviates from the paths of purity and virtue. God, however, does graciously receive the repentant magdelen, and therefore such may return to the bosom of His love, and be finally admitted to the perfect society of Heaven. But this is a partial digression; I wanted to impress upon the minds of all my young readers the importance of this youthful period.

What can help them to the right formation of character? What can save them from the evil influences which they must encounter? These are very important questions for every girl and boy who may read this book. The answer is plain, and will probably be anticipated.

"One thing is needful"—*religion!* Frances "chose that good part," when she was fifteen years old, as we have seen in the previous chapter—hence her pure and lovely character—hence her useful and blessed subsequent career—hence her present glory and felicity. Who will go and do likewise?

My acquaintance with Frances began in the early part of the summer of 1840, while she was attending school in New Hartford, and boarding with her grandmother Newton, on the place now owned by Lyman Moulthrop. The house in which her grandmother, and aunt Betsey, and uncle Francis lived, has been removed: it stood on the hill, about three-fourths of a mile west of the north village in New Hartford, the academy which she attended, being in the village. I was, during that summer, employed on the farm of my mother's uncle, John Brown, who lived about one-third of a mile south of Mrs. Newton's. I first saw Frances at church, and very soon inquired who she was; and when I next went to my home, I asked my father if he was not related to Mr. Merlin Merrill, as I knew his mother was a Merrill. He told me his mother was first cousin of Mr. Merlin Merrill's father; that made me third cousin, as I calculated, to the young and sweet looking girl I had seen at church, and whose name I had learned, was Frances Merrill. Not long afterward I secured the escort of a friend who knew her, and went with him to Mrs. Newton's house, and was introduced to Frances and her cousin Jane. I believe I have already disclosed the fact, that I felt a special interest in this new cousin, and I have since learned, if I did not suspect then, that she fully reciprocated my regard. I did not go to see her often, for I was somewhat bashful. When I did go, I generally *assisted* her in getting her algebra lessons, because I was older, and had been a

school teacher, not because I knew more about it than she did, for I now believe, I knew less; of course she seemed then to be much aided and instructed by my disinterested efforts. I *ventured* at one time to give her a book which I bought expressly for her in Hartford, though I did not dare to tell her I bought it for her, or even to write her name in it. The ceremony of making the gift is described in her letter to cousin Jane, written I suppose, soon after, though it has no date. It must be borne in mind, that this letter was written by a girl of sixteen, and to a very confidential friend. I give it to illustrate character as well as history.

"I staid to the five o'clock meeting, Sabbath night, and after meeting, Deacon Brown invited me to ride home, which invitation, I accepted with pleasure. He also invited me very politely to call up sometime and make him and Mrs. Brown, a visit, but he did not say any thing about my visiting "*Mr. Heman*," so I do not believe I shall go. Monday morning before I got up, I heard some one knock in the kitchen, and then inquire of grandmother if Miss Merrill was up. I never was so beat in my life, but I thought whoever it was, was going away, as I heard the door open again; so I got my mouth all fixed to tell grandma I was up; but finally, thinks I, I will keep silent, for I don't know as it is any one I wish to see. Soon grandmother came in, and said that it was T. C. I thought it could not be possible, but I dressed myself and went down, and was not long in finding out that it was *my cousin*, who said that he had staid with a friend in Pine Meadow, that night, and as he was going home, he thought he would call up and see how I did. He made me a present of a book which I shall think every thing of when he is in the far West, and shall often peruse in remembrance of a beloved cousin."

The letter is long, and she excuses herself for "*writing such nonsense*," by saying,

"*I always want you to know all*," and closes with the injunctions to cousin Jane, "to burn it, and then hasten to answer it."

I went to Indiana in the latter part of September,

1840; when I left New Hartford, I called upon almost all the young people to bid them good-bye, but owing to an accident, and much to my disappointment, I did not call at the old house on the hill; and I had never, as I then supposed, given any indication to Frances, that I had a peculiar regard for her, nor did I know that she entertained the feelings toward myself which are expressed or implied in the foregoing letter.

In June, 1841, at Columbus, Indiana, I inclosed and directed a newspaper to "Frances E. Merrill, Barkhamsted, Conn.," with a few words written on the margin, and soon received one in return, which encouraged me to write a letter to the same address, and to this I also received an early reply; and thus was opened a correspondence, which continued, with some long intervals of neglect on my part, till 1844, when a proposal of marriage was made by me, and accepted by her; from which time the correspondence was regular and frequent, until the fall of 1845, when I returned from Indiana, and we were married. There is not one word in any of the letters of Frances to me, during this period, which might not properly be published by any one but myself, and I have been advised by the gentleman referred to in the Introduction, to print the whole, he having seen several of them; but I can not consent myself to be the instrument of their publication, except so far as they give a history of her life, and express sentiments not personal to myself, and so far I feel justified in using them, because I find no other self-written account of that period of her life. I know that I shall deprive my readers of much revelation of her heart's true emotions and principles which would enable them to understand and appreciate her exceeding worth; and this I greatly regret, for I would have all know her sincerity, simplicity, and

purity, as I did. My decision, however, is made, and to that I shall adhere, so far as her ante-nuptial letters are concerned. Everybody, I think, must understand that I could not, in giving a history of her life, avoid mentioning the circumstances of our first acquaintance.

Frances attended school at New Hartford, one term in the summer of 1839, and two terms in the spring and summer of 1840, and during the winter of 1840–1, she attended the select school in her native place, which was kept in the upper story of the school-house before mentioned. During the spring and summer of 1841, she taught the district school on the "green," in the Pleasant Valley district, Barkhamsted; this last fact, I believe was communicated to me by the newspaper sent to me, as before mentioned. Mrs. Seymour attended school with Frances in New Hartford, and says of her:

"I was several years her senior, I have no particular remembrance of her at that period, except that she was an uncommonly *bright* scholar, and a girl of rare intellectual abilities."

Her first letter to me was written when she was seventeen, this I shall give pretty fully; it is dated,—

BARKHAMSTED, Conn., *October* 20, 1841.

Respected Cousin:

Nothing has recently transpired which has contributed so much to my felicity, as the reception of your kind letter, which came safe to hand, and I trust was received with that joy which is ever attendant on true and disinterested friendship. To hear good news from a distant friend always affords me much happiness, when not connected by the ties of consanguinity; but how is that happiness augmented to hear of the health and prosperity of so worthy a cousin. Your letter has been perused, and re-perused, with the greatest pleasure, and nothing appears to dampen that pleasure, but diffidence of my own abilities, and a consciousness of my own inability to do it merited justice. But feeling assured that cousin H. will draw a veil over the many imperfections he will here see, I shall

lay aside all formality, and write as though freely conversing with him.

After referring to the death of several mutual acquaintances, she says:

Thus we see, my friend, from constant experience that this world is replete with changes. One day we behold one in health and in the height of prosperity, the next called to bid adieu to all earthly enjoyments, and "lie down in the grave with the forgotten multitude of former ages." Ought we not then to profit by these instructive dispensations of Providence? Our souls are formed for more refined happiness than any this world can afford, and how happy are they who have an asylum to resort to when earthly comforts fail. To the bed of death we must surely come, and how can we sustain the last conflict without the presence of religion! But I am sensible we are not apt to reflect on these things as we ought. We see our friends fall around us, and how soon are they forgotten in the cares and pleasures of this world.

Perhaps you will think me rather gloomy, but I am far from it. I am now at home in the enjoyment of health and happiness. I closed my school about two weeks since, and have just returned from a delightful visit to Manchester. * * * * * I have now concluded to spend the ensuing winter at home and attend school here, as we are expecting to have an excellent school, and probably my opportunity will be as good for acquiring the solid sciences here as elsewhere. I like mathematics as well as ever, and shall devote part of my time to that study for the present. * * * Should you be disposed to continue this correspondence, your valuable epistles will meet with a welcome reception. * * * Please accept this from your sincere friend and cousin.

FRANCES E. MERRILL.

BARKHAMSTED, *January* 9, 1842.

Ever dear Cousin.

* * * * * * * I am attending school this winter to Rev. Mr. Robbins, an excellent teacher, an old bachelor, *and as we girls think*, very pleasant and agreeable. We have a very pleasant school of about thirty scholars, and our teacher is both competent and willing to explain upon the various studies in such a manner as to make

them very useful and interesting to his pupils. My principal studies are Latin, Abercrombie on the mind, astronomy, and Day's algebra, all of which, are very interesting to me. I feel that I have a rich season for mental improvement, and should think myself highly censurable if I did not improve these privileges to the best advantage, I enjoy myself much, and in my opinion, if there is any real comfort to be taken, it is while storing our minds with knowledge, which will not only be a source of comfort to us, but will enable us to be useful to others. *O, happy, happy school-days!* would that they could always last! But these too, must soon pass away, and if not rightly improved, how bitter must be the reflection. I am obliged to apply myself rather closely to my studies, as they are all new to me, excepting algebra. My teacher says, I get along extremely well in Latin which is quite flattering to me. * * * * * I have been obliged to leave school for a week past, in consequence of a severe cold, although I have been able to study most of the time at home. * * * Our people have gone away to-day, and left my two little brothers at home with me. I have hired them to sit still for an hour, but they frequently inquire of me if the hour is not nearly spent, and they are getting to be so sociable that I shall be obliged to lay aside my pen until another day. [The little fellows did'nt get their ears boxed, nor a scolding, I'll warrant. H. H. B.]

Friday morning. Good morning, cousin H. How do you do to-day? I should really like to know how you are enjoying yourself just now, and what the weather is in your vicinity. It is extremely cold here, and excellent sleighing. * * * I have recovered my health, and am now attending school again. I was much rejoiced to hear by your last letter of your continued health and prosperity; also, that you have thus far, been exempt from trials of an afflictive nature, and may the day be far distant, in which you shall be called to mourn for the loss of near and dear friends. But let us always remember, dear cousin, that this is our probationary state, and that the time is not far distant, at the longest, when we must be called to part with all that is dear on earth; and did we never experience any of the trials and painful vicissitudes of life, this world would be indeed too pleasant. But I would, that no adverse fortune might ever disturb your repose, or rob you of your felicity. May health, honor, and prosperity, ever attend you through life. May your years be many, and roll sweetly on, and be varied only by dif-

ferent scenes of happiness; and when you are called to part with sublunary things, may everlasting bliss be your portion in the world to come. Accept these, cousin H., as the sincere wishes of your ever affectionate friend and cousin.

FRANCES E. MERRILL.

Her next letter is dated May 12, 1842. It is peculiarly *characteristic*, and, as usual, is long and interesting; but I find I shall be obliged to omit much that would help to elucidate her character, and which I should feel no special delicacy about publishing, in order to keep within the limits of space I have prescribed for these memorials. I shall, therefore omit this. She states in it, that she expected to spend the summer at home—would be glad to attend school, but circumstances would not permit, and that she intended to pursue her studies some at home—especially Latin.

I think the letters I have given will sufficiently show what principles governed her during this early preparatory period. Her enthusiasm and assiduity in the pursuit of knowledge for the sake of future usefulness, as well as from the love of it, are worthy of the imitation of all.

I find among her papers, some "rules," in her handwriting, purporting to have been written and adopted in 1840, "while pursuing the study of Watts on the Mind." I think there is evidence that she conformed to these rules, during this, and the subsequent periods of her life.

RULES.

Be acquainted with your own ignorance.
Never form your judgment of things by the first appearance.
Meditate upon all that you read.
Be industrious.
Examine yourself daily.
Avoid dogmatism.

Be willing to change your opinion when convinced of its erroneousness.

Do not ridicule or trifle with serious things.

Maintain a virtuous and pious frame of spirit.

Watch against pride.

Pray daily.

CHAPTER IV.—HER YOUTH.

FROM EIGHTEEN TO TWENTY.

I PROPOSED in the previous chapter, to divide the history of Frances' youth, into two periods, making her eighteenth birth-day the dividing point, and calling the latter period, the *confirming and finishing* period of youth. For the sake of a suitable division of chapters, I shall sub-divide this into two periods, making the time of our engagement of marriage the dividing point. This chapter will, therefore, embrace her history as given by herself, and two of her teachers, from May 25th, 1842, to October 23d, 1844. Every reader will expect from the fact, that she adopted good principles in the *formation* period, that she will in the *confirming* period, become established in good and virtuous habits. It often occurs, that those, who have passed through the *formation* period, without developing evil habits, subsequently fall into them—perhaps in mature age—in consequence of bad principles imbibed in early life; for if the heart, which is the basis of character, be impure and unsound, the superstructure will be likely to fall, sooner or later. Regard for public opinion, may hold it up for a time, but nothing but good fundamental principles can be relied upon for permanent support; and these are, as I have said, usually laid before eighteen, if at all; and being once well planted, are seldom uprooted—certainly not, if

planted by the sanctifying grace of God; although, even in such case, the superstructure of character is sometimes shaken and badly damaged, from careless neglect of the foundation. The heart must be kept right by constant application to the Infinite fountain of purity, or it will become vitiated in the midst of corrupting wordly influences.

I think it will be seen by the letters of Frances, which follow in this chapter, that she was becoming more and more established in the good principles and habits which she adopted and formed in the preceding stage of her life. I ought to mention in order to show her fidelity to her religious obligations, that her letters written to me before marriage, were written with the knowledge that I was not a professing Christian. Her fourth letter to me is dated Barkhamsted, August 24, 1842. She mentions sickness in her father's family, and that she could therefore "find only now and then a leisure moment," to answer my previous letter. She continues:—

"You write you would like to know how I am spending the summer. Well, I suppose I must tell you that "domestic concerns" occupy most of my time. As the health of my dear mother, is quite precarious, the care of a large family devolves upon myself; consequently I am obliged to rise betimes in the morning, and prepare breakfast; after which, I have the privilege of practicing a while upon a new fashioned organ, which is no other than an "old cheese press," which I will assure you, I can tune to perfection. Various other household duties occupy a great part of the remainder of the day. As cousin S., has now left us, and my father is often absent, I sometimes have to take the place of clerk in the store, and frequently deal out "candies" to the little boys who call. But I presume I shall have this business to attend to only for a short time, as we are expecting a clerk in a few days. Thus you will perceive my time is much occupied, and that I have but little to devote to literature. Although I consider an acquaintance with household affairs very necessary, and, moreover, always mean to be contented with the dis-

pensations of Providence, whatever they may be, yet this is not the way I would *choose* to spend my time just at present. It is my wish to spend a few years in study and mental improvement. I should prize an education above all the wealth in the world. "'Tis this, that adorns the mind," and enlarges our capacities for real happiness, and besides being a source of happiness to ourselves, enables us to be useful to others. I am quite sensible that I am but a child in science, and, as my means are limited, perhaps shall be obliged to remain so, although I indulge the hope that I may soon have an opportunity to attend school again, and enjoy those privileges which, if rightly improved, will afford greater happiness than any allurements of the world can do. * * * I enjoy myself very well this summer, surrounded by near and dear friends. * * Allow me to beg that you will excuse the many deficiencies of this letter, as I have written only at intervals. * * *

FRANCES E. MERRILL.

BARKHAMSTED, *December* 22, 1842.

Mon cher Cousin.

* * * I have had the privilege of attending school most of the time since I last wrote you. We have now an excellent school, taught by H. E. Burr, Esq., of Winsted, who nearly, or quite equals the "old bachelor," whom I described to you as my instructor last winter. How swiftly time passes away! I can not realize that one year has passed since that time. Yet so it is, and cold winter is again making rapid advances. * * * Yet the merry bells, the delightful sleigh-rides, the cheerful company, and the comfortable firesides with which we of New England are so familiar, conduce to render winter quite a bearable, if not desirable season of the year. * * * Thanksgiving is usually a day of unmixed pleasure. Friends who have been long separated, then meet at the same table; brothers and sisters again sit around the old fireplace; parents rejoice in the pleasures of their children, and children are happy in the society of their parents. Truly delightful is it to meet relatives and friends under such circumstances. But there are some to whom it is a day of gloom and sadness,—a seat at their table is vacant, a chair in the circle is unoccupied; one cheerful voice is missing; a father or mother, a brother or sister, may have gone down to the grave. To those who have been thus afflicted, it must truly be a day of unhappiness, as they are led to contemplate the

melancholy changes which in one short year have been made in their domestic circle. To me last Thanksgiving was a day of pleasure, having been spent at home with my dear parents, brothers, and sister. Indeed I would not wish to spend it in any other place, for where do the best feelings of the heart kindle, and where can we find true social enjoyment, if not in the domestic circle, among those whose pursuits and interests are in unison with our own.

Perhaps you have heard ere this of the death of George Wilcox. [It was he who first introduced me to Frances.] * * * Thus we see our friends falling around us, and consigned to the grave; and though we may not understand why events are so ordered, we should not murmur at the dealings of Providence, but rather let these things serve to teach us the fading nature of all sublunary enjoyments, the little dependence which is to be placed on earthly sources of felicity, and to raise our thoughts from the empty, but alluring trifles of earth, to an eternal and unfading inheritance in heaven. * * * FRANCES.

BARKHAMSTED, *August* 31, 1843.

Respected cousin.

* * * * I will now endeavor to give you a short sketch of the manner in which I have spent my time since I last wrote you. If I recollect right, I was then attending school to Mr. Burr. I continued to attend till the close of the school, which was sometime in March. I then spent a week or two in "boiling down sap," and we had quite a *sweet* time here for a while, in making and eating maple sugar; and also spent several evenings very pleasantly in the society of friends who called to participate with us in the "sweets of life." About the first of May, I commenced attending school in this place. We had a very excellent lady for a teacher, whose society this summer has contributed much to my enjoyment. Her name is Sarah Cone; is about twenty-five; possessed of a very pleasant and amiable disposition, and a good and cultivated mind, which are two of the best qualities a young lady can possess. She is also an excellent teacher, equaling either of the gentlemen of whom I have written you, as having been my tutors. * * * The branches which I have been pursuing are botany, algebra, Latin, and French. Latin is not quite as pleasing a study to me as French, though probably it may be when I become better acquainted with

it. I find the study of botany to be very interesting, as are all the natural sciences. There is something very entertaining in spending an hour occasionally, in gathering and analyzing wild flowers, following them from class to order, and from order to genus, until their different names and characters are ascertained. I have also been attempting to learn to sing, since I last wrote; and have already become so far advanced that I can sing Old Hundred, and a few *such* tunes, but have nearly concluded that I shall never make a very celebrated singer. I have enjoyed myself very well indeed the past summer, and can hardly realize that the season is so soon to leave us. * * * It seems but a short time to look back upon the hours of childhood, and as my memory reverts to the old school-room where I then spent so many pleasant hours, and calls up the happy faces there grouped together, I can not do otherwise than add my testimony to the truth of the old saying, "that the days spent in learning our A B C, are indeed the cream of life." * * * The people of New Hartford, have been favored with a great revival, and nearly all the young people have made a public profession of religion. Millerism is now exciting considerable attention in some parts of that town. * * * We had several Millerites in this town last winter, and also many lectures on the subject. Some predicted that the great body of snow with which the ground was covered, would be turned into oil to furnish materials for "the great conflagration," but as the snow finally left us in the usual way, I presume their fears were quieted for a while. * * * We took an excursion last week to "Ratlam," for the purpose of gathering whortleberries. We spent the day very pleasantly, but found few berries. * * * I have written this letter in haste. * * * FRANCES.

BARKHAMSTED, *November* 30, 1843.

* * * Your kind letter I received about two weeks since, and this being Thanksgiving evening—an evening which I always endeavor to spend in the most agreeable manner possible,—I conclude to remain at home, and devote it to writing to my cousin. * * * It is on such a day as this, when I look around, and behold the changes which one year has wrought in the relations, circumstances and condition of many of my acquaintances, and then consider the little alteration in our own family circle, that I realize more sensibly the blessings of my own lot, and feel how truly favored I am in

being permitted to see all of our dear family together. At other times, I am apt to regard these distinguishing favors as matters of course, like the blessings of sunshine. I have had the pleasure to-day of attending church, and listened with pleasure to services appropriate to the occasion, viz., an offering of thanks to the Giver of all good, for the mercies and blessings which have been so bountifully showered upon our country, and so liberally bestowed upon us. All the services of the day seemed to me, to be calculated to make those who engaged in them more social, benevolent, and charitable toward others, and consequently better members of society. * * * [She reproves me, pleasantly, for my long delay in writing.] The time that has passed since I last wrote you, has been spent pleasantly by me. I have visited my friends in Manchester. * * * I attended the wedding of a friend in East Hartford, and spent several days with her. I also visited the Agricultural Fair, at Hartford, and there saw almost every thing that the art of men could invent, or that vegetation could produce. Since my return, I have been very busy in household affairs, and in assisting an only sister in preparation to go from home and spend the winter. Our select school commences next Monday; is to be taught by Mr. Henry Newell, of New Hartford. I am expecting to attend, and am anticipating much enjoyment in the society of a young lady from Manchester, who is coming to reside with us, and attend school this winter. * * * I was quite pleased in reading your account of your "electioneering canvass," after your return from your Southern tour. I think you must have had a severe time in "flattering," "kissing," speaking, &c.; but the result indicates that you did those things successfully. * * * FRANCES.

Her next letter to me, was dated August 8, 1844. This long interval was owing to my neglect in writing; and if the complete history of our correspondence were given, it would show the patience, confidence, devotion, firmness, and sincerity of Frances, in a very clear light. Her unwavering adherence to any principle of action, or course of conduct, or aim in life, which she determinded to adopt, was most wonderful.

This is an appropriate place to introduce the following

testimonials from her teachers, relating to the period of Frances' life, now under consideration. Neither of them had seen her since 1844. H. E. Burr, Esq., of Columbia, Loraine County, Ohio, writes:

"In the winter of 1842 and 1843, I taught a select school at the center of Barkhamsted, Conn. Miss Frances Merrill, was a member of that school, and one that will never be forgotten, either by teacher or scholars who were associated with her. She was one of those spirits whose amiability and sincerity of character were as evident as her existence. In all her recitations there was that promptness, clearness and skill which clearly evinced a superior mind, and she was always ready and willing to conform to every requirement that would promote the good of the school. She had a high place in the affections of all who could appreciate real worth. Frances has gone, but *many*, *very many*, will ever cherish the memory of her noble virtues. * * * H. E. Burr."

Henry H. Newell, Esq., of Great Bend, Penn., writes:

Dear Sir:—Yours of the 9th November, informing me of the death of my dear friend, your esteemed wife, was duly received. * * * Twenty years since, the present month, (Nov., 1863,) commenced my intimate acquaintance with her. Before, I had known her only by occasionally meeting her, and hearing her most favorably spoken of by her associates. At that time, I engaged as Principal of a select school in her native town. A letter I received from her at the close of the school now lies before me. As a proof that I cherished her memory, I will say, that I have frequently perused that letter during the past two years, and it was one of the few papers of the kind that I have preserved and carried with me in my various removals. I should have written to her, but was ignorant of your place of residence. * * * I had enjoyed the picture my fancy had drawn, placing her in a home, blessed with domestic happiness, and all crowned with the Divine benediction. But your letter has thrown a dark cloud over the sketch of my imagination. I again read her letter, and as I closed the perusal of it, the unbidden tear which could not be repressed, was the tribute of affection to her memory and her virtues. * * * Although I have not been permitted to witness the full development of her character, yet

I can say that its early promise gave me full assurance that it would, when matured, be one of perfect symmetry. In the winter of 1843–4, she was one of my pupils. She had never been distinguished for remarkably brilliant talents, but I early discovered such a maturity of judgment as was in advance of her years, and that she had an uncommonly well balanced mind. She was always industrious. She evidently felt that a diligent improvement of her time for some useful purpose was a duty, and whatever she regarded as duty, she was faithful to perform. She highly enjoyed social intercourse, and was well fitted to adorn the social circle, and was generally ready to meet the demands of society; and yet I do not think she failed in the preparation of her lessons once during the whole winter. I was sometimes surprised at her full and perfect recitations, when I knew that her time had been unexpectedly occupied, during the previous evening, with company; but I learned afterward from other members of the family, that in such cases she would rise at an earlier hour than usual, rather than fail in her lessons. I had frequent occasion to remark her faithfulness in performing her filial duties. Her mother, as you know, had a large family of children, of which Frances was the eldest. So anxious was she to relieve her mother of care and labor, that she never, (as I believe,) took a book in her hand after others had arisen in the morning, until school time, or after her return from school, until all the work was done, notwithstanding her great desire to make all possible advance in her studies.

Mr. Newell, has at my request, sent me the paper written by Frances, to which he alludes in the preceding letter. It seems to have been written near the close of Mr. Newell's term, and may have been written as a composition exercise; but it doubtless expressed her true feeling, and discloses the simplicity and frankness which were the charming features of her character. It should be stated that Mr. Newell, was then the head of a family, and much older than herself. It expresses that gratitude and kind regard for him, which her letters to me, show that she felt toward all who aided her in the pursuit of knowledge. How much would a teacher's *hard* life be *softened*, if all pupils manifested such a spirit. The letter

was evidently written in great haste, and at the suggestion of Mr. Newell, I have made some *verbal* alterations in it. As it is long, I will not print it in full.

SATURDAY EVE.—10 o'clock.

Much respected Friend:

As the period when our relation as teacher and pupil is to be dissolved is near, permit me ere the parting hand is given, to write a few lines expressing those feelings of gratitude and affection which I feel, as I remember your unceasing assiduity as a teacher, and the manifestations of kindness and friendship which you have ever exhibited toward me. I am aware that you would little value these proffered thanks if my *conduct in school* had not showed that I appreciated your kind assistance. But you have been pleased to express your approval of my conduct and attention as a scholar, which is extremely gratifying. * * * The improvement of our time in cultivating the mind is a duty we owe to ourselves, our friends, and above all, to God. He has given to us noble powers and faculties, and surely we ought to seek every opportunity to improve them to the utmost; and if, as in my own case, we are conscious of misimprovement of past opportunities, we should be doubly diligent in improving the present. * * * I have ever felt that those who labor for our improvement, are entitled to our highest respect and gratitude. The memory of every instructor of whom I have had the pleasure of being a pupil, is, and ever will be, very dear to me. I have never had occasion to find fault with any of them. Yet I never had an instructor who, by his persevering diligence, indicated so ardent a desire for the improvement of those committed to his charge, as you have done. * * * You, in fulfilling your duty, have certainly merited our lasting gratitude and esteem. My own you will ever have, as also the best wishes of my heart for the prosperity of yourself and yours. I have highly valued your society during the past season, and to be assured by you, that I have merited your esteem, is to me, truly gratifying; for if I may be permitted to speak the true sentiments of my heart, I shall say that in yourself are combined those qualities which I would wish every friend to possess, viz., a tenderness and sympathy toward others, a just respect of yourself, and a fixedness of purpose to do whatever is right and worthy. One of the best evidences of your friendship toward your pupils which I have observed, has been an affectionate manner

of administering reproof when necessary. * * * I can never do otherwise than love and respect that person who will kindly tell me of my faults, and reprove me when I err. I think such kind admonition is a duty we owe to each other as friends, and certainly as Christians. If we would always adopt this line of conduct, I think much good would be done, and much evil prevented. * * * But I have already written much more than I intended when I commenced, and the lateness of the hour admonishes me to lay aside my pen. I have written this in haste, and there are doubtless many imperfections, too conspicuous to escape the notice of a person far less discerning than yourself; but despicable as it is in a literary point of view, it is penned by the hand of friendship, and I know you are possessed of too much honor to ungenerously criticise it. If you will deign to peruse it, and will also please to correct and return it, you will much oblige me.

And now, as I bid you farewell, permit me to say, that whatever may be my destiny, you will ever have my best wishes and prayers for your own happiness and that of your family; and should we never again meet on earth, may I so live as to be prepared to meet you in Heaven—in Heaven where all things are beautiful and fair, and so endure forever,—in Heaven were the sky never lowers—where the storm never rises—where no foe can ever enter—where no friend shall ever depart.

FRANCES E. MERRILL.

Frances expresses her appreciation of Mr. Newell, and his instruction, in a letter written to me, November 14, 1844:

"During the year past, I have attended school four months, under the tuition of Henry H. Newell, of New Hartford. I believe I have always given you a very favorable description of my teachers, but I think he rather exceeded them all. As I thought it might be the last season I should ever have so good an opportunity, I endeavored to improve every moment of the time. My health was good, and I allowed nothing to interfere with my studies. The consequence was, I made a good degree of advancement in the branches I was pursuing, and received many very flattering compliments concerning my scholarship; which might possibly have excited my pride, if I had not known myself to be ignorant of many studies with which I

might, ere this, have been well acquainted, if I had always carefully improved my time."

I think we are now prepared to look at the closing period of Frances' youth.

CHAPTER V.—HER BETROTHMENT.

FROM TWENTY TO TWENTY-ONE.

THE reader has seen how Frances improved the *forming* and *confirming* periods of her preparatory course. We come now to an important epoch in her history—her betrothment, or pre-contract of marriage. This is too commonly the *acme* of young ladies' aims and aspirations; and mothers are often blameworthy for inculcating or fostering this idea. That object gained—an eligible match secured,—no further mental, or moral training, or preparation for the responsibilities and duties of practical life is deemed necessary: solicitude is felt only in regard to the incidental arrangements connected with the grand consummation of this preliminary action—in plain words, the wedding and "setting out." I do not intend to make this a *sweeping*, or even general charge against the mothers and daughters of this age; but I think I am not unjust in saying that such mistaken and *foolish* ideas prevail very extensively. Very often, too, is this solemn engagement made without due consideration of the momentous and far-reaching consequences involved in it.

I beg to be excused,—and shall be, I think, by most of my readers—for giving some passages from Frances' letter, in reply to mine proposing a matrimonial engagement, to show in what light she looked at this matter;

and I ask the reader to observe in subsequent letters, her ideas in regard to the preparation to be made for entering upon the new relation, and assuming its responsibilities. I think they will be found to be sensible and correct; and I shall be very glad if they should induce, even in a limited circle, more care and consideration in making this important engagement, and in preparation for its fulfillment, than is exercised in many cases.

BARKHAMSTED, *October*, 3, 1844.

Dear Cousin.

* * * It has certainly been the sincere wish and fervent prayer of my heart, that I might never enter into an engagement, which I consider of all others the most sacred, without first contemplating it in that sober light which will bear the test of actual experience. With the sincere hope and belief that I have thus considered it, as I now attempt to give you an answer upon so delicate a subject, I beg of you to overlook whatever weakness may be displayed, assuring you that I shall write the true feelings of my heart with perfect frankness and sincerity. Were I to do otherwise, I should forfeit my own self-respect, and also deserve to lose yours.

She then reviews our acquaintance and correspondence at great length.

And now, my dear cousin, being deeply sensible of the honor which you have thus unexpectedly conferred upon me, by the proposals made in your letter, as I know my own heart, I give you an answer with firmness, with a deep sense of the importance of the step I am taking, and a prayer to Heaven that I may never have cause to repent it. I have asked the advice of my dear parents, for I would never enter into an engagement of this kind, without first consulting them. * * * They tell me it would be a severe trial to them, were I ever to leave them. This I do not doubt, in the least; but I also know that their affection for their daughter is so great, that they would make any sacrifice, ere they would control her in the choice of a companion, when convinced that her choice was a worthy one. In your excellent advice to me, you tell me to weigh well the sacrifices. It is true, that even the thought of parting with those who have ever proved themselves the same unchanged and un-

changeable friends, is grievous in the extreme. I have many friends who are very dear to me: I have kind and affectionate parents, whose love for their children knows no abatement, no change: I have an only sister, whose happiness is dearer to me than my own; I have little brothers who are rendered doubly dear to me, from having been obliged, (owing to the delicate health of their mother,) to watch over them in sickness and in health. And is there any one for whom I could ever leave these beloved friends;—this sweet home of my childhood, endeared to me by a thousand tender recollections? Even the thought of it awakens emotions in my heart too deep for language to express. Truly it would be a great sacrifice. * * *

FRANCES E. MERRILL.

In her next, dated Barkhamsted, November 14, 1844, she states that Mr. Newell obtained for her a situation as teacher in Farmington, for the previous summer; but owing to sickness in her father's family she was obliged to decline it. She continues:

* * * During the summer my domestic duties were quite arduous, and for two months, there was scarcely a day when I could find time to rest for a moment, from sunrise until 9 o'clock at night. But our family are now all well, and I am a little more at liberty; I can have the privilege of attending school the ensuing winter, if I wish. I have not yet decided in regard to it, but rather think it will be about as advantageous to me to remain at home, and spend some part of the time, at least, in household duties. In my opinion, while it is wrong for a young woman to bury herself in the kitchen, to the utter neglect of intellectual culture and the social amenities of life, it is also wrong to give exclusive attention to the latter, and utterly neglect the former. Neither education or accomplishments can answer the full purpose and end for which they are designed, unless they are made subservient to every day use and experience. I have this summer had almost the entire care of a large family, but it needs considerable experience to become familiar with all the mysteries of "baking," "roasting," and "stewing." I am very confident a young lady will never have occasion to regret time spent in acquiring a thorough knowledge of all the practical duties of the kitchen, whatever may be her circumstances in after life. * * * Since your last letter the Presidential election has passed, which has re-

sulted in the election of James K. Polk, to the chair of the supreme executive. I suppose your predilections were in favor of him, but for us Whigs to think of being "polked" for four years, is a most severe trial. I do not, however, profess much knowledge of politics, although, as my relatives are all good Whigs, I frequently hear of all the beauties of "whiggery," and the terrors of "locofocoism." I think all ladies should feel interested in the welfare and prosperity of their country, and therefore should understand politics sufficiently to have some opinions of their own on that subject; but for them to neglect other duties for the sake of attending political meetings and actively to engage in discussing politics with every one, is very unbecoming. * * * This letter is written in a very unconnected manner, for my father has been gone this afternoon, and consequently I have been obliged to leave it, about once every five minutes, to wait upon customers in the store. * * *

FRANCES.

BARKHAMSTED, *January* 30, 1845.

* * * As my time has been much occupied of late, I have been obliged * * * to delay an answer to your letter a longer time than usual. Contrary to my expectation when I last wrote you, I am now engaged in teaching. I then intended to spend the season at home, but at the urgent request of this district, I finally consented to take charge of their select school for a few months. I like my employment much. I have twenty scholars, most of whom appear to realize the importance of improving their time, which is all that is necessary to render a school pleasant, both for teacher and pupils.

I have the happiness to inform you, that I have become partially acquainted with your relatives. I am so well pleased with them, and anticipate so much pleasure in their society, that I can not sufficiently thank you for expressing a desire that we should become acquainted. * * * Soon after I mailed my last letter to you, we received a call from Mr. Perry, [brother-in-law,] and a few weeks afterward, a visit from himself and wife. I have also visited at your father's house, though under painful circumstances. Your friends have probably written you, ere this, an account of the severe illness of your most excellent mother. She was indeed brought very low. * * * But thanks to a merciful Providence, that your invaluable

parent is spared yet a little longer. While I was with her she appeared to suffer much, but extreme as were her sufferings, she bore them with Christian fortitude and resignation. At a time when every thing seemed to combine to chain the spirit to earth, by the thousand tender ties and sympathies which pervade the human breast, she was, notwithstanding, fully resigned to the will of her Father and her God, expressing herself ready to depart at his bidding, and conversing upon the subject of death with the utmost composure. Indeed, I thought she perfectly exemplified the power of religion over suffering. This is the religion we all need. The possession of it is necessary to enable us to encounter the vicissitudes of life, to deal with the variety of characters we may meet with, to engage in the service demanded of us; and above all, to be ready against that unknown hour when death shall demand us. Events are continually transpiring to admonish us that this is not our home; the tenderest ties are sundered; the happiest moments clouded; the brightest hopes blasted. How few can look around them, without being reminded by too faithful memory, that some link has been broken in the chain of their sympathies,—some object of the heart's warm devotion has been removed,—some anticipated good, which was to impart comfort and solace, has been forever blasted. These are solemn monitions of the vanity of all earthly things; they are not the visions of a distorted imagination, but sad and sober realities, calling to us in a voice that can not be excluded or misinterpreted, not to rely on any sublunary thing as the source of permanent enjoyment. O, may these admonitions have a salutary effect upon all of us. * * * Your ideas of "domestic education," were truly excellent. We should indeed cultivate with care, not only the mind, but the kind and gentle affections of the heart. We should remember that the whole family of man are bound to us by the ties of our common nature;—we should seek to do them good; sympathize with them in their afflictions; make every possible allowance in excuse of their imperfections,—every reasonable sacrifice to their feelings—every effort for their good. In short, the golden rule of our Savior should ever govern our lives and conduct—"Do unto others, as you would, that others should do unto you."

* * * I have now been in school seven weeks, and have five more to keep. I am not very anxious to get through, for I have some of the pleasantest scholars this country affords. They are most of them from sixteen to nineteen years of age, and those with whom

I have attended school for several seasons. In teaching a school of this kind, one can learn almost as much as when attending as a scholar; although it is not quite as pleasant. * * *

FRANCES.

BARKHAMSTED, *March* 13, 1845.

* * * Since the receipt of your last letter I have suffered considerable from ill-health, and have been troubled so much with headache that after the fatigue of the day, I have not felt able to read, write, or work. For several days I was quite sick, and obliged to leave my school. I have since so far recovered as to be able to resume my occupation, and to-day completed the term for which I engaged. Although I have had some amiable scholars, who by their respectful conduct and teachable dispositions, have done all in their power to lessen my cares, and render my task a pleasant one, still I can not but rejoice that I am again free from the anxieties and duties of a teacher, especially as I think the change of employment will have a beneficial effect upon my health. I now expect to attend school through the summer, either in Hartford or Westfield, and am anticipating it with much pleasure. * * * You have my sincere thanks for your advice respecting my studies. I have never studied rhetoric, but have recently obtained Blair's lectures which I shall endeavor to pursue thoroughly. As regards mathematics, although it is my favorite study, I think I can more profitably devote my time to other studies without pursuing it further, as I have been through with Day's algebra, and several books of Euclid's geometry: the other branches which you recommended, I shall attend to as far as I have opportunity. * * * I sometimes try to imagine what will be my feelings when I leave the home of my childhood and my beloved friends. Owing to the precarious health of my mother, I have always been much confined at home; and I have experienced much enjoyment in my sweet home employments. I have little brothers to whom I know I feel more strongly attached than I should have done, if I had not been obliged to take so much care of them. One of them,—now about two years old, is my constant companion, and he is, I think, one of the sweetest, pleasantest, little cherubs I ever beheld. There is another, still younger, who is equally as dear to me. O, what heart that feels and knows any thing of love, but is refreshed and soothed by the simplicity of child-

hood. These little innocent brothers can never know how well their eldest sister has loved them. * * * Let us look at what spot of earth we will, I believe there is none we shall see with such tender feelings as the home of our youth, the scene of our early days. You speak of your anxiety to return and revisit the scenes and friends of your childhood. You have been long absent, and will you not see a change when you return? Alas, that word is written on all beneath the sun! You will find that many whom you left in the bloom of health and youth have gone to "that bourne from whence no traveler returns;" that some whom you left in affluence have been reduced to poverty; that some who were once honored and respected for their virtues, are now detested for their vices:—in a word, every thing to demonstrate that all is transitory on this side of the grave. But you will find that time and absence have not diminished the affection of your near and dear relatives. God grant that they may all be spared to behold again the dear son and brother, whom they so ardently desire to see. * * *

FRANCES.

Her next letter is dated May 1st, 1845; in it she gives a long account of a visit to my friends in Canton, and says in reference to my mother—

"You have truly a worthy mother, and it rejoices me that you are so sensible of it."

She is making her preparations to attend school in Westfield, Mass.

TO HER SISTER HELEN.—WESTFIELD, *June* 12, 1845.

Beloved Sister.

* * * I wish you would write very often and let me know all particulars about every member of the family. I am anxious to hear whether there has been much change at home, in the two and a half long, very long weeks that I have been absent. I can not tell you how much I want to see you all, neither how much I shall rejoice when the time draws near for me to return. I suppose, as a matter of course, that you have been obliged to work very hard since I left, but it will soon be your turn to attend school, and mine to go to work again. I know I shall be perfectly willing to exchange

places with you. * * * I shall mail this letter soon, and be assured that the best affections of my heart go with it.

Your affectionate sister,

FRANCES.

WESTFIELD, *June* 30, 1845.

To her future Husband.

* * * Supposing you may feel some interest in knowing how I am situated and employed here, I will give you particulars. I left home about five weeks since, and on my arrival in this beautiful village, soon succeeded in obtaining a boarding place, which has proved to be a most excellent one. I board with a Mrs. Reed, who is a very interesting, intelligent, and lovely woman, and one whose society can not be otherwise than very improving. She appears very anxious to make every thing pleasant and agreeable for her boarders. * * * I anticipated much enjoyment in spending another season in the delightful occupation of acquiring knowledge, and my anticipations have thus far been abundantly realized. * * These are probably the last of my many happy school-days. I think I never felt more interested in my studies than at the present time. I am studying intellectual philosophy, chemistry, and botany. You advised me to attend to rhetoric, and I was very anxious to do so, but as no one in the school was studying it, I thought it not advisable to pursue it as a regular study. I have a rhetoric with me, which I find considerable time to read, and have also, some new French books in which I feel much interested. I love the study of the languages dearly, especially French. I have a French testament with me, which was presented to me by your brother, a short time since, in which I make a practice to read daily three chapters. I usually rise in the morning about four o'clock, and study until seven, which is our hour for breakfast. My recitations all come in the afternoon, so that I have all the forenoon to study in my room. Our people would not consent that I should take more than three studies this summer, although I might easily have taken another. It may be as well, however, to spend sometime in reading French, as I have but little time when at home, to devote to study, and in order to retain my French, it is necessary to read it often. The school consists of three teachers, and about eighty scholars. I like the teachers very much, and have become acquainted with many of the young ladies whom I esteem very highly. I have now been absent from

my home a longer time than ever before, and without suffering much from "home-sickness." I experienced something of the feeling during the first week, but since that time, have been so much occupied with my studies, that, although I find plenty of leisure for affectionate thoughts, I have none for gloomy reflections. I am obliged to apply myself more closely to my studies than most students, for I am not naturally an apt scholar. The young ladies who board with the Principal tell me that he often says that I accomplish more in one day, than most of his scholars do in a week; but, if so, it is done by close application, for I don't believe there is a scholar in school, who finds it more difficult to commit to memory than I do. But I love knowledge so well, that I am willing to work hard to obtain it. I should spend every moment in study if I was not aware that some exercise is necessary to preserve my health. I usually walk a mile after school. I have been to-night, quite a distance, in search of some wild flowers to carry into the botanical class for analysis. * * * I have written as fast as I could move my pen, and I imagine you will think so, when you read what I have written. * * * You informed me that you were soon to become a candidate for the State Senate. I shall feel anxious to hear the result. * * * I do not doubt, however, that you will succeed. You also wrote me that you had not entirely given up the idea of visiting your friends this year. * * *

FRANCES.

She speaks above of having written "as fast as she could move her pen." In after years she wrote very rapidly, and she was almost always subject to frequent interruptions when she wrote, and yet her letters are usually entirely free from interlineations and erasures;—very few of her letters show a single instance of either; considering the amount, the rapidity, and the circumstances of her writing, this fact seems to me, very re-remarkable.

About the first of August, I wrote Frances, that I should probably visit Connecticut, in September, following, and, if so, should wish her to return with me to Indiana. As will be seen by her subsequent letter, this

announcement was entirely unexpected to her, and occasioned her leaving Westfield, before the school-term closed. This being the close of her school-life, and a convenient stopping-place, and this chapter being already of sufficient length, I shall defer the account of her thoughts and preparation just preceding marriage, for another chapter, and close this, with a letter from Mrs. Reed, (since married,) with whom she boarded in Westfield:

EAST MIDDLEBORO, MASS., *Nov.* 30, 1863.

Dear Sir:—I received your letter a few days since, calling my recollection to Miss Merrill, as I knew her eighteen years ago, when she was for a season an inmate of my family. I recollect her well, as a very sweet and perfectly amiable young lady,—uniform in her daily intercourse with others, and always a gentle and kind companion. I can not name "particular incidents" in her life that came under my own observation; and this is doubtless, owing in part, to her uniformity from day to day, as well as to the length of time since I have known or heard from her. I thank you, sir, for addressing me on this subject, and for the information contained in your letter; and it would give me great pleasure to know more of this dear friend, of whom I had lost sight these many years. You have my tender sympathy in your bereavement. I can readily realize that your loss must be very great, and that you need not only the sympathy which friends can bestow, but also that consolation which only the grace of God can impart. I hope you enjoy this in great measure, and that you will be enabled to train up those dear sons, left now motherless, for usefulness here, and for blessedness hereafter.

Respectfully your friend,

MELISSA B. EDDY, *late* MRS. REED.

CHAPTER VI.—REFLECTIONS AND PREPARATIONS BEFORE MARRIAGE.

I HAVE stated in the preceding chapter, that Frances suddenly terminated her school life and left Westfield, sooner than she anticipated, in consequence of receiving a letter from me, announcing my purpose to return, in the ensuing fall, if possible, with a view to the consummation of our marriage engagement. The letters which follow, having reference to this unexpected proposal, display some of the strong points of her character in a clear light, and I therefore make pretty free extracts.

To HER COUSIN, MRS. HANNAH MUNSON.—*Aug.* 18, 1845.

"I have often thought of you this summer, and of the happy hours we have spent together, and have sometimes shed tears as I reflected that we might never again meet and enjoy sweet converse together. If our lives should be spared, and I remain at home another year, as I hope to, I *shall* expect to see you again, as you will probably visit your old home again within that time; but, if I leave home the coming fall, I can hardly expect to meet you again on earth. O, I am sure I can not bid good-bye to my much loved home and friends at present, and even the thought of *ever* leaving them to dwell among strangers absolutely frightens me. But "'tis fate that friends must part," and thus must we ever expect to find it in our journey through life. True, it is, that the more friends we have, and the more tender attachments we form, the more of grief we must endure when the time of parting comes. It is very pleasant to enjoy the society of our friends on earth, but of how much more importance it is to be prepared to meet in another and better world, where "change comes not," and where we shall never be called upon to take the parting hand and to pronounce that tender and affectionate word, "farewell." If we have made preparation for that blessed world, the changes and trials which we are called to pass through on earth, are worthy of but a momentary consideration."

Her last letter to me, before our marriage, was dated—

BARKHAMSTED, *August* 25, 1845.

Once more, * * * * and perhaps only once more, before we meet, I sit down to address you. * * * As I did not expect you until one year from this time, I have never made any preparation at all for house-keeping. I was very anxious to attend school this summer, and thought I might do so, and then have sufficient time to get all things in readiness. When I left home for Westfield, I did not suppose it possible for you to come till next year, and consequently was much surprised when you wrote that there was a *possibility* of your speedy return. * * * I was advised by my friends to write immediately that I could not possibly be in readiness to leave home at present; but this I had not the least disposition to do. I always intended to go wherever and whenever you thought best, and such are my intentions still. To be sure, I would like, before I left home, to get in readiness a pretty good supply of all necessary articles for house-keeping, but I can not expect it if I leave this fall. For this reason, it would perhaps be advisable for me to remain at home another year; but I hope you will act your own pleasure, and consult your own interest respecting this matter; and whatever the decision may be, I shall be perfectly satisfied. I am making preparations as fast as possible, and have kind friends to assist me. If you decide that it is best for me to go this fall, I shall be ready, although I may not have all my work completed in the order I should like for such an occasion. My friends of course, wish me to remain with them as long as possible. My Mother, especially, can hardly endure the thought of a separation, although she has expected it must take place whenever you thought it advisable. * * * You have truly cause for the greatest thankfulness, that while the five long years that have intervened since your departure have made sad changes in many families of your acquaintance, yet the dear circle of your family remains untouched by the "relentless hand of death." Your invaluable mother has been brought, as it were, to the point of death, but a kind Providence has preserved her, and restored her again to comfortable health, and she is now rejoicing in prospect of soon beholding, and again conversing with her beloved son. I love your mother, Heman, and O, may we all follow her Christian example. I attended church in Canton, yesterday, and heard a most excellent sermon, addressed

particularly to those who were about entering into the matrimonial state. It was an exceedingly interesting and solemn discourse. I can not describe to you my feelings as I consider the prospect of the speedy consummation of our fondly anticipated union. It will be, my dear Heman, the most serious and important event of our lives. We shall then form the *nearest* and *dearest* tie on earth,—an endearing relation to be continued "as long as we both shall live." The thought of it makes me serious and thoughtful; and I often ask myself, "am I prepared for so important a step?" I tremble for fear I am not qualified to assume the responsibilities and duties of such a station. * * *

I congratulate you upon your success in the election, and your flattering political prospects. * * * Your return here, whenever it occurs, will be welcomed with the greatest joy. Mr. Perry and wife, have tendered their services in giving us an introduction, as they, with our people, prophecy we shall not know each other; but if the memory of the eye is at fault, the instincts of the heart can not be deceived. I believe I recollect your countenance well, although five years may have made some alteration. I have recently met with those who attended school with me in 1840, and not one of them recognized me at first sight; all concur in saying that there has been a great alteration in my looks. I am not prepared to say whether the alteration is for the better or worse, but conclude it must be the latter. * * * FRANCES.

The preceding pages bring to view Frances' religious, intellectual, and domestic traits of character and tastes, and only incidentally refer to her social manners and disposition. It has been shown that she was ardently devoted to the personal duties of religion, to the pursuit of knowledge, and to domestic pleasures and employments. It is not uncommon to find in connection with such habits and tastes, an unsociable disposition toward general society. I think that may be called a very symmetrical character, which combines sociableness with piety, studiousness and the home affections. Frances formed and confirmed in her youth just such a character. She was peculiarly fond of company,

and was well fitted for it—that is, natural, lively, and warm-hearted society. For artificial and formal society she had no taste or fitness, and was always uncomfortable when in it. The vivacity of childhood never forsook her while she lived. Naturalness and simplicity, geniality, and cheerfulness, were marked traits in youth.

Another quality which entered largely into her social composition, was *peaceableness*. She would not quarrel, and was distressed by the quarrels of others. This was demonstrated just previous to her marriage. The good people of Barkhamsted will pardon me, I trust, for giving a little account of their unhappy society controversy, which commenced about 1843, and continued for several years, to the great detriment of their religious interests. I recall it for the purpose of illustrating a beautiful feature in the character of one they all loved.

The Congregational Church to which Frances united herself in 1840, then worshipped in the old meeting-house, described in chapter first. When the question of building a new house was started, differences of opinion in regard to its location were expressed, and very soon strong feelings in regard to it were excited—a part of the church and society favored a removal to the top of the hill, one-fourth of a mile west of the old site; and a majority, (I believe,) insisted upon rebuilding upon the old site. The controversy occasioned repeated society meetings, in which the old site party, generally and finally prevailed. The new site party, however, proceeded to build on the top of the hill, (where the church now stands,)—their pastor, Rev. Mr. Hazen, being understood to favor the new site, and when, (about June, 1845,) the new building was completed, he with a portion of the church occupied it, acting or claiming to act, under the old organization. The old site party declined to follow

the pastor, claiming to hold the regular organization, and, (the old meeting-house being too dilapidated for further use,) obtained the use of a small church, originally built by the Episcopalians, a few rods north of Mr. Merrill's house, and held meetings there. Frances' father and mother, though not members of the church, were attendants and supporters of public worship, and Mr. Merrill was a member of the society. They both took sides strongly with the old site party, and stood aloof entirely from the meetings of the new site party on the top of the hill. The division of feeling on the meeting-house question extended to the ordinary intercouse of neighbors, and friendly associations were much disturbed. Frances believed the action of the new site party to be *secession*, and irregular, and entered into the measures for sustaining separate meetings near her father's house; but she maintained her friendly relations with her former associates who were on the opposite side in this controversy, and, by her request, Rev. Mr. Hazen, was, during the existence of these troubles, invited to marry us, and the large company which was invited to our wedding embraced both parties without distinction; and afterward—before we left for the West—we called upon her friends upon the other side, including Mr. Hazen and family. (The reader will find in the foregoing statement an explanation of the fact that Mr. Hazen knew so little of Frances' religious feelings as he states in the letter which follows.)

Frances grieved sorely over the division of the church and society, as will be seen by an extract from her letter to my brother and sister Perry, of Canton, dated Westfield, June 9, 1845. Referring to this matter, she says:

"I sometimes think I never can be reconciled to attend those meetings near our house, but I suppose I shall be under the neces

sity of attending them when at home, if I attend any,"—[that is, she must do so, or oppose her parent's wishes, which she would not do.] "The division of the society there has caused me many bitter tears, and no doubt has brought sincere sorrow to the hearts of many. I think a town can never prosper with such a state of society and feeling as there is existing in Barkhamsted at the present time. I feel more deeply on the subject than I can possibly express. I love the people there, and ardently desire their prosperity in all things."

With the following tributes from those well qualified to judge upon the points of which they speak, I close the exhibition of Frances' maiden life.

DANVILLE, N. Y., *January* 9, 1864.

Dear Sir:—A short time since I received a Hartford paper containing the obituary notice of your beloved wife, and of my dearest early friend. I had just determined to write to you to solicit her photograph, that I might thereby retain a more distinct recollection of the person of one who was so dear to me in years gone by, when I received a letter from my sister, saying that you would like to have me send you some recollections of her.

Our intercourse from childhood was that of the warmest friends, and so continued until she formed the stronger and sacred tie of marriage, which occasioned our separation; and I was left to dwell upon the sweet memory of the society and excellent qualities of one whom I had always admired and loved. Her mental and moral superiority drew around her a large circle of friends, to whom at all times she was the same,—always kind, gentle, and affectionate.

When she was converted and took upon herself the holy vows of the church, I wept, as I would now do at her grave; feeling that she was lost to me. But her naturally gentle and loving spirit, made more gentle and loving still by religion, was left to us to lead us to look for better things than are to be found in earthly friendship alone, and causing us to feel how truly beautiful this religion had made our lovely friend. And now, as then, I feel that she has left us to draw our minds from earth to her heavenly home,—having laid aside her earthly beauty and loveliness, for the holiness and purity of angels.

I do not retain any of her written correspondence, having ex-

changed with her only school girls missives, as we were not long separated until her marriage. But our every-day intercourse, was of the most pleasant character. Her peculiarly gentle ways, and her correct deportment and conversation, made her a very exemplary Christian in the judgment of all her acquaintances. Her death will cause us all to weep with you and those bereaved little ones, while we can offer you only this one consolation, that your loss is her eternal gain.

I would like to possess her photograph, and should esteem the gift as a particular favor.

Very respectfully yours,

Mrs. Elsie A. McCurdy.

From the wife of Frederick Wallace, Esq.,—

Cleveland, Ohio, *Nov.* 6, 1863.

Dear Sir:—Your letter giving me the full particulars of Mrs. B's. death and burial, came to hand at a time when I was too ill to reply. Mr. Wallace was absent, or I might have delegated to him the sad office of conveying to you our sympathy in your unspeakable affliction. My reply must be brief, as I am still too feeble to make much exertion, and writing is very hard for me.

* * * To your request that I would furnish some memorial of her early life and character, I am extremely sorry to reply, that her letters to me before her marriage, and the first few years after, were all burned by the great fire in Palmer, Mass., which swept away all our possessions. Since that time there has no correspondence passed between us, beyond the giving and accepting of invitations to visit her at such times as I have been to Connecticut. I was, as you say, one of her most intimate friends. We were school girls together; afterward young ladies in our small, and quiet circle of acquaintance. We loved each other well, and nothing from our earliest school days to the day of her death, ever transpired in the least to interrupt the harmony of our friendship. She was one of the loveliest girls I ever knew—had the sweetest temper, and the most amiable disposition. In my long and intimate knowledge of her, I can not recollect one unkind word or action, during her whole life, toward any one. She was a dutiful daughter, loving and tender to brothers and sister, a true and earnest friend. You will recollect her manner as very prepossessing when you first met her,—she was

always pleasing and attractive, a favorite in school and society. This is the picture she has left in my memory, of her early life.

The remainder of this letter relates to her married life, and may be found in its appropriate place.

WESTMINSTER, *November* 3, 1863.

Dear Sir:—I am in receipt of yours of the 26th ult., and the perusal of it has filled me, as you may well suppose, with unfeigned sorrow. That dear woman with whom it was once my privilege and happiness to be acquainted, as the amiable and lovely Miss Merrill, and whom I was permitted to commit to your conjugal affection and guardianship, *is no more.* * * * I regret that my acquaintance with your departed wife was so limited, as to forbid my speaking of her as I otherwise might. I can say, however, with the utmost truth, that *all* my impressions and recollections of her are peculiarly pleasant, and of the most favorable character. She needed but to be seen, and her acquaintance made, to be loved and admired. This all who knew her, will cheerfully attest. She was lovely and attractive in person, kind, genial, and affectionate in disposition, and withal, respectful and courteous in deportment. In a word, her character, so far as my knowledge extended, was without a stain of moral defect or delinquency. Such were, and now are my impressions of her, whose hand I was made the humble instrument of uniting with yours in the nearest and dearest of all earthly ties—the bonds of wedlock.

As to the religious character of your departed loved one—of which I knew but little—it was no doubt in perfect harmony with the statements just made. She was a lover of good things. She prized the ordinances of religion, and she adorned, it is believed, the Christian profession by a conversation becoming the gospel, and reflecting honor upon its Divine author; and her end, I can not but believe, was peace! Truly you have occasion for thanksgiving to God for such a gift, and that you were permitted to enjoy it so long; and now that it is removed, do not murmur under the painful bereavement, but say rather—"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord."

Yours truly,

R. S. HAZEN.

CHAPTER VII.—OUR MARRIAGE.

REMOVAL TO INDIANA.

We were married on the evening of Thursday the 23d, of Oct. 1845, at the house of her father, in presence of a large company; and on the following evening met a large party of friends at my father's house in Canton; a great number of the young people of Barkhamsted, New Hartford, and Canton, being in attendance on one or both of these occasions. We left Barkhamsted and started on our journey to Indiana, on Monday, Nov. 3. The parting of Frances and her dear mother, as was anticipated, was almost heart-rending, and Frances wept for several minutes after we started, but became outwardly composed and cheerful before we had proceeded far, and continued so throughout our journey. Her father and sister accompanied us as far as Hartford, and remained with us there until the following morning, when Frances parted from these dearly loved ones, and we were carried by cars to New Haven, and from thence by steamboat to New York city, and on the 5th of November we went by cars from New York through Philadelphia to Baltimore. On the fourth day of our journey we proceeded by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to Cumberland, Md., and just at night were crowded into a stage-coach at the latter place, to make a tedious night's journey over the Alleghany mountains, reaching Uniontown, Penn., next morning, at a late breakfast hour; at Brownsville, ten or twelve miles from

Uniontown, we took a steamboat and went down the Monongahela river to Pittsburgh, arriving there about nine o'clock P. M. The following day we embarked for Cincinnati, being two or three days on the Ohio. From Cincinnati we went by boat to Madison, Indiana, where we remained over night, and the following morning took cars for Columbus—forty-four miles north of Madison, and arrived there the same day about ten o'clock, A. M., Nov. 12th or 13th. No unpleasant accident befell us on our journey, and we enjoyed uninterrupted health. We boarded at the hotel kept by "Uncle Jack Jones," situated at the south-east corner of the public square, until we left Columbus for Indianapolis—about ten days. I regret that I have been unable to find letters written by Frances, giving an account of our passage from the East.

Columbus had a population of about one thousand, in 1845; it is the county seat of Bartholomew county, Indiana, and is situated on the east side of the east branch of White river, on level ground, and in the midst of a very fertile and productive country—a region of country which, ever since its settlement, had suffered from the reputation of being the most unhealthy part of Indiana; and our experience while we lived there, neither qualified or disposed us to become vindicators of its character in this respect. It is now much more healthy than then, and is in a very thriving condition. The town was regularly laid out in the beginning into lots one hundred and fifty feet square, with parallel streets and alleys running north and south and east and west, as follows; beginning at the river—first a lot, next an alley, next a lot, next a street, next a lot, next an alley, next a lot, and next a street, and so on to include five streets—and in the other direction, commencing at the south end of the town, was

first a tier of lots, next a street, next a lot, next an alley, next a lot, next a street, and so on to include five streets; (the length and number of the streets are now considerably increased.) The second street east from the river, running north and south, was Jackson street, and the next-east of that was Washington street; the next east of Washington street was Franklin street, and the next east of that was Mechanic street. Of the streets which run east and west, the second, (reckoning from the south,) was Vernon, and the third Tipton; the square between the parallel streets Jackson and Washington, and the parallel streets Vernon and Tipton, was the "public square," in the middle of which was the court house; north-east of the court house and in the public square, was the market house—a structure covered with a roof but not covered on its sides. The lots, (one hundred and fifty feet square,) were divided north and south, so that a single lot was seventy-five feet wide and one hundred and fifty feet deep, having on each of three sides either a street or an alley. Any of my readers can now make a plan of Columbus on paper, by drawing five straight black lines seven inches long, and one inch apart; then drawing five straight lines the other way, or at right angles, across those first made—these lines to be of the same length and distance apart as the first, leaving one inch on each end of the lines, outside of the cross lines. These lines show the streets of Columbus; and the little boy or girl can write the names of streets that I have given on the proper lines, and give any names he or she pleases to the other lines; (I don't remember the other names.) The alleys can be shown by drawing a red line both ways through each of the blocks or squares formed by the crossing of the streets, dividing each square into four equal parts—each of these parts represents a double lot,

one hundred and fifty feet square; half of one of these last squares represents a common house lot. But my little readers must remember where the "public square" is to be, and not make any red marks in that, for there are no alleys running through that. I think my young readers will be more interested in this, and two or three succeeding chapters, if they draw the plan of Columbus as I have indicated. If nothing is at hand with which to make red lines, large lines can be made for the streets, and smaller ones for the alleys. It will be well to fix the points of compass before drawing the lines, by writing "North," on the top, "South" on the bottom, "East" on the right, and "West" on the left of the paper. The river, (a little meandering,) may next be marked on the west side; and when all the streets are drawn, the Madison and Indianapolis Railroad should be drawn diagonally across them, beginning opposite the east end of Vernon street, about two inches from Mechanic street, and running in a north-west direction.

If I have used any words that my young readers do not know the meaning of, they must find out the meaning by the dictionary—no one ought to pass over a word when reading without knowing the meaning. Perhaps an improper use may have been made of a word, so that the reader can not tell what the writer meant. If many such instances are found, the book had better be laid aside as unprofitable jargon.

As will be seen from Frances' letter which follows, we spent about two months in Indianapolis; during that time she was quite sick for about one week. We boarded with Col. James P. Drake, at his hotel, on the north side of Washington, between Pennsylvania and Meridian streets; but I shall now let Frances' letters speak awhile.

INDIANAPOLIS, *November* 24, 1845.

Beloved Sister.

As I know that letters from the absent member of the family, however frequent they may be, will ever meet with a welcome and very warm reception by all of our beloved friends at home, and moreover as I have plenty of leisure to devote to writing, you need not be surprised at all if you are favored with very frequent epistles from Mrs. Barbour. I believe that you and mother predicted that the endearing relation I have so recently formed, would cause me to forget and neglect the friends I have left; and, in order to convince you to the contrary, I will write you at least once a month, unless prevented by sickness. * * * I suppose you are now at home, and as this is Monday morning you are probably very busily engaged over the wash-tub, or sink, occasionally leaving your work, however, to kiss your favorite little brother. I can easily imagine how things are going on in the old kitchen, which I suppose you and mother occupy a good share of the time—being obliged to work there from morning to night, while I have the privilege of sitting here by a comfortable fire, in a handsomely furnished room, with nothing to do but read, write and receive calls. The latter occupation has engrossed a good share of my time, both here and in Columbus. Heman has many friends both here and in Columbus, and they are quite attentive to his wife. I found the society in Columbus much better than I expected; I think the people there appear more friendly and sociable, and have less selfishness than in most towns at the east. I have already formed many very pleasant acquaintances; and indeed I have every reason to think that I shall never have occasion to regret coming to the "West," notwithstanding the many prophecies to the contrary. * * * I believe you always considered me a very fortunate being, and thus far I certainly have been. I am well aware that few have been blessed with so good a home and as kind friends as I have been, and most ungrateful should I be, were I ever to neglect, or forget, those who have shown me so much kindness. * * * [speaks of her present happiness and continues,] yet think not that my love toward you and my beloved parents and little brothers, is in the least diminished. No, I love you all as well as ever, and it is my delight to think of you and the many happy days we have spent together. I review with pleasure many little incidents, which before were almost forgotten. I daily see you in imagination, and in

my nightly dreams am often with you. Indeed, it is impossible for me to realize that many, many long miles divide us, and that the day is far distant ere we can again meet, if we are ever permitted to; would that we were so situated as to enjoy each other's society, or that the distance which divides us was so diminished, that in the hour of sickness and suffering we might meet and sympathize together. But, although we are far separated, and may never meet again, yet we have the cheering consolation that we are in the hands of a kind Providence, who will ordain all things for the best. Let us ever bear this in mind, and it will render us contented with our lot, whatever it may be.

Next Thursday is Thanksgiving both here and in Connecticut, and then methinks, you will all think of Frances, and oft express the wish that she could be with you as in former years. I shall think of home too, and about two o'clock shall, in imagination, see you all seated around the old kitchen table, partaking of the chicken-pie, roast turkey, pudding, cakes, &c. Father and mother will be seated in their usual places at the head of the table, with my darling little Albert between them—Helen with little Heman F. in her lap, will take the seat I formerly occupied, while the two "perpetual motions," will be placed at the foot of the table.

Heman and myself have received an invitation to "Thanksgiving supper," from Mr. Lucian Barbour, formerly of Canton. He is very sociable and agreeable, and has an admirable woman for his wife. I am well pleased with this place, and I think I shall spend the winter very pleasantly. The room which we occupy has a good fireplace, which never smokes; a first-rate bed, well covered with comfortables, counterpanes &c., four chairs, a wash-stand, a handsome woolen carpet upon the floor—in short every thing is comfortable and nice. As for the eatables, we have every thing good which can be mentioned. O, it would make your mouth water to see the roast turkies, "chicken fixings," &c., of which we partake every day, and the fine oysters we have during the evening. I never enjoyed better health, and never before had such a voracious appetite as I now have. I am inclined to think if this continues it will be cheaper for us to board, than to commence house-keeping. However, I think the latter will be the pleasanter, and as Heman has a house engaged, we will be ready for our goods as early in the spring as you can send them. [She writes of Helen's attending school during the ensuing winter,

and says,] I presume there is no necessity for me to charge you to improve your time well, for you are now old enough to realize the importance of acquiring a good education, and consequently the duty of devoting your earnest attention to your studies while you have the opportunity. [Alludes to several friends in Barkhamsted.] We arrived here last Saturday, and shall probably remain seven or eight weeks. I enjoyed a delightful ride about town this morning, in company with Heman and the gentleman and lady at whose house we are boarding. They are very fine people, and take much pains to render every thing pleasant to their boarders. Indeed, you will see by my account that I have every thing necessary to make me contented and happy, and if I were not so, I should consider myself a very ungrateful being, and totally unworthy of the kindness and attention which I receive. * * * I expect you will write me a long letter as soon as you receive this, and write all the news of the place; tell me how society matters are prospering; how your sewing society is flourishing, and all the particulars about my friends and relatives; I want to hear about them all. * * * Now don't neglect writing me *very often.* I suppose a period of three weeks has not made much alteration in the family—the baby is now known, I hope, by the name of Heman—little Albert is probably as pleasant and sweet-tempered as usual, and, I hope, still talks of his sister Frances as much as in former days. Merlin and Monroe are probably attending school, and no doubt are as noisy at home as ever. "Munny" probably relates as many funny stories about Merlin, and Merlin receives them as usual. Tell Merlin he must attend to writing this winter, and in the spring I shall expect he will be able to write me a long letter containing an interesting description of his farm, store &c. * * * How is Grandmother now? when you write tell me all about her and other relatives. I am waiting somewhat impatiently to hear from you all. * * * Tell mother to be very careful of her health. I will write again as soon as I hear from you; please accept this with the best wishes of your sister

FRANCES.

We returned to Columbus about the 20th January, 1846, and boarded with widow Jones, who lived on the north side of Tipton street, on the third lot east of Washington street.

Frances presented a letter of dismission and recommendation from the church at Barkhamsted to the Presbyterian church in Columbus, and was received by the latter church. They had no meeting-house then, but owned a lot on the south-west corner of Tipton and Franklin streets, on which they were about to build; and the ladies had a sewing society, and were engaged in preparation for a fair, the proceeds of which were to be applied to the furnishing of the proposed church when it was built. The Presbyterians had previously held meetings in the Methodist church, when not occupied by the latter, as was usual on alternate Sabbaths. Sometimes they had preaching in the court-house—they did so several evenings, I think, after our return from Indianapolis. Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, whose church we attended in Indianapolis, preached one or more evenings in the court-house during that winter.

COLUMBUS, IND., *January*, 27, 1846.

To Cousin Jane.

I am very well pleased thus far with this place and people, and think I shall be very contented to make it home. * * * I am very anxious to commence house-keeping, and we intend to, as early in the spring as possible. At present we are boarding at a private house, where we have excellent board, a pleasant room well furnished, and every thing for our comfort. My health is now good, and I have an excellent appetite and plenty to gratify it. * * * People here generally live "higher," and work less than eastern people; there is scarcely a woman that has not hired help, be her family never so small. I think however I can get along and do my own work, and ardently long for the time to come when I can have the privilege of doing it. How pleasant it would be, if after I get to house-keeping, we were so situated as to visit each other occasionally. * * * Although I am perfectly contented, and enjoying myself here as well as heart could wish, yet I often think of my eastern friends. You and I have spent many happy hours together—hours which I trust will never be forgotten by either of us.

Now, I am far from you all, and probably years will elapse ere I can again be with you. I always felt a strong attachment to my home and the friends of my childhood, and would not once have supposed it possible for me ever to find one for whom I could consent to leave them all and go the wide distance of one thousand miles. * * * Please accept with the best wishes of your cousin,

FRANCES E. BARBOUR.

COLUMBUS, IND., *February*, 4, 1846.

To her Sister.

Dear Sister;—You make a good many inquires about me in your letter—how I am liked, how I dress, how I spend my time &c. [She replies very pleasantly to the two first questions and as to the last says,] I am tired however of doing nothing but a little knitting, sewing, reading, &c., and am anxious to have some housework to do. We now intend to commence house-keeping about the first of March. I am anxious to commence as soon as possible, not only because I think it will be much pleasanter, but also much cheaper for us then boarding. We have had a good deal to pay out this winter;—besides other expenses, my physician's bill amounted to quite a sum. It will cost us a good deal to get things necessary for house-keeping, as all kinds of household furniture are much more expensive here than in Connecticut. I regret very much that I have not my things here, but I think we can get along comfortably a few weeks without them. * * * My health is now good, and I am enjoying myself well. I often think of you and my dear parents and brothers, and, if we were only so situated as to see you all occasionally, my happiness would be complete. * * * How I wish I could have little Albert to live with me after I get to housekeeping. Do send him on with brother Stiles if he concludes to come out in the Spring. * * *

Your affectionate Sister

FRANCES.

In a letter to brother and sister Perry, dated March 10th, 1846, Frances writes:

"It is impossible for me to describe how much pleasure and satisfaction it affords us to receive news from our beloved relations,

from whom we are so far separated; I read all the letters we receive from them, over and over again. Through the day, I am alone most of the time, and I then, especially, think of you all, and see you in imagination; although I confess it sometimes brings tears to my eyes, as I think of the wide distance that divides us, and of the length of time which will probably elapse ere we can meet again. I can not but grieve when I think how far we are from all our friends; but I should think it very wrong to indulge that feeling so far as to make me in the least discontented with my situation here. I have much, *very much* to be thankful for, although far from all my kindred. * * * My health is now good, and I enjoy myself well. I have every thing ready to commence house-keeping, viz., six sheets, six pillow-cases, three towels, and two table-cloths. I am much pleased with the house that Heman has purchased, and especially with the fruit trees about it. There are a number of cherry-trees, peach, and plumb, and currant and gooseberry bushes in great abundance. We have a good boarding-place, but I long to commence house-keeping—it will be so much cheaper for us, as well as pleasanter. I wish my goods from home could arrive before we commence, but I think we can get along comfortably for a few weeks without them. The weather here is now very warm—no fire in the rooms, and the windows open. It don't seem possible this can be March, the weather is so different from what I have been accustomed to in this month. * * * When I write you again I shall probably have a good deal to tell you about domestic affairs. It has been so long since I have done any cooking, that I expect to make rather awkward work of it, for a few days, at least. I shall wish no doubt, that I had a mother, or sister Clarinda near, to give me instructions occasionally. I am now doing some work for the sewing society here; making worsted flowers, &c. I have done our washing and ironing since we returned from Indianapolis, and hope in a few days to be so situated that I can do all of my own work. I have made many acquaintances here, and am well pleased with them all, and with the place. * * * That this may find you in the enjoyment of health and happiness, is the sincere wish of your affectionate sister,

FRANCES E. BARBOUR.

To her Sister.—Columbus, *April* 1, 1846.

Beloved Sister Helen.

* * * We are now in the enjoyment of excellent health, and are very busily engaged in preparing for house-keeping, which by the way, we find quite a job, as the former occupants of the house have left it without removing any of their dirt. We are having it painted, both outside and within; so we shall have a very comfortable and neat looking house, when it is completed. I have been begging flower seeds of late, and intend to have a handsome flower garden. Heman employed a man yesterday to make the garden, and they have made a fine flower-bed for me. I intend to have rose bushes running up the sides of the house just as it used to be at home. I am told there are a great many wild flowers here, and, by the description given, I think they must be beautiful, and very different from any we have at the East; these I shall take much pleasure in pressing and sending to you. I wish you would send me some flower seeds—a few of every kind you have. Last week we visited our friends in Madison. I remained with them several days, while Heman went to Cincinnati to purchase furniture. We have very handsome furniture—a very large sideboard, a sofa, two sets of chairs, two large and comfortable rocking chairs, a large looking-glass, thirteen yards of carpeting for our bedroom, two bedsteads—one of them a very nice one, with high posts for curtains; for this one I shall want a spread, valance, and curtains alike, and want mother to tell me what will look the best. * * * Mrs. Jones, the lady with whom we are boarding, will lend us bed-quilts until I can get mine. If I had my things from home now, we could begin house-keeping in style. We have two sets of crockery—one china set and the other light blue. We have a large cooking-stove, the oven of which is the whole length of the stove; the price of it was twenty-five dollars. We have paid out nearly two hundred dollars for what we have already got, and have much more to get. The fruit trees in our lot I value very highly. We have all kinds of fruit—peaches, pears, plums, cherries, currants, goose-berries. O, how I wish some of you would visit us when we get into our own house. I suppose you will start my goods before a great while. Our parlor and dining-room are both very large—it will take thirty yards of carpet for each. I want a handsome "sale carpet" for our parlor, and a rug of some kind for our dining-room.

Perhaps our folks will not think it best to send the rug; if so, they need not; whatever they feel able to send me I shall receive very thankfully. I wish you would send some good brown wiping cloths, such as you use at home. * * * I think the paint in our house will not be dry enough to admit of our moving in before next Monday. * * * Heman hired two women to scour it out, so that it will be ready as soon as the paint is dry. * * * Give my love to all, and kiss the children for me. Accept this with the best wishes of your affectionate sister,

FRANCES E. BARBOUR.

I do not find any letter of Frances' giving a particular account of her first experience in house-keeping. She often wrote to her dear mother, but all this correspondence, with the exception of a single letter, has been lost or destroyed, as I am compelled to conclude after most thorough search, which is more to be lamented than the loss of any of her other writings.

I believe we commenced house-keeping at the time indicated in the preceding letter. I well remember our first family dinner. We had the Yankee dish of boiled salted codfish; and when I came in and saw it, I expressed, in my hasty and blunt way, some objection to the mode of preparing it—it was not my mother's way;—it should have been mashed with the potatoes. Frances had served it as *her* mother did, not knowing my tastes. How her tender heart was grieved to find that I was not pleased. Of course I repented, confessed, asked forgiveness, and promised to be more careful of her feelings in future; and she was afterward careful to inquire how I would like my food prepared, until she had fully learned my tastes.

Frances has given the number and dimensions of our rooms, and the varieties of fruit trees; but, to assist the imaginations of my young readers, I will more fully

describe our first home. The house was of one story, painted white, standing on the south line of Vernon street, with a small yard inclosed in front, which belonged to the street. On the east was Mechanic street. The fruit trees were in the yard on the east and south of the house, and the rear of the lot was cultivated as a garden, except a small spot occupied by a barn. There was a narrow yard on the west side of the house. In the east yard, near the house, was a small building called the "smoke house;"—a common appurtenance of western houses in those days; this we subsequently moved back of the house and converted into a kitchen. The house was of two parts—the front or main part being divided into two rooms with a door between—one on the west end we called a parlor, and a narrow one on the east end we called a bedroom—each having one front window; the bedroom also had a back window looking into the verandah. The parlor had a door leading to the street, and a large open fireplace. The rear, or L part of the house had one large room, (which we at first used as a dining-room, bedroom, and kitchen,) with two windows on the west side, and one on the east, looking into the verandah; this room had a door opening into the parlor, and two outer doors—one on the east side and one on the west side; on the south end was a large open fireplace, on each side of which was a small closet—one used as a pantry, and one as a wardrobe. There was a verandah or porch on the east side of the L part, formed by the projection of the east roof of the rear building about eight feet, and as far out as the east end of the front building. This roof afforded a nice place for picking the over-hanging cherries. There was a small cellar under the rear part of the house; a door was formed in the floor of the verandah, which could be raised, from which

descended a short flight of stairs to the cellar. The well adjoined the verandah on the south. From this minute description I think many of my youthful readers can, with the pencil make a correct picture of our western home; and those who can not use the pencil, will be likely to make a fancy sketch, approximating to the reality.

To Cousin Jane.—*May* 6, 1846.

Dear Cousin.

I have plenty of time to write, and intend to do so as often as my friends will answer. * * * I am very glad that your sewing society continues so prosperous, and I suppose that you have by this time furnished your meeting-house in style. I think you must find it very pleasant to meet together, so many of you; I know I should enjoy it if I could be there. The society here is yet flourishing; the fair is to take place in about two weeks. I have not attended for several weeks, owing to ill-health and unpleasant weather. My health is now good. * * * * I enjoy house-keeping quite as well as I expected—find it much more pleasant than boarding. We live as well as heart could wish—have veal, beef, ham, fish, &c., and all kinds of good things. We have a good garden—currants nearly large enough for pies. We have six cherry trees all as full as they can hang, and the fruit will be ready for eating in a few weeks. We shall have plenty of fruit, I think, of almost every variety. I wish you could all visit me during fruit time, but all such wishes are vain. I do not suppose I shall ever have the pleasure of seeing any of you here. I am well pleased here, both with the place and the people, and if my relations were all here I should have no desire ever to return to Connecticut. I hope you will write as soon as you receive this and tell me every particular about all things. * * * I suppose you visit Grandmother's occasionally; give my love to them all when you see them and tell them I often think of them, and of the happy days I have spent under their roof. * * * Heman will be obliged to go to Indianapolis soon to spend a few days; I have not concluded whether I shall go or not. Accept this with the love of

Frances.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE MEXICAN WAR.

UNEXPECTED BREAKING UP OF OUR NEW HOME.

EARLY in May, 1846, I was called to Indianapolis on business which detained me there about one week. Frances chose to remain at home. While I was there, news of the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma came, with a call for three regiments of volunteers from Indiana. I at once considered the question of my personal duty in reference to this call, and felt clearly justified in declining to go to war, in view of my obligations to my young and tender-hearted wife; I thought I should kill her if I left her under such circumstances, and so said to my friends at Indianapolis, and therefore shook my head when invited to speak at a war-meeting held there,—I *would not* say, "go boys," and I *could not* say "come boys." When I returned to Columbus I found my friend Major Boardman and others trying to raise a company there. For the reasons just indicated, I could not participate in the movement. Many of my friends seemed disappointed; others seemed grieved, and some seemed disposed to censure me; and I *thought*, or *feared*, that some, who were not my *political* friends, were inclined to *taunt* me, for I had made some public promises of what *we* would do, if war should come as predicted. I saw that my friends who were engaged in raising a company needed my help. I began to waver in my decision, and to reconsider the question of personal duty. After all, could I excuse myself for declining to

go? I suffered terribly while debating this question in my own mind, and could not decide it for myself. I determined to lay the case fully before my wife, and abide by her decision. It was on a lovely afternoon in the latter part of the month of May that I came to that determination, and went to our happy home to tell my dear wife of my perplexities and trials in reference to this matter. I told them fully, and then told her I should leave the matter entirely to her decision. I can not describe the struggle in the heart of Frances which followed this communication—there *was* a struggle—she did not answer immediately. We sat for one hour together upon the sofa in our parlor, during which time very little was said; both were too much agitated, and Frances evidently was looking at all the bearings of the question which was submitted to her for her decision. The painful scene was concluded by her *fully consenting* that I might do what I thought was my duty in the premises. She knew when she said that, that I would go; and I did, on that day, put down my name in the volunteers' list; and the company was soon after filled, accepted and ordered to New Albany, on the Ohio, opposite Louisville, where we remained till July 8, when we were sent forward, by way of New Orleans, to the Rio Grande. My wife went with me to New Albany and remained till July 7, when she left me, going up the river to Madison, in company with the wife of Colonel James H. Lane and the wife of Major Willis A. Gorman, and from thence back to Columbus, where she remained a day or two to provide for the care of our household goods, the renting of our house, and other business matters; and then returned to Madison, to go East with our excellent friends, M. G. Bright, Esq., and wife, as had been previously arranged. They accompanied her as far as Philadelphia, and from

thence she traveled, without the company of any acquaintance, to her old home in Barkhamsted.

I have stated the facts in regard to my going, just as they occurred, for no personal object, but simply to show a new phase of the character of Frances; it was new to me then, and I think it is new to my readers now, as they read the lines of this chapter. It seems strange to me now, that I should have submitted the matter to her *decision* in the way that I did; and doubtless most persons will think that I ought to have asked her *counsel* and *advice*, instead of throwing upon her the responsibility of *deciding* the question. All I have to say in explanation is, to repeat the substance of what I have said: I was pressed by conflicting claims and considerations of duty, affection, and pride, as long as I could endure the pressure, and then took that course to relieve myself. She appreciated and understood my trial, fully realized the responsibility which I asked her to assume, and met it with a firmness and fortitude which appears to me, now, as I review this history, very remarkable; and that firmness and fortitude did not fail during the whole succession of trials she passed through, until she rejoined the loved ones under the paternal roof. Of this Mr. and Mrs. Bright, and others, can give abundant testimony. I am very sorry I can not produce her own letters to show the noble spirit she exhibited; but none of them can be found, although all my letters to her during my Mexican campaign are preserved. I have now in my possession one letter which she wrote during my second absence from her, extracts from which will be found in subsequent pages. The others may have been lost, with a part of my baggage, by the sinking of a steamboat in the Mississippi, when I was returning the second time. She wrote often, and never reproached me for my course.

She told me of her mental sufferings, in consequence of the separation, but always recognized my motives of duty, and repeatedly expressed herself satisfied with my action on that ground.

I obtained leave of absence from my regiment, which was encamped on the Rio Grande, without any prospect of active service, and reached Barkhamsted about the 1st of Nov., (1846,) and remained with my wife until the birth of our son Joseph Lane, who was born Dec. 18, 1846, after which I went to Indianapolis to attend the session of the Legislature, and returned again to Barkhamsted, arriving Feb. 4, 1847. I remained with my family until Feb. 22, and then left to return to my regiment, by way of Washington, Cincinnati, and New Orleans.

Frances was in a nervous condition when I left, and I feared that her anxiety on my account would, if I returned to Mexico, seriously affect her health, and therefore I was desirous to resign my commission; and in order that I might be able to show to the Department good reasons for such resignation, I had hoped to receive a letter from her, while in Washington, in which her condition and feelings should be stated; and I afterward so wrote to her. It is to that intimation in my letter that she alludes in the fore part of the letter which follows. She did not tell me when I was with her that she wished me to resign; if she had I should have done so. She did not retract what she had said in the beginning. The following reached me at Buena Vista, in Mexico, April 24.

BARKHAMSTED, *March*, 7, 1847.

My own dear Heman.

I was yesterday made glad by the reception of two letters from

you, the first I had received since you left. I mailed a letter to New Orleans on Friday after you left, which I hope you will receive. It appears that you confidently expected a letter from me while in Washington. I certainly should have written, if I had been obliged to walk twenty miles to mail it, had I known that any thing I could have written would have prevented your return to Mexico. * * * I have passed many sleepless nights since you left, so great has been my anxiety about you, and O, what sad and gloomy days. No language can describe how much I long for the time to arrive when I can live with you again. God grant that happy time may not be far distant.

* * * I think I shall not worry quite so much about you, when I hear that you have reached your regiment safely, that is if you should be in a healthy place, with no prospect of being engaged in a battle. I have sometimes feared you would remain longer than your present engagement, if the war should continue, but you have solemnly promised me you would not, and I will rely upon your promise and anticipate your return ere this summer passes away, if your life is spared. If you were now here I should be ready to return to Columbus, and O, how pleasant it would be to go back and live in our own house again. O, my Heman, it can not be that this is a final separation—that we are never to meet again. God will, in His mercy, hear my prayers and protect my dear Heman. I will put my trust in Him, and be comforted, believing that all things are for the best. * * * I hope you will, if possible, write so that I can get a letter every week, and thus relieve me of some of the anxiety which I feel concerning your health and safety. I shall write to you often—will try to write some every week. I and our dear child are so situated that you will not feel the anxiety about us which I do about you; you know that we are surrounded by our friends, and if sick shall have every thing done for us that can be done for our comfort, while with you it is far different. Only a little more than two weeks have passed away since you left, but how long it has seemed to me. It seems a very long time to look forward to the period of your expected return, but it will soon pass away, and then how happy we shall be. I feel sure that if my dear Heman is spared to return to me, I shall never

be separated from him again by the wide distance of three thousand miles. * * * The babe has just awakened and I now have him in my arms; if he could speak I know he would send word to his father to come back as soon as possible. I talk and sing to him a great deal about you, which, no doubt he fully understands. He begins to take considerable notice of playthings and holds them in his little hands. I have had a very severe cold ever since you left, but am well otherwise. I shall go over to your father's and stay several weeks as soon as the weather is warm enough. * * * I think of you constantly, and think I may safely say you have not been absent from my mind one moment since the sad morning of your departure. My constant prayer is that your life and health may be preserved, and that you may also be preserved from all evil. I know that you will be exposed to many temptations, but by looking to Him who can alone give power to every good resolution, you will be able to withstand them all. Whatever power we have to oppose evil is from God. If we look to ourselves and upon the little strength we possess, we shall soon find that we are weakness itself. But if we strive to act in all things from a religious principle, and fear to sin against God, we shall receive all the strength we need, however deeply we may be tempted.

Dearest Heman, I shall soon be obliged to close my letter so as to send it by Helen, who is going to Canton. [At that time there was but one mail each week to and from Barkhamsted.] Do write as often as you can, and tell me every particular about yourself. Be very careful of your health—about putting on damp clothes, &c. When I write again I will try to write a longer letter. I should keep this until Friday, and write more, but I wrote so little, and felt so badly when I wrote before, that I feel anxious you should get this as soon as possible. Beloved! our people all send respects. I have many friends who are very dear to me, but gladly would I leave them all if I could only be with you. Oh, how I do long to see you, but I must wait with patience. Adieu, my own dear husband.

Your devoted

FRANCES.

My recollection is, that Frances wrote cheerfully during my first absence in Mexico; it was natural for

her to suppress any feeling which would cause me anxiety. The tone of her letters to me during the second absence, was generally cheerful and hopeful. As I said before, she was in a nervous condition at the time I left, and when she had recovered her health and strength, (as she did,) she recovered her fortitude and cheerfulness. She seems to have apprehended that her letter to me at New Orleans would cause me suffering.

I find the following entries in my journal in regard to letters received from her during the second period of separation:

(New Orleans, March 15.) "Received letter of 26th Feb. from Frances. It grieves me sorely to learn that she is inconsolable on my account."

(Camp Buena Vista, beyond Saltillo, Mexico, April 24.) "I received letters of 7th and 19th of March from Frances."

(Buena Vista, May 7.) "Received letter from my dear Frances, telling me of the welfare of my dear wife and boy on the 26th of March."

(May 15,) "Received letter of April 9 from dear F."

(Camargo, June 2.) "I received letter dated May 2 from my dear F."

(Reynosa, June 5.) "Received letter from dear Frances, dated April 23."

(Brazos, June 13.) "I received letter of May 12 from Frances."

(New Orleans, June 18.) "Received letter of May 7 from Frances."

(New Orleans, June 19.) "Received letter of May 30 from F."

Our regiment was mustered out of service at New Orleans June 26, 1847, and I returned to Barkhamsted, arriving there July 16. My brother, then at New Hartford, had that day seen an account of the sinking of a steamboat on the Mississippi, with the loss of several lives, as was supposed, and went immediately to Barkhamsted to inquire what boat I had expected to take. He

learned that it was the "Star Spangled Banner"—the same which was reported "snagged." He did not communicate to Frances the reason for his inquiry, but, of course felt much solicitude himself, which was happily relieved by my arrival before night, and before Frances had knowledge of the reported loss of the boat. The boat did run upon a snag in the river, fifteen miles above Baton Rouge, June 29, and sunk in very deep water, within ten minutes after it touched the shore,—so deep that the "jack-staff" was covered; the cabin and upper-deck, however, separated from the hull and floated down the river. Many passengers repaired to the hurricane deck and were thus saved, and others—probably all—had reached the top of the bank—which was twenty or more feet high and very steep—before the boat sank.

We remained in Connecticut, after my return from Mexico, until Sept. 9, 1847; on the morning of which day we left Barkhamsted with our little boy; father Merrill carrying us with his horse and wagon through Winsted and Norfolk to Canaan, where we took cars for Albany; we remained at the latter city over night. The next day went by cars to Syracuse—little Joseph standing so much on his feet to look out of the car windows, that he made great blisters on his feet which caused him to cry a great deal for several days. We staid in Syracuse the second night, and the next morning went by cars to Skaneatles, and staid a day or two at the house of Henry Adams, whose wife is my father's sister. Sept. 13, we traveled by cars to Buffalo, and remained there, at the house of Miles Jones, my wife's cousin, two or three days. During this time, Frances and I visited Niagara Falls, leaving Joseph with our friends in Buffalo. We went on board a steamboat at Buffalo, and

went down the Niagara river to a point on the Canada side, about half a mile above the Falls. From there we went to Table-rock, and, after viewing the Falls from the Canada side, crossed the river below the Falls to the American side; and after dinner returned to Buffalo. Sept. 16, (toward night,) we went on board a steamer, bound for Sandusky city. Sept. 18, we took the cars at Sandusky city, Ohio, and when we had proceeded a little beyond Tiffin, the locomotive of our train ran off the track; but, fortunately nobody was hurt. We continued on the cars from 11 o'clock A. M. till after dark, expecting the locomotive would soon be replaced; but were finally told we could not go on before morning, and that carriages were provided to take us to Tiffin, where we would be furnished lodgings for the night. By the time we reached Tiffin, all the beds of the two hotels in that town were engaged. At last somebody said we could probably find a bed at "the cottage." The name suggested to us the idea of a nice, cozy retreat, and we cheerfully entered the carriage again, and were driven back across the Sandusky river, and a mile beyond, where we alighted, and in reply to my inquiry, were told we could be accommodated there for the night. The carriage drove away, and we entered "the cottage." The first view of the interior destroyed our beautiful fancy sketch with a dash. We expressed a wish to retire, and were promptly led up stairs, and pointed to *our* bed. It was one of half a dozen; some already occupied, and others soon to be, as we concluded from the preparations some rough looking fellows were then making. I asked for a room with one bed only—they had but one such room, and that was occupied. "Well, then we will occupy chairs below." We went below—no fire except in the kitchen, and that was the family

sleeping room, I believe—I am sure we were told the dining-room was the place we must occupy if we sat up, and the broken windows of that room rendered it a very uncomfortable place in which to pass a rainy night in September. "What can we do?" I looked out—it was very dark, and raining hard, and we were one mile from "any place,"—baby began to cry, and I believe wife cried some—I felt too much vexed to cry. The landlady's heart was touched, and a conference was held apart from us, the result of which was that somebody had his slumbers disturbed—that somebody must have been a good-natured man, for we were soon told we could have his bed in the small chamber, which offer we gladly accepted and felt better. The next morning as we looked back, after leaving our lodging place, we wondered what suggested its name. It was narrow, of two stories, and its exterior appearance quite forbidding to lovers of quiet and comfort. It was kept, as we afterward learned, as a boarding-house for laborers on the railroad—perhaps very good men, but how could we *know*. The occupation of a lodging-room, with several beds in it occupied by others, was not new in my wife's experience in the West; for we had, during our first residence in Indiana, visited and spent a night with a very worthy family, who had but one room—(we afterward had similar experiences,)—but that was a very different entertainment from the one offered to us at the "cottage," in Fort Ball, on the night of Sept. 18, 1847, and which we declined.

We were on the way again before noon of Sept. 19, and arrived at Bellefontaine about one o'clock P. M., and there we were "piled" into a stage-coach. Frances, who always had a keen sense of the ludicrous, forgot all her

sorrows of the previous night, while we were waiting at Bellefontaine, and at intervals for several days afterward, as she heard there—and subsequently recollected—the earnest and persistent claims of a frugal traveler, that his son,—a strapping youth, somewhat less than six feet high,—should be allowed to go at "*half price.*"

The coaches finally started, and proceeded over a *rail* road to Urbanna, and there we lost the company of some most agreeable traveling companions.—Hon. Moses B. Corwin, (brother of Hon. Thomas,) and his daughter and niece. I ought to explain that the *rails*, over which the stage coach passed, were laid *transversely*, and not longitudinally as we are accustomed to see them on our Eastern rail-roads. Western travelers of twenty years ago, understand the difference. After such a rain as had fallen for a day or two before our ride from Bellefontaine to Urbanna, those primitive rails made their presence very *sensibly felt* by the passing traveler.

We proceeded by stage from Urbanna to Springfield over a good macadamized road, and reached the latter place about nine o'clock in the evening, where we spent the night. Sept. 20, we went by cars, through Xenia, to Cincinnati, and by boat from thence to Madison, where we staid that night. Sept. 21, we reached Columbus and proceeded at once to get things in their places for housekeeping. We lodged one or two nights at the house of our nearest neighbor, John H. Miller, afterward occupied by "grandpa" Fissler, and after two or three days were re-established in our "pleasant home."

CHAPTER IX.—LIFE IN INDIANA.

My wife's second residence in Indiana continued two years. I shall divide this into two chapters, of one year each. Her letters give a pretty full account of the first year, and, according to my purpose as before expressed, I shall let them tell the story. They describe her experience and show her character much better than I could do, being written just as she would have talked to a very intimate friend. Wives and mothers will be especially interested and encouraged by them.

To Helen.—Columbus, *Nov.* 21, 1847.

Dear Sister,

Your most excellent and interesting letter came safe to hand last Friday, one week after it was mailed, and no words can describe how joyfully it was received and perused. * * * I do not expect to make letters so interesting to you as yours are to me, for I have only three to write about, while you have so many; besides, any event which transpires at home, or about there, is very interesting to me. I shall tell you in every letter a great deal about little Joseph, for I know any thing about the sweet little creature will not be uninteresting to any of you. He is the funniest little fellow you ever saw—tries to imitate every thing he sees. He can speak a good many words so that any one could understand him. He calls his father "Pa Barbour," speaking it almost as plain as I can; and he spends a great deal of his time calling his father when he is away. My health is now pretty good, and I have been doing my work for the week past. I have had two or three chills since I wrote last, but they were in consequence of my going out too soon and getting cold. I had an invitation to spend the day with a friend and thought I must go; the night following I had a chill and high fever. But I intend to be very careful in future, and think I

shall keep well. The people here are all so kind and friendly that I can not but feel contented. True, I should much prefer to go back and have a house on the "corner," if it were a good place for a "lawyer." But if we can have our health here, I suppose it will be for our interests to stay, as Heman is getting a great deal of business, and thinks prospects are very flattering. I am glad for your sakes that Jane and her mother are coming back. How much comfort you will all take. And then *you* ought to think of me, and start immediately for Indiana, for there will be nothing to hinder; aunt Caroline can stay with Ma, and you can come as well as not; I should so much enjoy it to have you with me. * * * We have a good deal of company. One day last week several ladies visited me. For dinner I had baked pig, broiled beef, sour krout, (a Dutch dish which I am very fond of,) baked potatoes, pumpkin pie, and "huckleberry" pie. For supper I had sausage meat, warm biscuit and butter, quince preserves, grape jelly, clove cake, loaf cake, all frosted off as nice as could be. I have every thing to cook with that heart could wish, and we have every thing to eat that any one could desire. I had got tired of fresh meat, and so we made several pounds of pork into sausages, seasoning with pepper, salt, sage, and cloves, and they do taste first-rate. We expect to go to Indianapolis one week from next Friday. We have board engaged at a private house, with an old gentleman and lady with whom I am very well acquainted. Wednesday evening. Dear sister, I sit down to close my letter, so as to have it in readiness to mail to-morrow. It is raining very hard here this evening, and I presume it is snowing with you, as you usually have a snow-storm for "thanksgiving." I do not feel quite as well as I did when I commenced my letter. I had a slight chill Monday, and have had one to-day. I think I shall certainly get rid of them when I get to Indianapolis. I hope to feel well to-morrow, as I want to cook "thanksgiving." We have a turkey on hand, and should have had chickens, but I have not felt well enough to-day to dress them. We had the minister and his lady to take supper with us last night, and are intending to invite some friends to-morrow, if I feel well, and I presume I shall, for it is not the day for a "shake." Little Joseph is very well now and as good natured as ever. He learns some new words every day, and I think will very soon be able to ask for whatever he wants. He is a great deal of company for us, and I

fear that we love him too well. * * * Write as soon as you receive this, and write every thing you think of. Kiss little Albert and Heman for me. Love to all.

Your affectionate sister,

FRANCES.

A postscript on this letter, in my hand writing, is—"Thanksgiving—cold and squally morning; Frances better; babe quite well; turkey to-day; chicken pie to-morrow, or next day." H. H. B.

We boarded in Indianapolis, this winter, at "uncle Basil Brown's," who then lived in Hon. Alexander Morrison's house, situated on the north-west corner of Pennsylvania street and the first street north of, and parallel to Washington street. Uncle Basil and wife were then quite aged persons, (since dead,) with whom I boarded when I first went to Indianapolis in 1840, and were much interested in Frances and our boy; they had no children. As is stated in the letter next following, the session of the Legislature was interrupted by the prevalence of small-pox in Indianapolis, and we returned to Columbus sooner than we anticipated.

TO COUSIN JANE.—COLUMBUS, *Jan.* 2, 1848.

Dear Cousin.

* * * Thinking you may wish to hear about "matters and things" as they have transpired with us since our arrival here, I will give you a brief account. We commenced house-keeping immediately and had just got comfortably settled when little Joseph and myself were visited with chills and fever. This is a discouraging disease, and I hope you may never know from experience what it is. We can generally break the chills in a few days, by taking calomel and quinine, but they will return again from the least exposure. I am hoping we shall wear them out in time and enjoy our health here, as we can not enjoy any thing without health. We went to Indianapolis the last of November, but remained only two weeks. The Legislature adjourned for three weeks, on account of the small-pox being in the place. Heman will return to Indianapolis the latter part of this week, but I have concluded not to go back, as

an intimate friend here, with whom I shall be very pleasantly and comfortably situated, has invited me to spend the time with her while Heman is away. We are keeping house at present, and my house-work and the care of the baby keep me busy, most of the time. I find it more work to take care of Joseph now than it has ever been before. I can't leave him a minute, as he is constantly trying to climb up by chairs, and is in danger of falling. * * * I have written to no one before, except our people. I find I have not so much leisure to write now as I used to have before I had a baby. * * * I will, however, try to answer all communications from you, I think we have been too intimate friends, and spent too many happy hours together, to drop all correspondence now. It gives me exceeding pleasure to receive letters from my friends, and I wish they would all write more frequently than they do. * * * I suppose Webster [Jane's husband] feels as well, and can laugh as heartily as in former days. * * * It is now Sunday eve, not quite seven o'clock. Heman has little Joe in his arms, trying to rock him to sleep—the little fellow has had a hard chill to-day, but appears lively and well to-night. * * * I received a letter from our folks last week; they had recently seen an account in the newspapers, that the town of Columbus had been destroyed by fire, and were, consequently, feeling very anxious about us. There was a fire here some weeks since, but only six buildings were burned. * * * With much love.

Your affectionate cousin,

FRANCES E. BARBOUR.

During my absence, to attend the latter part of the session of the Legislature at Indianapolis, in January 1848, my wife enjoyed the hospitality of L. F. Coppersmith, Esq., and the companionship of her very dear and congenial friend, Mrs. Coppersmith, who then lived on the south-east corner of Tipton and Franklin streets, in Columbus, near the Presbyterian Church. (Mrs. Coppersmith's tribute may be found on subsequent pages.)

I returned about the first of February, and we resumed house-keeping.

To her Sister.—Columbus, *March* 22, 1848.

Dear Sister,

We all keep along about as usual—are all in the enjoyment of good health and fine spirits. It is now about seven o'clock in the evening. We have just got through with our supper, which consisted of broiled chicken, baked potatoes, &c. Heman has gone to meeting, (for there is now a "protracted meeting" here;) little Joseph is asleep in his crib; Martha (my hired girl,) is rocking Joe and reading, while I am seated at the table trying to scribble a few lines to my beloved sister. It is raining and very muddy, so that I could not go out to meeting, and therefore I thought I could not spend my time more pleasantly than in telling you about matters and things here. We are beginning to have real spring weather, and people are making their gardens. I have my door yard all cleaned and it looks very "slick" all around, I can tell you; Heman has bought several arbor vitæ and pine trees, and set them out, but I am afraid they will not live, as I never saw any evergreens in Indiana of much size. I am going to have my stove moved into the smoke house soon, so that we can keep our kitchen as nice as we please. * * * I hope soon to hear that it is settled that you will make us a visit this summer, and then I will begin to make preparations for you. * * * I suppose you and mother are at work as hard as ever—will soon get to cleaning house, making soap, &c., and then will work yourselves about to death. Well, I hope when you get married you will live as easy as I do. I ought not to keep a hired girl for the little work I have to do, and should not if Heman would let me get along alone. Little Joseph continues as good as ever. He has learned to make a bow, and whenever any one comes in he begins to bow, and puts out his little hand to shake hands. He has also learned to kiss, and as soon as he awakes in the morning he wants to kiss his father and myself. He tries to sing, whenever we are singing, but he can't sing quite equal to little Heman. O, how I wish I could see you. When I get to writing to you I can hardly restrain my feelings, I feel so impatient to see you. How I would kiss little Albert and Heman if I could see the little fellows. I suppose they have not grown much since I left, for I believe it has only been about six months, although it seems a long time. Heman will not have time to write in this letter, otherwise I would leave space for him. [Writes pleasantly about various matters at home

and in Barkhamsted.] It is near nine o'clock, and I am near the end of my paper. * * * I wish I knew what you are all about just now. * * * Good night.

From your affectionate sister,

FRANCES.

To HELEN.—COLUMBUS, *April* 26, 1848.

Dear Sister,

I have received your letter and mother's, both containing sad intelligence—one of the death of a grandfather, [Merrill,] and the other of the death of a cousin, [about twenty years of age.] The death of the aged does not affect us as does the death of the young and gay. I have thought about Calista almost constantly since I received your letter. It does not seem possible that she is dead. She must, as you say, be missed by all; and O, how much by her own family—so severe a trial must, I think, almost distract her parents. Father of mercies! support them and enable them to place their hopes of happiness beyond this sorrowful world. To you, and the rest of her associates, it is a loud call to prepare for death. She, no doubt, made calculations for the future, and expected a long life, as much as any of us, but God in His Providence had ordered otherwise. She has been taken, and how soon we may be called to follow her, is known only to God; but O, may we be prepared for the event, whenever it comes. It must be a lonely place now at uncle Samuel's; I think about them a great deal. Poor Elizabeth! how lonely she must be, now that Calista is gone—forever gone! I can hardly dismiss them from my thoughts sufficiently to write about other things.

Mother wrote that your health was not very good; you must be careful and not expose yourself unnecessarily. I hope you will take a journey to Indiana this summer, for I believe it would be beneficial to your health. I can not tell you how it would rejoice me to see you here. Heman and I will do all in our power to make your visit pleasant, if you will only come. Little Josey, too, would be so pleased to see his aunt Helen, whom he used to think so much of. The dear little creature is running all about, and tries to say every thing. His father has got him a new straw hat, and he is proud enough of it. Whenever he gets it on he goes toward the door, and, making his bow, says "good-bye." We love him too well I know, but he is such a sweet, good-natured little fellow we can not

help almost worshiping him. We are all now enjoying good health. Our hired girl has returned, and will, I presume, remain with us through the summer, as Heman is not willing to have me do the work. She is a first-rate girl, and keeps every thing very neat. Every thing about the house looks very pleasant—the trees in our yard are in full bloom, except the peaches, which are all killed. I hope and trust you will see how we are situated before summer is gone. I think you would call it very pleasant here. O, if I were only where I could see my relatives occasionally I should be as happy as heart could wish. * * * I wish I had some of mother's sewing to do, she has so much, and so little leisure from her house-work.

Thursday morning, six-and-a-half o'clock. I have arisen much earlier than I usually do, this morning, in order to get my letter finished in time to mail to-day, for I am afraid Heman will not have leisure to write in this. He and little Josey are asleep—Martha is getting breakfast, consisting of ham, eggs, potatoes, and coffee. I suppose you, at home, are all up and flying about, even down to little Heman. The weather here is now very dry, so that things do not grow much, though our garden looks pretty well; we shall have a great many currants, gooseberries, &c. How I wish you could all see my home, and know how pleasant it is, but I must wait with patience, hoping some of you will see it some time or another. Give my love to all the family and other relatives whom you see. Tell Merlin and Monroe they must write to me. I hope Monroe will be along to live with us soon. Kiss little Albert and Heman for me. I want to see you all more than words can express, but it will, probably, be a long time before I meet you all again, if I ever do. Heman and little Joseph have got up, and we have eaten our breakfast, and now I must hurry and finish my letter. * * * Dear little Josey is feeling as well as ever this morning. He went out with his father last night to see the calf, and he is trying to make a noise like it—he tries to imitate every thing he sees or hears. Tell me all about Albert and Heman when you write—I love to hear about the dear little fellows. * * * I have not time to write more. Be sure and write often, and tell me every particular about the whole family.

Your affectionate sister,

FRANCES.

To Brother and Sister Perry.—Columbus, Ind., *May* 1, 1848.

Dear brother and sister,

Heman has left a space for me, and I will try to fill it, although I have nothing very interesting to write. I can't tell you how much I want to see you all, and how very happy it would make me if you could but step in and see how pleasantly we are situated; but this I have told you a great many times. My health is very good now, and I never enjoyed myself better, or felt more contented. Every thing about the house looks exceedingly pleasant to me,—the house, smoke-house, fence about the garden and yard, are all white, the door yard full of trees, all in full bloom, and then I have such a sweet little bird in the house that I never feel lonely. * * * We have a very good hired girl, so that I have but little to do, only to take care of the baby, and this I suppose will be my principal business through the summer, for little Joe is very mischievous, and needs constant watching and care. He is very good-natured, and always full of his talk and play; I should be very lonely without him, even for one hour. * * * Give my love to all the family. Tell father we thank him much for his letter, and will answer it soon. We hope, and expect you will write as soon as you receive this; it is a great comfort to get letters from our friends, and we wish they would write much oftener than they do. Heman has told you he is nominated for Representative. I am very sorry, for I do not like to have him away from home any. I had hoped that last winter was the last season he would be obliged to spend in Indianapolis; but perhaps he will get beaten, and I shall not feel at all bad if he does. Be sure and write soon.

Your affectionate sister,

Frances.

We had another son, born on the 29th of May, 1848, whom we gave the names of both his grandfathers—Henry Merlin.

To her Sister.—Columbus, *June* 13, 1848.

Dear sister,

Your letter was received last Thursday. The intelligence of the sickness of my dear parents caused me much pain and anxiety. As you wrote that father was improving, I hope he is ere this able

to be about again. I feel much alarmed about mother, because I know she will never take much rest. I know you will do all in your power to keep her still, but this I believe is a thing impossible, as long as she *can* go, and sees any thing to do, and she is always seeing something that *must* be done. I do wish she would be more careful of her health. I want you to be sure and write every week, until you are all well again, for I feel very anxious about you. Since I wrote you last I have suffered more than in all my life before, but I feel very thankful that I can tell you that I am now perfectly well; indeed I never felt better. * * * I am all about the house,—out in the garden, and am well enough to go anywhere. My babies occupy most of my time at present. I have a very good girl about house-work, but she has not much patience with children, so I keep little Joseph in the room with me, while his father is gone. He loves his little brother and kisses him a great many times every day. * * * The baby is a sweet little innocent, and, if I recollect right, looks exactly as Joseph did when he was a baby. I think Henry Merlin will be his name. Will that suit you as well as the name of Joe Lane did? * * * I had hoped, and still do hope you will visit us this summer, although you said nothing about it in your last. It would indeed do my heart good to see you here, and may I soon enjoy the pleasure. I not only want to see you very much, but I want you to see how pleasantly we are situated, and how much comfort we are taking. * * *

Wednesday. My babies are asleep, so I will try to finish my letter. Little Joseph is about sick with bowel complaint—the baby cried a great deal last night, but seems as well as usual to-day. Heman is about going into the country to try to find a hired girl for one of the neighbors, who is sick. It is almost a thing impossible to get help here. We were not able to get a nurse when I was sick. We had employed one, but finding that she was not likely to be worth much, we dismissed her. Another one came, but was taken sick the first day; so Heman did all the nursing, and a first-rate one he is, only he is altogether too careful. He cooked my victuals just as nicely as the best cook could have done; indeed, he did every thing as well as the best nurse could have done. Some of the women came every morning and dressed the babe, and said they would stay and take care of me, only that Heman was doing every thing that any body could do. * * * The ladies here are all

very kind, especially in sickness. One lady, [Mrs. Hubbart, whose tribute will be found hereafter,] who lives close by us, is about mother's age, and seems like a mother to me. She has children married and far from her, and she says she does by me just as she hopes her daughters will find some one to do by them. I am trying to persuade Heman to let me do my work myself, as soon as my babe is a little older. Our garden looks very nice indeed; Heman works in it a great deal, and keeps it free from weeds. Everybody says it is the best looking garden in town, and that every thing in it looks as though we were preparing for a large family,—there is such an abundance of vegetables. We shall soon have tomatoes, cucumbers, squashes, &c., &c. Our cherries are getting ripe, and I intend to have some pies in a day or two. * * * I did not ask Heman to write in this, for I thought I should want to fill the sheet myself, seeing it had been so long since I had written. I have covered it well with blots, but you must excuse them, for I have been obliged to get up every few minutes to see about the boys. Write immediately, and tell me all the news, especially all the particulars about our family. The children send love to their grandparents, uncles, and aunts; they are both very anxious to see you. Do come and see us.

Your affectionate sister,

FRANCES.

To HELEN.—COLUMBUS, *August* 2, 1848.

Dear Sister,

It is now three o'clock in the afternoon, and I am quite tired, for I have been working hard all day, but, I am afraid if I do not write often you will follow my example; so I will try to scribble a few lines just to let you know how we are prospering. Well, in the first place, I am still doing my own work, and get along with it very well. Yesterday I did quite a large washing, and to-day I have been ironing, churning, &c. I once thought I never could do my own house-work and take care of one baby, but I find I *can* do it and take care of two. This forenoon I churned with one hand, held the baby on the other arm, and rocked Joe with my foot. When the baby was asleep I put him in the crib with Joe and rocked them both with my foot, while I did my ironing. It is more than half to learn how to work with babies,—I am getting pretty well into the science, and think I shall soon understand it to perfec-

tion. My babies are now both asleep in the crib, and they look very sweet to me—poor little Joe still has a bad bowel complaint, and I sometimes fear he will never be well again—little Henry Merlin is very healthy and fleshy, and is beginning to laugh and play considerably. The little girl that was with me when I wrote last, did not prove to be as good as I had anticipated; she was always very kind and pleasant to the children when I was about, but, by watching her closely, I saw she was disposed to be cross when she thought me out of sight and hearing. I heard her scold little Joe and saw her strike him with a knife-handle, and should not then have kept her any longer, only that hired help is so difficult to obtain here. I kept her until I saw her strike and shake my little baby quite hard, and then I got her out of sight as soon as possible, I can assure you. I thought it was better for the children to lie and cry, than to have her care and government; or, at any rate, I should feel much easier about them. Heman helps about the work, and takes care of the babies, when he is at home, and I believe we get along about as well as when we have a hired girl, and it is much pleasanter. Write immediately to

Your affectionate sister,

FRANCES.

CHAPTER X.—LIFE IN INDIANA 1848–9.

DURING the first year of my wife's second residence in Indiana, she suffered some from the terrible sectional and climatic disease, known as "fever and ague," or "chills and fever." In the second year she suffered severely. The effects of this disease upon the nervous system and vital powers of the sufferer, are most depressing and debilitating—hope is changed to despondency, cheerfulness to gloominess, fortitude to weakness and timidity, quietness and equanimity of temper to irritability and peevishness, and energy and vivacity to dullness and lifelessness. Its usual course is intermittent and periodical—first a chill, sometimes accompanied by ague

or "shaking," continuing for thirty minutes (more or less,) followed by burning fever, which subsides in a few hours; after which the patient is generally able (though little inclined,) to get up and resume labor; to be attacked in the same manner, about the same hour of the next, second, or third day. The old remedies were calomel and quinine, by the use of which the disease could generally be "broken," but not immediately eradicated. Its attacks upon one who has been affected by it, usually recur at short intervals for a considerable period, until the patient "wears it out," or it "wears out" the patient—it is often followed by consumption, dropsy, liver complaint and dyspepsia.

The reader will perceive the changed tone of the following letters as compared with the preceding ones; and the cause has been already stated. I think those who have known by personal experience the influence of this disease upon the mental, spiritual and physical constitutions, will wonder that my wife passed through the trying ordeal with so little depression of spirits. I remember one occasion (I think it was in August or September 1848,) when we were all sick with this disease—and had no house-help. My kind-hearted friend, George B. Tingle, Esq., happened to call upon us, and found us all on the bed together—wife, children and myself—sick with fever and ague, and nobody else in the house. He remarked afterward that we were then the most distressed family he had ever seen. He immediately procured for us needed attention. Our neighbors were always *very kind*, whenever they knew of our sickness.

To Her Sister.—Columbus, *October* 25, 1848.

Dear Sister,

Your last letter was received when I was sick abed, and without any help. And, Oh! how I had to cry, as I read your kind wishes

and offers, and thought how well off I should be, if you or mother could only be with me. The few past weeks have been the most gloomy ones, I believe, that I have ever experienced. I have had the chills and fever all of the time. It appears to me I would give all the world, if I could go to bed and lie there without being obliged to move. I hate to stir—can't bear to go to bed at night, or get up in the morning; and it seems to me as if I could not lift my baby and take care of him—but this must be done. God grant that none of you may ever be afflicted with this disease. I have suffered dreadfully with it, and never expect to be free from it again, long at a time. * * * I suppose a few remarks about the children will not be uninteresting. Little Joseph is getting pretty healthy again. He is a great fellow for all sorts of mischief. He has been to meeting with his father and kept pretty still, or, rather, he did not make any disturbance, notwithstanding he is so noisy at home. He found business while at church, such as trying on his father's hat, &c., for he is never idle a minute. His father nearly worships him, and Joe thinks every thing of his father,—talks about him most of the time when he is gone. Little Henry Merlin is as sweet a child as ever lived. He looks (so most say,) just like Joe. If they live they will probably look very much like twins. The baby weighs about eighteen pounds, which is as much as I want to lift. I have a hired-girl now, and I do not try to do much except take care of my children. I can not tell you how disappointed I felt when I heard that you had entirely given up visiting us this season. How I wish you would come on now with Lucius Barbour, for he is coming on next month. Oh do, do, come.

I am glad to hear such flattering accounts about Merlin, and think he ought to have all the property that is coming to the "oldest son." Tell Monroe if he was only here, he could have fine times—tell him he could have maple sugar, sweet potatoes, walnuts, (for Heman has bought three bushels,) and he should have as much of all these as he could eat, besides a great many other good things; but I imagine Monroe will say he would rather do without them than to be sick all of the time. Little Heman and Albert—I wish I could send something to them besides love and kisses, but this will have to do them for the present. I believe mother could cure me in a week, if she could only be with me, but I don't believe calomel and quinine will ever do it. Do write as soon as you get this. I have

nearly covered my paper—my baby has slept while I have written this, and is now asking to get up, so I must obey his calls. Adieu.

Your affectionate sister,

FRANCES.

I was in Indianapolis during the session of the Legislature in the winter of 1848–9, and my wife and boys remained, a considerable part of that time, in Columbus, and boarded with John B. Hunter, on the north side of Vernon street—third lot east of the river. None of Frances' letters to me during this period are preserved. They were filled with particulars about the boys, of course; and doubtless mentioned the kindness and "*good living*" which she received from Mrs. Hunter, who was noted as a "good nurse" and "good cook." I know that Frances highly appreciated Mrs. Hunter's kind and assiduous attentions, and the luxuries of her table; it will be seen by her letters that she always had a peculiarly appreciative sense of these things. She visited Indianapolis with the children during that winter, and staid for a few days at my boarding-house, kept by uncle Basil Brown and wife, on the south-east corner of Indiana avenue and North street.

My devotedly pious and faithful wife was greatly rejoiced, when (in February 1849,) I united with the church of which she was a member. Her feelings in reference to this event were undoubtedly fully expressed in letters to my mother, but none of their correspondence has been found.

Rev. Mr. Gallaher, then of Missouri, and afterward a chaplain of the United States House of Representatives, (now dead,) held a series of meetings in February of that year, in connection with the Presbyterian Church in Columbus, and was our very agreeable guest for several days and nights. My wife was highly pleased with the

good old man's genial and free manner of conversation, and with his preaching, but did not approve of his hasty admission of persons to the church, as will be seen in a subsequent letter. She thought regeneration to be a radical heart-change, and not sufficiently proved by a mere declaration of one's purpose to serve God in future, which was all that Mr. Gallaher required from those who offered themselves for admission to the church. I believe he acted without consultation with the elders. More than thirty,—mostly heads of families—united with the Presbyterian church at that time. A majority of them "kept the faith," but several fell out by the way.

To Helen.—Columbus, *March* 15, 1849.

Dear Sister,

I have just received your letter, and as you say in it that you will never write again unless I answer immediately, I have laid aside all work, and seated myself to scribble a few lines as well as I am able, for indeed, my mind is not in a very fit state to write, or do any thing else, after hearing that you really got started to visit us, and then was obliged to turn back. Oh dear! it is too bad. I would cry about it for two or three days, if crying would do any good. But let us make the best of it, and hope that you will soon get started again, and that next time you will be able to keep along, till you get here. Oh, do come the first opportunity. * * * I shall be looking for you now every day, for if you really have our people's consent that you may come, I think you will get here. It will afford us all more joy to see you, than words can express. * * * I have no girl now, but Henry is so good that I get along very well. I shall get one, as soon as I can, for I can't do any hard work without bringing on chills. I had two hard ones last week, but feel pretty well now. Heman also had chills last week, but is well now. The children are healthy and fleshy. If you come out, as I hope you will, I shall be contented to stay another year before I go home. You can tell me so much about the folks, and we shall talk so much about home, that it will almost seem as if I were there. I can think of a thousand questions now to ask you about home. It is getting to be almost supper time, so I must write

as fast as I can. My little boys are both asleep now, and Heman is down town.

I feel that the subject of religion should be brought into every letter, although I suppose you do not think it necessary. I pray that you may some day enjoy it, and then you will feel its importance. Nothing else can afford us real happiness even in this life. The pleasures of this world are fleeting and transitory; little comfort do they afford us. There is scarcely a day but what brings more sorrow than joy, more to vex and trouble us than there is to make us glad. If we can put entire trust and confidence in God, and feel that every thing is ordered by him for some wise purpose, we can always be happy, otherwise we can not be.

Heman has been elected elder of the church, which is a very important and responsible office. Little, sweet Henry is awake, and I must take him a few minutes, and then get some supper. We are going to have "corned beef" and potatoes. I suppose you have plenty of both, but I wish you were here to partake of ours. Thursday evening. Well, we have eaten our supper; I have washed the dishes and chopped some "hash" for breakfast, and I am ready to go to writing again. Heman has gone to Masonic meeting to-night, and did not think he would be home so as to be able to write any in this. He has a great deal of business to attend to, now-a-days. * * * How I wish I knew what you are all about to-night. I believe I have written every thing I can think of. I feel so bad to think you are not here that I have not my thoughts about me, so you must excuse me for writing so uninteresting a letter. Be sure to write as soon as you get this. Kiss little Albert and Heman for me, and Monroe and Merlin too, if they will permit it. I hope I shall have the pleasure of kissing you soon. Good night.

From your affectionate sister,

FRANCES.

To HELEN.—COLUMBUS, *April* 11, 1849.

Dear Sister,

Your letter was duly received and perused many times, with much interest. Don't think of giving up a visit to Indiana, because you had bad luck the first time you started. You ought not to have gone back then; you would have got here well enough, if you had only kept along. I should think people would be ashamed to laugh at you about your western trip. We are very busy, now-a-days,

fixing up our house. We are having our rooms all painted and papered. Our fruit-trees are all in bloom—the prospect is now fair for plenty of fruit. I hope Helen will be here to partake. I have been to sewing-meeting this afternoon, and had a pleasant time. I can go now when I choose, for I have a good girl, or one that loves children, and takes most excellent care of them. She is not very neat about the house-work, but she is so good to the children that I think I shall keep her through the summer. I could do my work very well alone, but I don't mean to wear myself out with hard work as mother has done. There is no rest for a woman that has to do house-work and take care of babies too.

We are all now in the enjoyment of good health, for which blessing we should always be very thankful. The children grow, and are both of them much larger than most children of their ages. Henry is such a sweet, good natured child that I want you all to see him; he is very fond of play, but Joe is such a rough little fellow, that it is hardly safe to leave them together a minute. Their father has bought them a willow wagon, which pleases them very much, Joe especially. I am sorry to hear that the children at home are so "unhealthy." I hope, however, that they have all recovered before this; Merlin of his head-ache, Monroe of his leg-ache, and little Albert of his breast-ache. Your distemper I do not think so bad,—that is, if you can always find enough to eat. I will not promise you as good fare as you have at home, but I assure you we always have something eatable. C. [a lady who had embraced the faith of Miller,] seems to be very happy, notwithstanding her trials. Her letter was wholly on the subject of religion. She is, no doubt, a Christian, and prepared for the end of the world, whether it comes sooner or later. It may come to us before 1850, and as we know not the day or the hour, we should be in readiness—be *prepared to go* at any time. Oh, when we think how *uncertain* life is, *how strange* it seems that we *can* delay a preparation for death. I hope you think about these things, and oh, I pray that we may none of us be so unwise as to delay repentance, until it be *forever* too late. Let us ever remember that our time is short here, and what we do must be done quickly. "*Now* is the accepted time, and now is the day of salvation." We have no promise for the next day, or the next hour. *Now* is certainly as good a time to prepare for death as we shall ever have.

Friday morning. I now sit down to finish my letter, so as to mail it to-day. How are Jane and her mother, Charlotte and her baby, &c., getting along. I don't hear any thing from them; but I shall hear all about them when you get here. It will take you about six months to answer all the questions I am going to ask you; so you must come prepared to stay that length of time, at least. Give my love to all of our people—tell Monroe I am still hoping he will conclude to come and live with us. Does he still think he shall be a minister? My little boys are up and dressed. They are here close by me and Joe says "Henry is pulling his hair."

I can't write a great deal this morning, for I ought to be at work, we have so much cleaning on hand to be done. I want to get everything as nice as possible before you arrive, and I expect you will be along in the course of three or four weeks. Write as soon as you receive this. Heman, as usual, has been too busy to write. He has a great deal to attend to. He was ordained elder of the church one week ago last Sabbath. He has also been chosen teacher of a Bible class, held Sabbath afternoons; also chosen "chorister" by the singers. * * *

Your affectionate sister,

FRANCES.

As was anticipated, Helen arrived at Columbus in May 1849, in company with my sister Pluma and her husband.

In July of that year the cholera prevailed in Columbus, and several died by that terrible pestilence. God mercifully preserved our family from it. Helen was soon attacked with fever and ague, and Frances and the children continued to suffer from it. While they were thus afflicted, an opportunity to sell my house presented itself, which I promptly embraced, and my wife and children left Columbus in September 1849, and returned with Helen to Connecticut. I accompanied them as far as Cincinnati, where I parted with them, and from thence returned to Columbus, to close my business there, with the purpose of seeking a more healthy location for our

future residence. It was not then expected that our separation would continue, (as it did,) for a period of nearly six months. The account of Frances' journey and her arrival at her old home, and her feelings about separating from her friends in Columbus, as expressed in a letter to Mrs. Hubbart, soon after leaving, appropriately belongs to this chapter, as do the tributes of her Christian sisters and very dear friends, Mrs. Hubbart, Mrs. Banfill and Mrs. Coppersmith. These will conclude the history of her life in Indiana.

BARKHAMSTED, *October* 4, 1849.

My beloved Heman,

I know that you are feeling very anxious about us by this time, and that the intelligence that we have arrived safely here, will afford you great joy and thankfulness. We were longer on the way than we had calculated for,—the boat did not leave Sandusky until four or five o'clock in the afternoon, and arrived in Buffalo about the same time, the next day. It stormed when we were on the lake, and nearly every one on the boat was sick. Helen and I suffered a great deal, for an hour or two. When we were just ready to leave Buffalo, we found that our twenty dollar bill would not buy us tickets; they did not like to take money on a bank so far from home. This made us considerable trouble; we paid from one place to another, until we got to Rochester, and by that time I had been able to get some of the gold that had been sewed up so tight, and we purchased tickets there. We arrived in Canaan about half-past ten o'clock Tuesday morning, and left there about two in the afternoon,—arrived in Winsted about six o'clock, and there hired a man to bring us home. When we got along by Mr. Stillman's, we met Pa going over to school-meeting. We both hailed him, and he came running back, and said he knew Helen, "but," says he, "who have you got with you?" He could hardly believe his own eyes and ears when he heard who we were, and that we were coming back to live. When we got home we called for Webster to come out, and he acted about as Pa did—knew Helen very well, but could not recognize my voice, at all. When he found us out, he took Joe down to Ma and asked her whose boy he was. Ma could not guess at all; so he

had to tell her that her daughters were in the store. The man whom you introduced us to on the cars, was very kind and attentive. We felt sorry when he left us, but we got along very well the remainder of the way. I feel rested and quite well now. Helen has been about sick ever since she got home, and is now abed with some chill symptoms. The children are both well, and were very good on the journey. Joe went through the room just now, and says—"Are you writing, Ma?" I told him I was writing to his Pa—he says, "Joe wants to see Pa." Our people are very glad you are coming back. Pa thinks you would do well in Pine Meadow, and is going down soon to make inquiries there, and in North End. He thinks you might do well here if you would think so. He is very anxious that we should have the Doctor Beecher. place—says that we could get a living on the farm, and that you could get law business here, and soon get it in other places. I will write again as soon as I have heard from you. I must go now and help get supper, for Ma is not very well. Now do be careful of yourself, every way, and do write often, and do hurry and settle up your business and come to us very soon. We all want to see you here. That God will bless, protect, and prosper you is the fervent prayer

Of your affectionate

FRANCES.

We have some of the nicest cheese here that you ever tasted. I think of you whenever I eat any, and wish you had some.

Extracts from a letter to Mrs. Hubbart of Columbus, dated—

BARKHAMSTED, *October* 20, 1849.

My dear Friend,

* * * When I parted with my Columbus friends, I was cheered with the prospect of meeting my dear relatives and a large circle of affectionate friends, from whom I had been long separated. Since my arrival home—having seen all of those dear friends, I am distressed, as I think that in all probability I am forever separated from those beloved ones whose society I so much enjoyed during my stay in Columbus. But I shall never forget them, nor their kindness to me, although our paths for the future may be widely separated. * * * We can, my dear friend, as I hope we do, pray for each other at our Father's throne, and no distance can

ever break the bond that unites us; and while we are steadily pursuing the way our Savior has marked out, we can look forward to a meeting beyond this life, and O, how sweet it will be when this life is over, and when all the redeemed are gathered to their home in heaven, to meet those we have loved here, around the throne of God and the Lamb, never more to be separated! O, may I be prepared to meet you and all my dear Christian friends there!

I shall look for an early answer to this letter—tell me all about yourself and family, and all my dear friends there—nothing will be uninteresting. How is our beloved church there prospering? I long to hear that you are in the enjoyment of a spiritual revival. * * * And now, my dear friend, or mother, I might call you, for you were indeed a mother to me while I was in Columbus—do not disappoint me about writing, for a letter from you will do my heart good. I know that with all your cares you have little time to devote to writing, but I hope and trust that you will be able to favor me with a letter, and that very soon. My heart is full of sadness, while I think how years may pass away, and I shall hear but little respecting my Columbus friends. But, although we are far separated, yet may we all pass our days in the love and service of our God, and at last may we meet in joy to mingle our anthems of praise "unto Him who has loved us and washed us in his own blood," and hath redeemed us from sin. Pray for me, my dear friend; and that this may find you and yours in the enjoyment of God's blessing, is the prayer of your affectionate friend.

FRANCES E. BARBOUR.

FREDERICK, MD., *Oct.* 31, 1863.

H. H. Barbour, Esq.,

Respected sir.—Your letter, conveying the sad intelligence of the death of your dearly loved wife, and my very dear friend, reached me some days ago, and, had circumstances permitted, I would have acknowledged its reception immediately. It came just as I was prepared to visit, with a number of other ladies, the hospital at Harper's Ferry, where we had heard that quite a number of brave soldiers were lying sick and wounded, greatly in need of many delicacies which are not included in hospital fare. Having returned from this errand of mercy, and I trust contributed, in a degree, to cheer some sorrowful, suffering ones, (among whom were some boys from Connecticut and Massachusetts,) I now seat myself to

give expression to the deep sympathy of my heart with you in your sore bereavement. Mrs. Barbour was very dear to me, and I assure you the tidings that she no longer lives, caused me sincere grief. She was bound to me by the ties of friendship, and the yet stronger ties of Christian love. All my memories of her are very pleasant, and as I recall the scenes of other days, during our early married life in Indiana, I seem still to hear her mild voice, and gaze on her sweet face. I can never forget the hour for social prayer, when a little band met to hold communion with our loving Lord. *She was always* (if possible) *one of us*, and I fancy I can now hear her earnest, gentle pleading at the mercy seat. Her prayers always evinced strong faith, ardent love, and deep humility. Her piety was, I think, of a high order,—free from all ostentation. Those, only, who knew her most intimately, can properly appreciate her virtues. I feel most deeply for the dear children who have lost *such a mother*. I trust our Heavenly Father will supply all their need. I feel that any thing from my pen will prove wholly inadequate to do justice to her worth. She was truly a lovely character, and, I have no doubt, judging from her almost blameless life, united to her firm faith in our blessed Savior, that she is now enjoying in full fruition, all the bliss of the Paradise of God. May we follow her as she followed Christ, that we may be permitted to meet her in the realms of glory. * * * I would gladly comply with your request to send you copies of your dear wife's letters, but I destroyed them all about two months since. I had preserved her letters with many others, and, after reading them all over, I concluded to burn them. I can not express how much I *now* regret it, on my own account as well as for your sake. The religious sentiments they contained would have contributed to the memoir you design preparing, and also would have, doubtless, been very *comforting* to your sorrowful heart. When you have leisure I should be gratified to hear other particulars of the dear friend, so loved in life, and whose memory will ever be most fondly cherished. Mr. Coppersmith is at present in Washington. I am sure he will join me in sentiments of sincere sympathy.

Yours, very respectfully,

M. L. Coppersmith.

COLUMBUS, IND., *Nov.* 3, 1863.

Dear Mr. Barbour,

* * * When we read your letter we all felt sad. With you, the dearest tie on earth is broken. With me, a loved one has passed away; one that was always ready to administer comfort and consolation to the weary, and those that were fainting by the way. How oft have I listened to her voice in *prayer*. How humble, how earnest was she in all her supplications. Then she worshiped God by faith, but now face to face; her eyes behold Him whom she had long loved and adored. Her name will ever be held dear to many in this place. *We* all must feel our loss—'t' is a great gain to her. Dear brother, you had a faithful and loving wife—your children, a devoted and Christian mother. Yet you may all be happy in your bereavement. God has said, "Call upon me in the day of trouble and I will deliver you." I am glad to learn that your last days with your dear wife were so pleasant and happy. Death always comes a little sooner than we expect it, but *she* was ready to go when called for. Happy thought! In regard to the letters you mention, I can not tell where they are. I kept them for years and perused them with pleasure, but have misplaced them. I will endeavor to find them, and send them to you. If you should have any thing published in memory of your wife, we should like to have it, and you would confer a great favor upon me. The girls are all well and wish to be remembered to you and your children. Poor little fellows—how great is their loss. God grant that you may be a father and a mother to them. May God be with you.

From your friend,

SARAH BANFILL.

COLUMBUS, IND., *Nov.* 2, 1863.

Dear Brother,

We received your's containing the sorrowful intelligence of your dear companion's departure from you to the land of spirits, ere you were ready to accompany her. Could you have entered that blissful abode with her, O, how happy! But your Heavenly Father saw best for you to be left a little longer here below, to do His bidding, and, I trust and believe, that you are doing much to win souls to Christ. Sister Barbour was much beloved in the Church here, as well as out of the Church; for to know her, was only to love her. I loved her dearly, and never can forget the

many happy hours spent in her society; especially in our female prayer-meetings, shut out from the world, where none but God could hear, would she pour out her soul in prayer for her husband and her children, with such faith and assurance as could not be denied. But our loss—your loss, is *her eternal gain.* May the dear children whom she has left, follow in the footsteps of their mother as she followed Christ, that she may at last see them gathered in and be able to say,—"Here Lord am I and the children thou hast given me." Your friends are generally well, and sympathize with you. A prayer-meeting was appointed at our house on Friday evening, when you will be remembered. I send one letter and if I find others that would be of service to you I will send them soon. We have been moving about considerably, and I fear some of them are lost. I have found but two, though they were choice letters, and I had intended to keep them. You will conclude from the soiled appearance of the one I send you that I have often perused it, which is true. I should dearly prize the memoirs of one who has led so exemplary a life as the departed. * * *

CORNELIA HUBBART.

CHAPTER XI.—OUR SEPARATION IN 1849-50.

MY wife wrote twenty letters to me, during the period which intervened between her return to Connecticut and mine—from October 1, 1849, to March 1, 1850—which, if printed in the smallest type here used, would occupy at least ninety of these pages, and I have been very much troubled in making selections for a single chapter, which is all that I can devote to this period of her life, consistently with the limits of the whole work which I have prescribed. I have finally determined to give one letter (that of January 12,) nearly entire, which is a fair specimen of the whole, and select from the others those passages which shall best show her religious feelings during this period. Such an exhibit of her religious

thoughts, fails to show how beautifully religion blended with those exercises and employments of mind and body which are not usually termed religious, and how it permeated her whole life and character. This, religion always does, when it does its perfect work. If we "do all things for the glory of God," or "with an eye single to His glory," we are serving and pleasing Him, as well in the secular avocations, innocent or needful recreations, and in the intellectual, social and animal enjoyments of life, as in prayer and spiritual devotion,—every thing having its appropriate time and place.

It will be seen that my wife was accustomed to write some almost every day—especially in writing the last of those letters from which extracts are given. The letter written between October 5th and 18th is missing. After copying, I have been obliged to omit a considerable amount of the religious portions of her letters, in order to bring the extracts within the compass allotted.

BARKHAMSTED, *October* 18, 1849.

* * * I would like to hear how you are getting along with your church matters in Columbus. I sincerely hope your anticipations have been realized, and that you have enjoyed, and are still enjoying, a spiritual revival, that many there have been added to that band who are ever to live and praise God around His throne. I shall always feel a great interest and strong affection for that church, and shall ever rejoice to hear of its prosperity. I often think of my dear Christian sisters there, and pray for them, as I hope they do for me.

I am anticipating many days of happiness with you, and O, may they all be realized. Let us, while we bless God for the goodness with which He has crowned all our lives, look forward with unshrinking hearts to the untried future,—let us cast ourselves and all our interests on Him who has thus far guided us—let us give to Him our future years, and then will they pass brightly and calmly away. My heart is with you, and will you think of me as with you, and talking these words. I hope when we live together again we

shall converse more freely upon religious subjects. I know that in so doing we should enjoy ourselves better.

Please give my love to our neighbors generally; tell Mrs. Fissler, I have not forgotten what a good neighbor she was; and little Joe has not forgotten them; he often speaks of grandpa Fissler and the children.

Good bye, and that God will bless and protect you is the prayer of your devoted and affectionate

FRANCES.

Canton, October 30. I came to Canton last Friday, and am now at Perry's. My health continues good. [Alluding to some anticipated trials, she says,]—my only consolation is that there is One who knows what is for our good, better than we know ourselves—that all the sufferings and trials we pass through are ordained for good by our Heavenly Father.

Barkhamsted, November 8. I know this winter will seem long to me, but, as you say, I must often resort to religious exercises, and I shall find relief from all bad feelings. I have often found this so. Often, when I have retired at night and been looking upon the dark side of every thing, and been impatient in regard to the present and distrustful respecting the future, I have tried to lift my heart in prayer to my Heavenly Father, and in this exercise have found sweet peace of mind. Truly the Christian has a delightful resort in every emergency. O, how happy we should be, if we could continually make the service of God our supreme delight—our meat and our drink,—if we could look upon Him as a tender father—cheerfully trusting every event to Him, without an anxious doubt. [Expresses her forebodings and continues] O, that I may be enabled to gain the ascendancy over these feelings, and exercise a cheerful dependence upon Him who has a perfect right to dispose of every event.

Your mother and I had many a good talk about you. * * * I miss our religious exercises in the family more than words can express. * * * I think of you now as happy in the presence of Him "whose loving kindness is better than life." That you may continue to enjoy His smiles is the fervent prayer of your devoted Frances. Adieu, and may God bless you.

Barkhamsted, November 18. The longer we are separated the more tenderly I think of you; and, O, how could I live, did not

my thoughts of you turn into prayers, continually. O, what a comfort to think that God loves you with an everlasting love, and can do for you far more than my most ardent wishes can desire. He is our best friend, and knows just what we need, and how sweet it is to trust Him, and to trust each other with Him, during our separation.

November 24. I can't tell you how much good your letters afford me—they give me spiritual comfort, because they are so full of religion;—they show that you have much of the presence of the spirit of God, which is the most grateful intelligence I can receive from you; as, when you are thus blessed, you are in the enjoyment of real happiness, "such as the world can not give or take away." * * * If a Christian at all, I am not as devoted in the service of my God as I wish to be. * * * I sometimes experience much enjoyment in religious exercises; at others, my mind is clouded with distrust and discontent, and I can not get near to God in prayer. I fear that I sometimes regard the cross of Christ as a burden. Always pray for me, for I have much need of your prayers—pray that I may give, not the mere siftings of a life to Him who deserves more than I can bestow, but, that, with generous purpose, I may devote the *best* of all that I possess to a service which death can not interrupt. O, that I may make a free and entire surrender of my whole heart to that Savior whose atonement claims my best love and most untiring service. A "pearl" so valuable as that which Jehovah offers, is surely worthy of a whole lifetime spent in most devoted service to Him. Surely, all that I can give can never repay the debt of love I owe. I do not doubt that it is our privilege to enjoy religion under all circumstances,—whether in sickness or in health,—in the society of Christian friends, and in the midst of religious privileges, and outward means of grace, or, when we are deprived of all these. I love to think of your religious privileges. Your social prayer-meetings must be blessed seasons. O, how I would love to be with you. I always enjoyed prayer-meetings better than any other meetings. I have few such privileges now: I can only attend meetings on the Sabbath, and not very regularly then.

[Alluding to a matter which had caused her much solicitude she says,] I feel no disposition to complain now; it is the will of God, and I am perfectly resigned, for I know He loves me and mine, and

can better dispose events concerning us, than I can; therefore, as I know my own heart, I cheerfully trust all to Him.

But I must close for to-night. I wish I knew how you are employed. Perhaps you are at one of your social prayer-meetings at this time. Good night, and, wherever you are, it is my fervent prayer that you may be enjoying the smiles of your God; and, if you enjoy these, I know you are very happy.

Sunday evening. I have been to church all day, and enjoyed the meetings well. Mr. Yale preached, and his sermons were most excellent and interesting. O, how I wish that I could attend more meetings; but perhaps I shall, sometime, be able to.

It would do me good to hear one of your prayers again. It appears to me that I shall hereafter prize family worship more than I have ever done. O, how I long for the time to come, when you and I, with our dear little ones, can be by ourselves again. You say in your last letter that you will come whenever I say. Much as I want to see you, I do not wish you to come until your business is all settled, for I know it would not bé right for me to ask you to come before. * * * Good night, and may God bless and protect you. * * *

Canton, December 3, 1849. I attended church yesterday, and heard two most excellent sermons by Mr. Searle of Avon. His text in the forenoon was—"Take not thy Holy Spirit from me;" and in the afternoon,—"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul." I thought of you a great many times, and wished you were there to hear them, for I have not heard such sermons for a long time. * * *

Monday evening. [She mentions the receipt of a letter from Mrs. Hubbart of Columbus.] It rejoices my heart to hear that you are so much engaged in the cause of Christ. I wish I could tell you that I felt more engaged in this great work—more anxious for the salvation of souls. "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" often comes into my mind, like a rebuke from my Savior. O, I have always been idle—I can see nothing that I have ever done for Him, who has done so much for me. I feel humbled in the dust when I think of my unworthiness. O, Lord search me, and try me, and remove from me every wicked way. May I be more devoted to Thee. If I have any one prevailing sin more than another, it is a proneness to indulge in light and trifling conversation,—forgetting that "for every idle word I must give account in the day of judg

ment." Even when I feel quite serious I soon lose my good impressions by talking and laughing too much. It seems impossible for me to change in this respect, although I know it is my duty to; and I should enjoy myself better were I always more serious in my conversation, for then I should have the approval of my conscience, which I do not now.

December 4. * * * Tell Mrs. Hubbart I thank her much for her good letter, and will try to answer it soon. I shall always love her for her kindness to us when we were sick. * * * If it should be the will of God to take either of our dear children, do you think we could be resigned to it? I suppose we ought ever to feel that they belong to Him, and that He has a perfect right to do what he will with His own. I hope and pray that we may not have such a trial to pass through,—that we and they, may be long spared, and do much for Christ and His cause. * * * May Christ be our joy, our confidence, our all—may we daily see more of His glory and preciousness, and experience more of His love, and may we be more conformed to His image and devoted to His service.

Collinsville, December 15. My health is now perfect. [After expressing her ardent love for her husband and children she adds,]—but I suppose we ought not to love any one so well that we can not feel *perfectly* resigned to the will of God concerning them; and O, I pray that I may not love the creature more than the Creator, as I am sometimes afraid I do. I will now read a chapter in the Bible and then retire and try to pray. You will pray for me to-night, I know, and what a comfort there is in the thought.. Good night.

December 16. I have been to church this forenoon, and heard a very interesting sermon by Mr. McLean, from the text—"One sinner destroyeth much good." He alluded to the dreadful guilt of those who are instrumental in leading others astray,—of enticing others into their own sinful practices and habits,—said that if he were resolved upon a course of dissipation and folly, he would dwell only in the caves and dens of the woods, and that his only companions should be the wild beasts of the forests, that he might thus be saved from hearing from any of his fellow-creatures, at the day of judgment—"thou hast been my destroyer." O, in how many ways may we lead others to ruin, when we do not intend it. How watchful and prayerful should Christians be, when in the company of the

ungodly, lest they should in some way bring reproach upon the blessed religion which they profess. O, may my example hereafter be a more godly one. May I ask myself each night—"Has my conduct this day been such as I would wish those whom I have associated with to imitate—have I done nothing, or said nothing, that is sinful, or that I should consider wrong in others." I pray God to help me to know my deceitful heart—that I may know the real motive for all my actions. * * * I think of you to-night as being in church, though perhaps it is not yet time, for it is not quite six o'clock here. I rejoice to hear that you are so well pleased with Mr. Merwin, [the new minister] and pray that his labors in Columbus may be greatly blessed.

Canton, December 23, 1849. No letter has arrived, and my mind is again filled with sad and gloomy apprehensions. [She describes her disappointment day after day.] It is Sunday, and I am at Perry's with little Henry and Esther for company. Clarinda urged me to go to church and let her stay with Henry, but I was so worried about you, that I thought the preaching would not be very beneficial to me. I have been reading a few chapters in the Bible, in the epistle of James, and have found some precious promises to believers, as we may find in all parts of this blessed Book;—"Draw nigh to God and He will draw nigh to you." How sweetly is the children's duty and the Father's promise here presented. Though we were "sometime afar off, yet being made nigh by the blood of Jesus," we are exhorted to draw nigh to God in prayer and full assurance of faith;—Truly, faithful is He who hath promised He will draw nigh to bless us. O, may we ever be enabled to say with the Psalmist—"It is good for me to draw near to God." Although I feel that it is good to draw near to God to-day, yet it does not entirely relieve my anxiety and painful suspense on your account. It does something, I know, toward bringing peace of mind; for, deprived of the privilege of prayer, and the assurance that you are in the hands of a kind Providence who loves you, and will order all things for the best concerning you and all of us, I should, indeed, be most miserable.

Monday morning. I spent yesterday afternoon in reading the Bible and a Sabbath School book—last night I attended a prayer meeting at the school-house and enjoyed it very well. I still feel quite low spirited on your account.

December 25. My Christmas is rendered quite happy by the reception of a letter from my beloved, dated December 12, which I received about ten o'clock last night. You will perceive that it had been a long time on the way. * * * I raised my heart in thankfulness to God, and could not refrain from tears of joy, as I proceeded to open and read it. I read it twice, and then retired and spent some time in prayer; and most fervently did I thank God for such favorable intelligence from you, and I asked forgiveness of Him for such distrust as I had felt for a few days past. God is so good and kind to us, O, why do we not always place entire trust and confidence in Him.

Canton, *December* 30, 1849. Sunday evening, eight o'clock. * * * I ought to feel very thankful for the blessings I enjoy, and I believe I do. It appears to me that I never felt so perfectly resigned to the will of God respecting me and mine, as I do at this time. I do not, by any means feel as much engaged in His service as I desire to, and as it is my duty to; but I take great delight in praying, and in reading His holy word, and in thinking of His goodness and kindness to me all my life long. Your letters, I do believe, have revived me a great deal—hearing that you are so much engaged has put new life into my soul. If we are indeed God's children, we ought to be a great help to each other in spiritual matters. O, how I do long for your society, and to unite in your prayers again. You seem to think that you could be more useful in Indiana than here, and if you really think so, I suppose it is our duty to go back. Indeed I prefer to go if you think you will be more contented there. I am willing to do just as you think, and am very anxious to. I am sure I shall, hereafter, always be contented where you are contented, and should be very unhappy if you were discontented. * * * I have been to meeting to-day and heard two very interesting sermons from Mr. Hemingway.

January 1, 1850. * * * A new year has commenced, and may it be a happy one to you, and may we both, in this year, make great advances in holiness, and do much for the cause of Christ.

Barkhamsted, *January* 6. Sunday evening. I have been to meeting this afternoon and heard a very good sermon from Mr. Goodwin.

This is the first Sabbath of the year. In reviewing the past year,

we can truly say, "that goodness and mercy have followed us all the way." How thankful should we be for the blessings we have enjoyed,—we have been in the midst of sickness and death, yet death has not entered our dwelling. We can not tell how it will be with us in the year we have just commenced, but may we strive to have a calm and quiet trust in the decisions of an overruling Providence—may we be sustained through all the vicissitudes of this year, and, if called upon, may we be prepared for the great and last change of all.

January 10. * * * It is pleasant to write to you, but how much more pleasant it will be to see you face to face. God has made us one in His hands, and I trust to His glory. Truly religion and conjugal love will sweeten almost any lot. The marriage relation is the Lord's appointment, and, in my estimation, His richest earthly blessing. It appears to me we shall be very happy together when we are settled again. I sometimes feel rather fearful you will not readily find a location that will please you, but we should not anticipate trouble of any kind. We have hitherto been provided for, and should not doubt now, seeing we have the same Providence to depend upon. We have very much to be thankful for. God has followed us all our lives with His preserving mercy and temporal bounty. He has made us so dear to each other, and given us our precious children—so dear to us,—O, may we see the hand of the Lord in all the blessings we enjoy, and give thanks unto him. Every thing pleasant, and every thing necessary to life and godliness, is ours. O, God may we be thankful, humble, dependent, spiritual. O, may all we enjoy be sanctified by Thy word and prayer. May Thy gifts ever lead us to the Giver, and fill our hearts with gratitude and our mouths with praise. * * * My paper is nearly filled. May Heaven preserve you, lead you, guide you, direct you, so that you can not do wrong, protect and defend you so that you shall ever be safe, is the constant prayer of

Your own devoted

FRANCES.

BARKHAMSTED, *Jan.* 12, 1850.

My own beloved Heman,

One week ago it seemed a very long time until to-day, but long as it then appeared, it has now passed away, and mail-day has arrived, bringing the anticipated letter, and thereby affording me

fresh cause for thankfulness. I was very much grieved to hear of your sickness, and could not refrain from tears to think how uncomfortably you were situated, when you were not able to sit up, and had such a pain in your head,—to have no more quiet place than your office where there was a perfect "crowd," who were constantly opening and shutting the door "at the head of your bed!" I wonder your illness did not continue longer, since the sick room was so unfavorable for recovery. I do hope, if you ever feel so unwell again, you will go to some of your friends, where you will have good nursing, and a comfortable, quiet room. How I should have felt that day, if I had known how you were situated, and how I feel *now*, for fear you may be thus situated again! Dearest, will you not go to Dr. Hinman's or Mr. Hubbart's, whenever you feel the least unwell? "If you love me as I love you, you will conform to any request I make,"—and this certainly is a very reasonable one. I hope and pray that you may be favored with health during the remaining seven weeks—it is dreadful to think my Heman is sick and suffering where I can not administer to his wants. I worry a great deal about you, and, oh! how I do long for this trying separation to be over. Oh, I am sure I could not endure it, were I not permitted to indulge my affection for you at the Throne of Mercy. He, however, who is the God of both, who is with you, and with me, can not only support, but comfort.—He takes every endearing name to inspire us with confiding love,—every name that conveys the idea of protection, to keep our minds in quiet peace, and in the assurance of safety,—"Father," "Husband," "Brother," "Friend," "Physician," "Help," "Light," "Life,"—all these He will be to our dear absent ones; and can not we leave them in His hands? Your letter found me and the little ones in the enjoyment of perfect health. I was at Newton's and received the welcome messenger as soon as the mail was opened. * * * I think of you as at a social prayer-meeting to-night. May God be one in your midst and bless you. Good night.

Sunday evening, eight-and-a-half o'clock. Dearest Heman, I might have commenced writing earlier this evening, but I was afraid I should write too much. I am anxious for room to write a little every evening, because you seem to prefer that I should write daily, and it is pleasanter for me to write very often. I have been to church all day, and enjoyed the services very well. Mr. Scott, from

East Hartland, preached. Oh, how highly should we prize the privileges of the Sabbath, and how earnestly should we strive to improve them. I have thought of you to-day as being actively engaged in church, Sabbath-school and Bible-class. You have but a few more Sabbaths to stay, and then I hardly know who can fill your place in all the positions you occupy. The little ones are well to-day—Joe went to meeting with me this forenoon,—he likes to go with "mamma" wherever he can, but never makes much complaint if I think best to go without him. Henry never seems to be much troubled about any thing, if he can get enough to eat and drink. He is very hearty,—eats twice as much as Joe, but is not so healthy. Joe seems to be in perfect health all of the time. Henry often has sick spells, though they don't last him long. You have probably been to meeting to-night, and perhaps are still there, for it is not eight there yet. I hope you have been interested and benefited by the exercises of this evening. Good-night.

Monday evening, eight-and-a-half o'clock. Another evening finds your family in good health, and oh, I pray that it finds my Heman well and happy. I have been occupied to-day in doing some housework, cutting and sewing carpet-rags, and a little part of the day at Newton's, getting little Joe's daguerreotype. It looks exactly like him, and I wish his father had it. He is a noble looking little fellow,—so everybody says that sees him. Mother and Helen often say I think more of Joe than Henry,—but it is all their imagination. I *know* I love them equally well. Henry is a very smart little fellow,—more forward in many respects than any child of his age that I ever saw. He is very independent—seems to resent it, always, very much, if any of us attempt to help him off from the bed, or up and down stairs. I have been afraid he would get a fall down stairs, he feels so smart and tries to go so swift, but he has been very fortunate thus far. Our folks are nearly all sick with colds. Ma and Helen have been washing to-day, and I believe I was better able to do it than either of them. They had engaged "Aunt Lydia" for the winter, but she has been sick for several weeks, and I presume will not be able to wash for us again at present. I and the children make a great deal of washing, and as long as I feel as well as I do now, I think it is my duty to assist some, and I am very sorry you say so much against it, though I know it is all out of pure love and tenderness for me; but you are too tender of your wife. The clock

has struck nine, and I shall soon retire. I sleep well nights, and my sleep is often rendered sweeter by pleasant dreams about my Heman. I feel well days, and rest well nights, and for these mercies should be very thankful to the Author of all our blessings. I believe this is the evening for one of your social prayer-meetings, but it is probably through, before this, and perhaps at this time you are writing something which I shall have the pleasure of reading next Saturday week. Another good-night to my own Heman.

Tuesday evening. I have spent a great part of to-day at work at carpet-rags—unpleasant employment, but, notwithstanding, I have had very pleasant thoughts. My mind has been with you a great part of the time, as it is every day. I have been thinking how short the time would be before you would be with me again. According to your calculation you will start seven weeks from to-morrow; so in less than eight weeks from this time, if our lives are spared, how happy we shall be! In the meantime, I shall, when possible, spend a part of every evening in writing to you, and a great deal of time in reading your precious letters, and the remainder of the time in some good employment, which will make the time seem short. Our precious little ones are a great comfort to me, and were it not for them, I should feel much less contented than I now do. I attend few religious meetings, but this should not prevent the enjoyment of religion, neither should your absence. I know that I enjoy religious exercises better than any thing else, but still I don't feel as much engagedness as I wish I did. Oh, how can I feel so indifferent to Him who is my Redeemer, my life and all. When shall I learn to live, and speak, and think, as a Christian. Help me, Lord, to banish from my spirit whatever is trivial, and to be more engaged in Thy service. I feel very thankful that you value religious privileges and exercises so highly. I can not but feel that you will be a great assistance to me in the way of holiness. It is nearly bed-time. I don't know where to think of you to-night, but hope you are well, and enjoying yourself somewhere. The dear boys are asleep. Joe generally awakes me early in the morning, calling, sometimes "Mamma," and sometimes, "Frances," and asking if he may get up into my bed. He generally gets Henry awaked in a few minutes, and then they have to say—"Good morning," and hug and kiss for a long time. Joe says over a great many loving expressions, such as—"Oh, what a sweet little bird," "what a pre-

cious little creature my brother Henry is," and Henry tries to say the same—they seem very much attached to each other, and I hope they always will be. Joe is the most affectionate child I ever saw, and it appears to me the best in a great many respects, but perhaps others don't see as I do. I certainly don't wish to be blind to the faults and imperfections of my children. God bless you to-night, my Heman.

Wednesday night. I have been visiting at Mr. Beecher's to-day. We have beautiful weather, now-a-days, and the best of sleighing. Our winter thus far has been very mild and pleasant. My health continues excellent. Helen has been about sick ever since Monday—she has something of chills—very cold, and then some fever. She worked too hard Monday about washing, &c. I wish you would tell me in your next letter that I may assist some about the washing, for I am certainly better able to do it than Ma or Helen. There is nobody about here able to assist them—hired help is very scarce, and I don't know of anybody we can get when we want. I hope to hear, this week, what you think about going back West. I suppose you will make a trial here somewhere through the summer, and, if you make a trial, and can't make enough to pay all expenses, I don't think our friends ought to say any thing against our going back. I want to go wherever you think you can do best, and enjoy yourself best. I shall be happy and contented wherever you are, if I never see any other friends. The little ones are now sleeping sweetly.

Thursday night. I have just been reading over your precious letter received last week. Your letters will all bear reading a great many times, and still be very interesting. I read them a great many times now, and should read them many more, if I did not receive one every week. I shall keep them as long as I live. I have received fifteen, and expect to receive eight more, including the one I expect this week. My time has been occupied to-day, mostly, with "carpet-rags." I think, by your account, you must be collecting fast. I presume it is all for the best that you sold, even if we should go back to Columbus. It will be worth a great deal to get your business all settled, and to know just how much you are worth. Meriden has been recommended as being a good place for a lawyer. Dr. Archer has recently removed there, and was here a few days ago. He says there is but one lawyer there—he said he would

make inquiries and write to Pa before the 1st of March. The little ones are well to-night,—are abed and asleep. My health continues excellent. How I wish I could know, every day, that my Heman is in good health; it would be a great relief to me. How sweet the time will be when I can know his feelings every day. I dreamed last night that you had arrived and I was so happy. Oh, for the time when my pleasant dreams shall be realized. I would leave a little room for Friday morning, but the mail gets along very early, and often our folks want to take over the letter before I get up. If any of us were sick I should, of course, take some pains,—should get up early, so as to give you the latest news; but when we are all well it makes little difference. Do be careful of your health. Don't go out evenings if you don't feel perfectly well. Give my love to my good friends there. I shall write to Mrs. Hubbart soon, perhaps next week. Our folks all send love. Helen is some better to-day. According to your letters you usually attend Chapter, Thursday evenings. I don't know how you are employed, but I think of you every night, and every day, as in some good employment. God be with you and bless you, my dearest love, is the prayer of your own Frances. Good bye, dearest.

Barkhamsted, Jan. 19, 1850. Your letters are peculiarly precious, as they manifest the deep interest you feel in all that concerns the kingdom of our Savior. Your protracted meetings were to commence last night; and may you enjoy a refreshing from on high. On God's part all is ready, and may the hearts of the people there be ready to receive Him. O, what a privilege to be in the midst of a revival, when all seem engaged in the cause of Christ; when the distance between us and our Father's throne seems annihilated, and the portals of the celestial gates seem to open upon us,—then our hearts are refreshed by living waters,—our lips utter the language of praise—love, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost dwell in our bosoms, and then, indeed, we know what real happiness is; O, that I might live in such a day again. When the revival, (so called,) was in Columbus, when Mr. Gallaher was there, the manifestations of feeling, on the part of converts generally, was so much different from what I had witnessed and experienced in revivals before, that I could not have much faith, and therefore not as much enjoyment as I might otherwise have had; it did not seem to me that there was much heart-work—all that seemed to be considered necessary

to salvation was to join the church. No wonder that Charley Jones said he "did not know it was such an easy thing to get religion." It was not to be expected that all who joined the church under such circumstances would "hold out."

Sunday, January 20. This is the Sabbath for your communion, and may it be a precious season to your soul and the souls of all who come around the table of their Lord; as they partake of the emblems of their Savior's dying love, may their hearts be refreshed with sweet thoughts of God and of Christ; may it be a day long to be remembered by all of you, and in its strength may you go many days. Though I can't enjoy the privilege of attending church to-day, yet I hope the time may be spent profitably at home.

January 21. I wish I could know that my Heman is well to-day. I can not, but it is comforting to think that there is One, thoroughly acquainted with your every circumstance—One, all powerful to relieve, whose love is unvariable, and ever most tender. Whenever I feel greatly worried about you, O, how sweet a privilege it is to bear you to a Throne of grace, for I know my Savior feels for you more deeply and tenderly than I can. O, I do hope we shall never be thus separated again. I anticipate a great deal of happiness, and have made a good many good resolutions respecting my own life for the future, if we are spared to live together again.

January 22. This separation will soon be over if our lives are spared, and then how sweet it will be to talk of all the way in which the Lord our God has led us. I have read in the life of some eminent Christian this remark—that "time and distance ought not to be much to the Christian." If our Heavenly Father is near us, and gives us His gracious presence, we can endure a separation from our dearest friends. Time and distance can not break the ties which bind our hearts together. We are united by our Father in Heaven, who sees our hearts and looks upon us as if we were not separated. I long to hear how you are getting along in your religious meetings; you seemed confident in your expectations of a revival, and may they be realized. May God revive the graces of His children there, and call those who are far away from Him to return. I heard last week that there was quite a revival in North Canton; among the converts were your uncle Harvey Barbour, and Henrietta, his daughter. His wife thinks she experienced religion several years ago; though she has never united with the church.

[These three are all dead.] O, may the day soon come when the knowledge of the Lord shall fill the whole earth—when our Savior shall reign, and the whole earth be His. O, I want more of the spirit of Christ, that I may feel for every being upon the face of the earth. Is not the soul of each infinitely precious? * * * And now may the "Angel that redeemed you" be with you; "keep you in the hollow of His hand, and as the apple of His eye," bless you and make you a blessing where you are, and restore you in His own time to your Devoted, affectionate,

FRANCES.

Barkhamsted, February 2, 1850. I have been to meeting this afternoon. We had a very appropriate and solemn sermon from the Rev. Mr. Scranton, of Burlington. * * * To-morrow is the Sabbath, and, may I, on that hallowed day, experience a renewal of spiritual strength. I expect to attend church, and hear the word of God. * * * May I listen to it with great attention and prayerfulness. But this is not all. I expect to participate in that ordinance, which, above all others, has a tendency to subdue the corruptions of our nature. Blessed Spirit, condescend to prepare me by thy special influence, for this solemn service. O, may all worldly thoughts be dismissed from my mind, and may I have such a view of the Savior's goodness, as shall fill my soul with love and gratitude. O, if I know my own heart I would devote myself afresh to the Most High. May the offering be accepted, and may He employ me in His service evermore. O, how I wish I was so situated that I could attend more meetings,—I feel so much benefited by them when I attend. I enjoyed myself so much better this afternoon than I could have done in any employment at home. The sermon was a "Preparatory Lecture" to those who are to-morrow to celebrate the dying love of their Redeemer; the text was—"Love one another," and the discourse seemed more interesting to me than any I have heard for a long time before. * * *

Sunday night. Dearest, another Sabbath has passed, and I have had, in some degree, a profitable day, I trust. The communion season this morning I enjoyed, and the sermon on "Nearness to God," was precious. I hope I find in my heart this day a more ardent desire to be wholly devoted to Jesus. O, may I, from this time, make a more holy use of all that God grants me, looking only to Jesus for pardon, for strength and for happiness. The employ-

ments and pursuits of religion are indeed the only means of real happiness. Our comfort derived from earthly things may be destroyed in so many ways, that it is vain to anticipate from them any real or lasting happiness,—it is vain for us to anticipate an Eden in this wilderness of sorrow and disappointment. How is my own Heman to-night. I hope you are well and happy, that your soul is in perfect peace, being stayed on God, and that this has been a profitable and happy day to you. * * * I have been reading your letter again to-night. It does me good to read often an account of the meetings you attend. You appear to enjoy them yourself, but to feel rather discouraged that no more good seems to be accomplished by them. Perhaps your church depends too much upon their minister. I saw a statement in the *Courant* yesterday, that there was now a great revival in New Milford; and what was very remarkable about it, there was no minister there. What is impossible with men, is possible with God. We may be used as instruments in promoting the salvation of souls, but God alone can do the work. I hope to hear a more favorable account of your meetings in your next letter. * * *

Monday, three o'clock, P. M. The little ones are well. I hope you are well and happy to-day, enjoying the blessings and the smiles of your God. To-night is your night for monthly concert, and may it be a precious season to you; it is probably the last one you will attend in Columbus. You will probably feel very bad to leave there. You have been there longer, and are much more attached to the place than I am. I hope, however, you will never have occasion to regret leaving there. * * * It is now eight o'clock. The little ones are sleeping sweetly. I hope their good father is well and happy to-night. Another mail-day will soon be here, and may it bring good news from my beloved, and glad tidings, from Columbus. May I hear that the prayers and labors of God's children there have been answered and blessed.

February 23. I read your accounts of your meetings from week to week with a great deal of interest, and oh, how I shall delight to hear you talk of them, and of the sweet joy which you have experienced, and I trust will continue to experience from a heart filled with love divine. Oh, it does appear to me you will be so much help to me in spiritual things, and may we both try to assist each other in holiness; live near to God, and

manifest the spirit of Christ, and then how can we be otherwise than happy. * * * I shall feel much anxiety about you, until you get home, but I shall pray much for you and try to confide in that kind Providence which has thus far preserved you. Great has been God's goodness to us, and oh, may we strive to repay it as well as we are able, by lives devoted to his service. * * *

Monday evening. Another day has passed, and if my expectations are realized, there are but ten days more, before I shall be with my own Heman. O with what joy do I look forward to that day. * * * I am busily engaged now preparing for housekeeping—making beds, table-cloths, towels, &c. I have my carpet ready for weaving. I believe I have written you all particulars now. * * * Dearest, I shall think about you every minute until you get here, * * * O may God bless and preserve you, and soon restore you to

Your devoted

FRANCES.

CHAPTER XII.—REMOVAL TO HARTFORD.

APRIL 1850 TO APRIL 1854.

HAVING closed my business in Indiana I returned to Connecticut about the 1st of March, 1850. In addition to messages of love and benediction, each of my wife's female friends in Columbus sent to her by me, a square piece of patch-work, with the name of the giver written upon, or wrought into the center-piece. These pieces, (about forty in number,) were afterward sewed together and converted into what is usually termed an "album bed-quilt," which was highly prized and carefully preserved by my wife, as a souvenir of pleasant associations and cherished friendships connected with her life in the West. She was quite affected by this unexpected and spontaneous manifestation of kind remembrance on the part of so many of her acquaintances in Columbus

After considerable inquiry in regard to the business prospects and advantages of various localities, we visited Hartford, and being encouraged and persuaded by several acquaintances who resided here, to settle in this place, we concluded to do so, and hired a house on the east side of Windsor street,—now somewhat changed in size, internal arrangements and surroundings, and known as No. 40,—and moved into it about the 1st of April, 1850.

We did not immediately realize the success in business which we had anticipated. Day after day, and week after week, I was met on my return from my office with the anxious inquiry from my wife, "if I had received any business yet?" to which I was obliged to give a negative answer, until the question became annoying to me, and I begged it might not be repeated, promising to announce the fact as soon as a client appeared. My wife's solicitude in regard to my success in business here was very great, as the reader of preceding extracts from her letters will readily believe and understand; chiefly because she knew I should not be contented if I did not succeed; but she cheered me by manifestations of a cheerful and hopeful spirit; and, by and by, after long watching and waiting, the clients began to come—not those whom I had expected; the wonder was how such men as did come were led to bring their business to me, and the lesson was a lesson of faith, patience and perseverance. This lesson my wife had learned before, and had tried to teach me.

My wife did not feel herself to be neglected by Hartford society; she had good friends in sickness, and a few sociable and pleasant neighbors; but she could not fail to observe a wide difference between the manners of Hartford people generally toward strangers, and the bearing of Western people toward this class of persons. The

cordial and kind attentions, and warm hospitality which the latter *offer* to strangers coming among them, are certainly in glaring contrast with the stiffness and reserve which new comers often meet with in Hartford society. But we found by long trial that this difference was only in *manner*, and not in *feeling*. Eastern people are, after all, as kind-hearted as Western people, and the difference in manner arises chiefly from the fact that in Western towns the inhabitants are generally settlers or immigrants, and are therefore ready to sympathize with and help those who come after them. But it would be well, I think, for older communities to adopt the manners of Western people toward strangers; and I think Hartford society is gradually improving in this respect.

We brought letters of dismission from the Presbyterian church in Columbus, and presented them to the Fourth Congregational church in Hartford, immediately after our arrival, (there being then no Presbyterian church here.) Rev. Wm. W. Patton, the pastor, and several of the ladies of that church, were very kind and attentive to my wife, and she soon became attached to them; she was not, however, able to attend their meetings much while she remained with them; but, as Dr. Turnbull has intimated in his tribute which follows, she separated from them in church relations with reluctance. Mrs. Rexford informs me that Frances expressed doubts in regard to the mode of baptism usually practiced by the Congregational church, at the time she first made a profession of religion, and she told me that she thought Frances would then have united with a Baptist church if there had been one in the vicinity. Frances told me herself that she had always regarded faith as a pre-requisite to baptism. I refer to her views in regard to this ordinance, in explanation of the fact which must be

stated in giving the complete history of her life, that she and her husband were affectionately dismissed from the Fourth Congregational church, and united with the First Baptist church in Hartford, on the 1st day of June, 1851. She was naturally tenacious in her attachments, and nothing but clear and decided convictions of duty could have induced her to make this change. Her Christian sympathy and affection toward her former associates continued while she lived.

Rev. Dr. Patton, now of Chicago, in a letter to me, dated November 2, 1863, in which he expresses the kindest sympathy, and the most touching and timely words of consolation, says:—

"As to reminiscences of your departed wife I fear I must disappoint you. So much time, (some twelve years,) has elapsed since you were under my pastoral care, which had been itself brief, that my recollection of Mrs. Barbour is general, and does not afford those specific facts desired. My impression of her is limited to that of a Christian wife and mother, moving in the quiet domestic sphere, and there seeking to be faithful to the trust committed to her. I doubt not she has heard the plaudit "Well done good and faithful servant." I wish it were in my power to recall the particulars of our interviews in former years, but I can not. They have simply left a memory of pleasantness, along with numerous similar scenes in a pastor's life. Renewing my expressions of sympathy, I remain.

Yours truly,
Wm. W. Patton.

We must go back to 1850 to notice a single important event. Our son Heman Humphrey was born at No. 40 Windsor street, on the 22d June, of that year. As we have none of his mother's letters written while he was a baby, we can not show how sweet and promising he then was in her eyes.

On the 1st of April, 1851 we removed from No. 40 across the street to No. 35, where we lived from that

time until June 1858, and there my wife experienced great joys, and her first great sorrows.

On the 11th October, 1851, Henry indulged his *daring* propensities in attempting to climb a ladder, for the purpose of picking one of the remaining clusters of Isabella grapes which our single vine produced, and fell with the ladder to the ground. When I came home to dinner, I found him in the cradle crying piteously, and soon discovered that his left leg was broken above the knee. Dr. Beresford was called immediately, and, assisted by Dr. Russel, set the broken limb, and for this, and his assiduous attentions to the little fellow for several weeks, merited our special thanks. Henry bore his sufferings and confinement with remarkable patience, and eventually recovered the use of a perfect limb. He was afterward a *cautious* boy.

On the 17th day of December, 1851, our fourth son, Jimmy, was born. No one of our boys was ever loved more by his mother than he always was, although the letters which would serve to show this, happen to be lost. He is the boy who has the "Humphrey look" and traits of character as here-in-after mentioned.

On the 28th day of July, 1853, our fifth son was born, and him we named Thomas Seymour. His mother's estimate of his infantile developments is recorded in the following letter to my brother's wife in Wolcottville, Conn:—

HARTFORD, *November* 4, 1853.

Dear sister Pamela,

I suppose you have concluded long before this, that you were never to receive an answer to your letter. I don't like to make excuses, but I *must* say to you, that I have very often thought of you, and of writing to you, but *as often* there seemed to be something to prevent. I hope you have made allowance for my circumstances, and therefore considered me excusable. If you ever have the care

of five boys, under seven years of age, you will *then* know there is little leisure time for writing; but as there seems little prospect of your ever knowing by experience what it is to have the care of such a family, I hope you will judge by observation, and in this way learn to consider me excusable for neglecting to write. I feel assured that you have had no ill feeling about the matter, and therefore I will dispense with all further excuses and devote the time and space to other matters. * * *

We have another little one since I have written to you, and he is such a dear, sweet, little fellow that I have often wished that you had one just like him. I know that it needs a great deal of wisdom and patience to bring up a family of children, but if they live and do well in the world, I think parents are well repaid for all their trouble. I presume our mother Barbour is not sorry she has had nine children, although she might have felt her task a great one when they were small. I am anticipating much pleasure in meeting you and Stiles, with the rest of our dear friends, at father Barbour's, on Thanksgiving day. We shall go *then*, if possible; our children are sick a great deal, and I fear will be at that time. Little Jimmy has been sick four or five weeks,—not hard sick, but quite unwell, so as to need a great deal of care. Henry is sick a good deal,—to-day he has not been able to set up any, so that we have had two cradles to rock, and one baby to hold in lap. I suppose you hear from father Barbour's folks often. Clarinda, Lucy and Juliaette, were in day before yesterday,—they were all well and expecting us all, Thanksgiving. I do hope we shall all be able to go. The children are all worrying, so I must draw my letter to a close. I do want to see you very much indeed, and shall be very much disappointed if any thing should happen to prevent our meeting Thanksgiving. Excuse the imperfections of this scrawl, and accept it with the best wishes, of

Your affectionate sister,

FRANCES.

To MRS. HUBBART.—HARTFORD, *November* 5, 1853.

My dear friend,

You will probably be much surprised to receive another letter from me, as I suppose you have long since concluded that I have forgotten all about my friends in Columbus. * * * I can assure you that our Columbus friends are still held in kind remem-

brance by us, and ever will be. We often speak of them, and often express the wish that some of them would visit us—it would seem good to see anybody from Columbus and to hear particulars about you all, for it has been a long time since we have heard any thing from there, except through the papers printed there, which we occasionally receive. I believe I have never written to you since we came to this place. Hartford is a beautiful city, and I enjoy myself, in many respects, much better than I ever did in the West, although I sometimes think I do not like the people as well. There are many here whom I highly esteem, but the people generally do not appear as social and friendly as they do there. I find it very pleasant to reside near our relatives. Our home is very different from our Columbus home. I don't know how we could get along in that little, inconvenient house now, though I felt tolerably contented in it while there. We should have needed an addition to it, as there has been quite an addition to our family since that time. I have now five little boys, all under seven years of age; so you can judge I have something to occupy my time—our youngest is about three months old—the next elder about twenty months. We often talk about visiting Columbus, and I think we shall do so if we live to see a time when we can conveniently leave our family. Mr. Barbour is very anxious to visit there, but prefers to wait until I can accompany him. You have probably heard that we have united with the Baptist church since we came here. We have an excellent minister, and the best of meetings several times in a week, but I am able to attend but little. * * * I often think of our little church in Columbus, and wish I could know how it is prospering. I hope to hear about it from you. Oh how I would enjoy it to see you and have a good long talk. I do wish you and your husband would make us a visit. * * * I hope when you know of any of our acquaintances coming East you will try to persuade them to visit us. * * * There are a great many people there I should like to inquire about—could ask questions enough to fill a dozen letters. * * * Do write immediately and tell me all particulars about yourself and family—any thing you will write will be perused by me with very great interest. I promise you sincerely, that if you will only answer this, I will hereafter write very often. * * * I take a great deal of comfort with my boys. Joseph and Henry stay in the country with their grand-

parents a great deal,—are sometimes gone three or four months at a time—they attend school when at home. The eldest of the three little ones is a little over three years old—he is named after his father,—the next in order we call James—the youngest we have not named. * * * We reside about twenty miles from our relatives, and we see them very often. Sister Helen was married nearly a year since—she married a lawyer by the name of Stillman, and resides near father's. * * * I shall begin to look for an answer to this in about two weeks, and don't keep me expecting long I beg of you. * * * Mr. Barbour is very busy all of the time,—he could not have found a better place for his profession. He unites with me in love to you and Mr. Hubbart, and to all inquiring friends. We may meet no more in this world, for it is a world of change, and we can count upon nothing with any certainty, but there is a world where changes never come, and, that we may be prepared to meet there, is the prayer of

Your affectionate friend,

FRANCES E. BARBOUR.

My wife's sister Helen died at West Hartland, Conn., about six miles from her father's house, on the 4th day of February, 1854. Her condition for some months previous to her death had excited apprehensions in the minds of her mother and sister in regard to the final issue. About four days before she died, intelligence came to us that she was suffering from convulsions, and my wife and I hastened to her residence, and found her delirious, with little prospect of recovery. We remained there through one night, and returned to our own home with terrible forebodings. When the dreadful tidings were sent to me that my poor wife was sisterless, I feared to communicate them to her, and the recollection of the agony which she suffered when the announcement was made to her, and during the succeeding days, is still very painful. Something of her feelings will be found expressed in her writings which follow. It will be seen that she not only felt the bereavement as deeply as a

loving sister could feel the loss of such a relative and companion, but that she also indulged bitter reflections on account of her supposed neglect of duty to the soul of the departed. I do not think the reader who has observed the earnest and affectionate religious admonitions and counsel contained in her letters to Helen herein-before given, will feel that my devotedly pious wife was just to herself in her self-accusations and self-reproaches in regard to her Christian faithfulness to her sister. She probably had forgotten herself, the many faithful warnings she had given, and remembered only neglected opportunities. I trust and believe that her fidelity in this regard was not lost upon dear Helen's heart, but was sanctified by God's grace to the saving of her soul. Her husband gave us such an account of her serious attention to the word of God during the last year of her life, and showed us such writings, and repeated such oral expressions made by her, as afforded comforting evidence that she did embrace the religion of Jesus Christ while she had health and reason; and my wife's hope and assurance in regard to the happy condition of the spirit of her beloved sister were thereby excited, and were subsequently cherished, as expressed in some of her letters which follow.

Helen was buried with her new-born child on the 8th day of February, 1854, in the graveyard mentioned in the first chapter, and on the 12th day of July, 1855, we buried by her side her husband, Geo. A. Stillman, Esq., author of "Life Real," and other poetry. Rev. C. G. Godard of West Hartland, who officiated at the marriage of these two on the 23d day of February, 1853, preached an excellent discourse in the church near her father's house, on the occasion of Helen's funeral, which was afterward printed. In it occurs the following passage:

"It is scarce a twelvemonth yet, and it seems but a day, since a more joyous company were assembled in yonder dwelling. Little did I then anticipate the mournful office which within the last few days has devolved on me. As I gazed last Saturday night, on the wan features of that youthful bride, and heard the low moan of bodily distress, and watched the last flutterings of life, and said the last prayer, and closed in the darkness and stillness of death those eyes that had beamed so recently with happiness and hope; the uncertainty of all things earthly, their unsatisfying nature, and the unspeakable value of a good hope in Jesus Christ, were deeply, and I trust, indelibly, engraved on my heart."

Extracts from the writings of my wife, chiefly relating to this affliction, will close this chapter.

To her eldest Brother.—Hartford, *February* 14, 1854.

Dear brother Merlin,

* * * I hope you will write to me freely. I have no dear sister now to correspond with, and I hope my brothers will write often. I believe dear Helen has always been your favorite sister: you have confided in her and talked with her much more freely about your plans for the future, than with me—this seemed very natural, as she was nearer your age and with you at home, so long after I left. But you will have no sister Helen to consult again,—no more receive her good advice, as I presume you have often received it. But I hope you will feel that I take a deep interest in your welfare, as I have always done, and that you will feel as free to talk with me as you did with her. I suppose you expect to marry Miss Julia Bancroft. * * * I rather hope you are not going to marry at present, at least before you are twenty-one, but, of course I shall not interfere in this matter. I trust you will take the advice of your parents respecting it. * * * I hope you will leave off every bad habit, if you have any—I know nothing but your habits are good now—and not only leave off bad habits, my dear brother, but O, how I wish you would repent of all your sins, forsake them, and become a child of God. Nothing would afford me more pleasure than to see my dear brothers walking in the footsteps of their Savior,—remembering their Creator now, in the days of their youth. You can never have a more favorable time to attend to this matter than the present, even if you were certain of a long

life, and do not, I beg of you, put it off any longer. Truly there is nothing but religion that can give us real pleasure while we live,—it is vain to expect to find perfect happiness in this changing world,—our fondest anticipations are often blasted, our dearest friends are taken from us. O, let us be prepared for that better world where there is no change. Such a preparation will sweeten the mercies, relieve the anxieties and lighten the burdens of the present life. I hope you will soon be convinced of this by happy experience.

I feel much worried about mother,—I think Helen's death will wear upon her more and more. I hope, if you are at home, you will do all in your power to comfort and cheer our dear parents. I shall try to go home early in the spring and stay a few days. I hope you will attend some good meeting on the Sabbath certainly, if you can not at any other time. I regret very much that our people are so unfavorably situated as regards meetings.

We are all in comfortable health now. Give my love to Julia when you see her. Please accept this with the love and good wishes of

Your affectionate sister,

FRANCES.

To MRS. WM. A. BROWN. N. Y.—HARTFORD, *February* 21, 1854.

My dear friend,

* * * Our meetings have been very interesting this winter, and more frequent than usual, and I have felt very anxious to attend them all when in my power to do so. I have often thought of you, and spoken of you when thinking of our good meetings,—you used to think so much of your religious privileges here, and seemed to enjoy them so well. We have had, in addition to other meetings, a meeting at our house every Saturday evening, which I think has been blessed to all who have attended. * * * And now, my dear friend, I must tell you I have recently met with a very great affliction, and how could I live through it, could I not see the hand of God in it, and feel from my heart that He *can not err*—that He doeth all things well. My dearly beloved and only sister has been taken from me by death, and in a very trying manner; * * * but God saw fit to take her so, and we must not complain. She was not a professor of religion,—had never expressed a hope in Christ, and, for awhile I was almost in despair because I had not been more faithful to her immortal soul, more

especially as I was the only near relative she had, who professed to be a child of God. I can never forgive myself for my unfaithfulness to her; but I feel that it is a loud warning to me to be faithful to those that are left; to be faithful *now*, while we are in health, for I know not how soon it may be forever too late. * * * But she is gone, forever gone, and my duties are now to the living, and God grant that I may perform them faithfully. * * * O, how I should love to see you and talk with you, for I know that you could indeed sympathize with me—not because you have met with similar affliction, but because I consider you a devoted follower of Christ; and the friendship of such is dearer to me than all others. I could talk with you on this mournful occasion much better than I can write. * * * The female prayer-meetings seem very interesting to me. I feel it my duty to attend them in preference to all others. * * * It is a meeting which the sisters must attend and feel interested in, in order to keep it up, and it is therefore the duty of females to attend and try to take part, though it may seem a great cross for them to take up. It seems strange to me that there should be so small attendance in such a place as this (for our number never exceeds eight or ten.) We have them every Friday afternoon from three to four, and I trust you will remember us, for I believe you used to attend and enjoy them. I have written this amid great confusion, but I trust you will excuse it. It is a stormy day, so that I have five little boys to bear with, and it is a noisy time, I can assure you. * * * .

Your true friend,

F. E. Barbour.

To her Sister-in-law.—Hartford, *February* 26, 1854.

Dear Sister Pamela,

Many thanks for your kind and sympathizing letter. You have never known what it is to have a kind and affectionate sister, and therefore can not realize what a treasure I have possessed, and alas! what a treasure I have lost. O, can it be that she, who was cherished on the same bosom and reposed in the same cradle; that she, who shared from my earliest recollections my enjoyments and affections; that she, who grew up by my side, shedding the light and love and gladness of her presence around me,—that my sister, my only sister, is no more!—that an irreparable breach has been made in the series of my relationships,—that I am sisterless, and

can never be otherwise! O, such bereavements are indeed the bitterest of all earthly sorrows! To love tenderly and deeply, and then to part; to meet together for the last time on earth; to look upon that face that shall smile on us no more; those eyes that shall see us no more; those lips that shall speak to us no more! to stand by the side of a beloved friend, and yet hear no sound and receive no greeting; to carry to the tomb the dearly beloved of our hearts, and then to return to a desolate home,—this is the bitterness of grief; it is the wormwood and the gall! But God sees that we need all this, and when we are called to pass through such trying scenes, we should feel that it is for some wise purpose; we should feel that a kind and merciful Father has laid the rod upon us, and we should not only submit to, but kiss and welcome it—we should not only praise God *in* affliction, but praise Him *for* it. I hope and trust this great affliction has been sanctified to me. I feel that I had wandered from my Father's house,—that I was living in sad neglect of my duties as a professed follower of Christ,—that I was far from being faithful to the souls of my unconverted friends. The goodness, and mercy of God did not bring me back to Him, but I trust affliction has. I think I never felt such a perfect trust and confidence in God as I now do. I think I can say from my heart, "though he slay me, yet will I trust in Him." I feel that I am very imperfect; there is much in my natural disposition that I have continually to mourn over; my resemblance to Christ is still very faint indeed, yet it is my daily prayer that I may be more and more like Him. I wish I could see you and tell you some of my feelings, for I have a great deal I would like to say to you.
* * *

Your affectionate sister,

FRANCES.

To MRS. HUBBART.—HARTFORD, *March* 7, 1854.

My dear friend,

Your kind and affectionate letter has arrived to cheer my heart with intelligence from my dear Columbus friends—friends who will ever be dear to me, and in whose welfare I shall ever feel a deep interest. It was every word of it very interesting to me. Many of our mutual friends whom you informed me about, I had heard nothing of since Mr. Barbour left there. Especially did I read with interest that part pertaining to you and your family. Poor Jane, it

seems, has seen much affliction. She has the sympathy of my heart, although I know not by experience the bitterness of her affliction, [loss of a husband] and God grant I may never know. I have recently been called to great affliction in the death of my only sister. She was insensible most of the time, and was not at any time able to converse any. * * * I feel that I needed such a warning, to arouse me to a sense of the solemn duties and responsibilities devolving upon me, for I was living in sad neglect of them. How comforting is the thought that we are in the hands of an all-wise Providence who doeth all things well. He knows exactly what we need, and how to supply it. He knows what evils are in us, and how these may be best removed. He is too faithful a Father to suffer sin in His children unreproved; too faithful to us as well as to Himself. He is true to us, whether in sending the evil or the good, and we should therefore praise Him as much when He inflicts the evil, as when He bestows the good. We should praise Him for afflictions, though our hearts bleed under them, for it is by these that He is making room for Himself in hearts that had been filled with other objects, and engrossed with other loves. Helen was buried four weeks ago to-day—buried in her wedding-dress, which she wore on a far different occasion about a year since. Her body was brought to her father's, and funeral service performed in a church near there. We had an excellent sermon, which is soon to be published, and I will send you a copy. I feel that my loss is an irreparable one. Helen was a remarkably kind and affectionate sister. I had anticipated many happy meetings with her at our own homes, and at the home of our childhood, but how vain are all human anticipations and calculations. God saw fit to order it otherwise, and we must submit without a murmur. All of her friends appear to feel her loss very deeply—her husband and mother especially, seem almost inconsolable. Oh! may it be sanctified to all of us, to our spiritual good. * * * I often think of the pleasant hours I have spent with you, and of the good prayer-meetings we have attended together. I hope we may be permitted again to meet, to talk over the "good old times," instead of writing about them; but *this*, of course, is uncertain, as is every event we anticipate. If our lives are spared, I think we shall visit Columbus before many years have passed. I enjoy living here very much. We are very pleasantly situated. I rather prefer the country to

the city, but our relatives are all in the country and we often visit them—spend some time there in the hot weather. We have excellent privileges here for educating our children, also excellent religious privileges. We have very interesting meetings at present—we have, in addition to our other meetings, a prayer-meeting every Saturday evening at our house. I think I never enjoyed meetings better—never enjoyed religion more than I now do,—never felt such an earnest desire to consecrate myself and all I possess to my God.

Our family are now all well as usual—with so many little ones there is seldom a time but what some of them are complaining. We have them all named now, so I hope we shall not need the names you thought of sending—if we should need them, I will let you know. * * * It is indeed a very solemn responsibility to have children to train; to have immortal souls intrusted to our charge. I feel sad when I think how incompetent I am to bring up such a family, but may my apprehensions never sink me below a reliance on Him who has said,—"Trust in me at all times." We are not called to any duty for which divine wisdom can not qualify us. He will give us prudence and skill, if we seek it from Him. We saw in a Columbus paper the death of Mr. Hart—we think you must miss him much in the church. We often think of the church there and pray for its prosperity. * * * It is all change, change, here in this world,—how delightful to look forward to that world where there shall be no change.

I hope you will overlook the many imperfections of this letter. I have been obliged to write it with my little ones all about me, and under such circumstances it is hard to collect my thoughts in much order. I shall begin to look for a letter from you in about three weeks, and I hope I shall not be obliged to look long. Any thing you can write will be read by me with interest. Tell me all the particulars you can when you write. If you know of any persons coming this way, tell them to give us a call. Please accept this with the best wishes of

Your affectionate friend,

FRANCES E. BARBOUR.

[The following are extracts from the book mentioned on the first page of the introduction:]

March 5, 1854—Sunday Evening.

I have procured a book for the purpose of writing, occasionally, something of my religious feelings, praying that I may be benefited thereby. It has been a long time since I professed religion, but oh! how little advance have I made in the divine life; how little growth in grace have I experienced! so little that I often fear it has been the *profession* without the *possession*. If it has been so, O God forgive me, and grant that it may be so no longer. Suffer me not to deceive myself, but may I have a true knowledge of my character—if I am thy child, may I have such constant glowing love to Thee, as shall put my doubts and fears completely to flight. If I am not deceived, I do love God *now* with my whole heart, and it is my earnest prayer that I may consecrate myself and all that I possess to Him. In *His* service do I desire to spend my life. I do not feel that I can merit any thing, yet I want to *live* the religion I profess, closely and consistently. I want to be wholly, instead of almost, a Christian. I want God to have my whole heart, instead of part of it. I would not have a thought or feeling but such as He would approve. But I must continually look to Him for strength to be kept in the right way, for I find that my own watchfulness, or good resolutions, can not be depended upon. Even when I am most prayerful and watchful, I feel that there is much within calculated to grieve away the Holy Spirit. I feel, in my case, that the temptations within are more than those without—are not so easily resisted and overcome. Truly "my heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." O God enable me to resist the evil within. Destroy my inward foes.

It was four weeks ago last night that my dear sister breathed her last; between ten and eleven o'clock of that Saturday evening, her soul took its departure from time into eternity. Oh, what a change! What a solemn thing is death? How different it appears when it comes so near to us than when viewed at a distance! Truly it is terrible; it may well be called the "King of Terrors." It makes no distinctions—the rich, the poor, the high, the low, must all receive a call from this dreadful visitor—to many how unwelcome and unlooked for is this call, notwithstanding we are admonished to be ready for him at any hour, and are continually reminded of his approach. I feel that he has indeed come very near to me. * * * I little thought last Thanksgiving, when I met my

dear sister, that it was the last opportunity I should ever have of conversing with her, else how different would my conversation have been. * * * Oh! may this be a warning to me to be faithful to those who are left. May I ever set before them a consistent Christian example,—may I ever recommend by word and by deed this blessed religion of Jesus. Oh God forbid that I should occasion the ruin of any immortal soul, by my example or neglect.

[The following thoughts on Death are found in connection with the foregoing, and were probably written about the same time; they were left incomplete as here given:]

I have often wished that I could meditate upon Death without feeling such a dread of it. Why is it that I find within me such a reluctance to die—such a desire to put it far off? It can not be because I dread the pain of it so much, because we do not know that to die is very painful, and we know that many die without appearing to suffer much. It can not be because I am so much attached to this world of change and sorrow that I find myself so loth to leave it. True, I know by experience that there is much happiness here as well as sorrow,—there is much to cause us to cling to earth, but oh, how much more to wean us from it! What a happy exchange, at any time, to pass from earth to Heaven! I trust my greatest happiness here consists in performing my duties to my God, but how will it be increased if I ever get there! "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things that God has prepared for them that love Him." Is it because I dread the thoughts of leaving loved ones here? But I trust I shall find loved ones there, and those that are here, if prepared for Heaven, will soon be there. Is it because I feel that I am needed so much here by my family—by my little children? But can not I trust them in the hands of God? He takes care of them now, provides them food to eat and raiment to put on—it is He that preserves them from the many dangers by which they are continually surrounded. His arm upholds them, and all they have and enjoy is from His bounty. I can trust them to His care, feeling assured that He will order all things well concerning them.

CHAPTER XIII.—1854 TO JANUARY 1858.

To Mrs. Brown.—Hartford, *July* 25, 1854.

My dear friend,

I feel guilty for so long neglecting to write you, but I hope and trust you will forgive me, and considering my numerous cares will judge me in a measure excusable. To-night I am determined to put it off no longer, as the time draws near when you promised us a visit, and I want to put you in mind of it. I hope you are still intending to come. * * * I shall be happy to see you and want you to make calculations to spend several days with me, when we can talk more in an hour than I could write in a week. * * * I get out very little as my health is not very good. The children are unwell a good deal.

Your friend,
F. E. Barbour.

My wife went to New York with Mrs. Brown, on the return of the latter from her visit to Hartford, soon after the date of the preceding letter, and spent several days there, with much pleasure.

"Tommy" was very sick with cholera infantum during the months of August, September, and October, 1854, so sick that for a considerable time we regarded his recovery as almost impossible—further medical aid was pronounced useless, and a change of air recommended as the *dernier resort.* He was removed to Barkhamsted, and by the mercy of God his life was preserved, and his health restored.

The birth of our sixth son is mentioned in the following letter—he was born on the 26th March, 1855.

To Mrs. Brown.—Hartford, *December* 13, 1855.

Dear friend,

Since I last wrote you I have had an addition to my cares. We

have another little boy, now nearly nine months old. We call him Francis Newton. He is a sweet little fellow,—rather the best of the whole. We have lively times here I can assure you, with our six boys. We are all in comfortable health now, for which blessing we have great reason to be thankful. We have had much sickness since I wrote you. My health was miserable for several months, and little Tommy has been sick a great deal, but is very well now. * * * The Baptists have their new church nearly completed. The ladies meet every Thursday evening to make the cushions—have very full and pleasant meetings. * * * I often think of the pleasant time I had at your house. I hope and trust that you will be restored to health again, and live yet many years, to do a great deal of good in the world. We were much rejoiced to hear that your husband had found the Savior, and hope that you are both in the enjoyment of his presence; that you find Him an ever-present help in every time of need; in adversity as well as in prosperity, in sickness as well as in health; for He will never forsake us if we put our trust in Him, but will ever be with us to cheer and comfort us in all our troubles and trials, and by these trials the better prepare us for that bright and happy land where sorrow is unknown.

My brother-in-law, Mr. Stillman, died last summer quite suddenly; both he and his wife died within two years after they were married. It seems very sad to think they are gone, but I hope they are united in Heaven, never more to be separated. * * * Please accept this although written hastily and badly with the best wishes of

Your affectionate friend,

FRANCES E. BARBOUR.

TO HER BROTHER'S WIFE.—HARTFORD, *January* 28, 1856.

Dear sister Julia,

I have been thinking all winter about writing to you, but my time has been so much occupied that I have had little leisure to devote to writing. My cares are much increased this winter on account of having sickness in our family—the boys, all but Josey, have the whooping-cough, also Matilda, the little girl that lives with us. They have it very hard, so we have our hands full in taking care of them. Juliaette is with me, otherwise I don't know how I could get along. * * * We are having very interesting meetings now in the Baptist church, which we attend,—there is something of a revival,

for which we have great cause for thankfulness—we have had very solemn meetings every evening for two or three weeks past. I think I never heard a more solemn sermon than one preached a few evenings since, from the words, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness and all other things shall be added unto you." Of how little consequence are all these earthly things that we seek after so earnestly, in comparison with that which relates to our spiritual welfare. Oh! how can we be so engrossed with the things of this world, which we must so soon leave, as to neglect our souls' salvation. I hope you already know, by happy experience, how precious it is to feel that your sins are forgiven, and that you are a child of God; but if you have not this evidence, I hope you will strive to obtain it without delay, for you can never have a more favorable time. * * * Accept this with the assurance of the love and esteem of

Your affectionate sister,
FRANCES E. BARBOUR.

TO HER SISTER-IN-LAW.—HARTFORD, *February* 1, 1856.

Dear sister Pamela,

It has been a long, long time since I have written to you, but if you could be here awhile, you would see there is little time for writing. The children have the whooping cough in all its glory, so we have coughing, strangling, whooping, choking, nose-bleeding, &c., &c. * * * I consider myself very fortunate in having engaged the services and company of Juliaette for the winter, for I don't know how I could have got along without her. Heman was gone about a week, and then we had our hands full day and night. It has been nearly two months since Matilda and Henry commenced coughing, about six weeks since Heman, Jimmy and the baby commenced, and Tommy has been coughing only about two weeks as he was gone when the others began to cough. * * * The children are worrying so I shall be obliged to be very brief. * * * Good bye.

Your affectionate sister,
FRANCES.

Besides the sickness mentioned above, some of our children had scarlet fever, and some of them lung fever very

severely during the latter part of the winter, and early part of spring, 1856; but God was again better to us than our fears, and all were still spared to us; and before the 22d of May, were so far recovered that we left them to make a visit to our friends in Columbus, Indiana, and other places in the West. My wife's letters which follow will give a sufficient account of this.

To Merlin and Wife, in Penna.—Hartford, *May* 22, 1856.

Dear Brother and Sister,

I received a letter from Merlin some two weeks since, but have been so very busy that I have not had time to answer it before. We are now about to start for the West—expect to leave for New York this evening. We are going the Southern route, but shall probably return by the Northern, and if possible, shall visit you. We expect to be gone about six weeks, but if there is any probability of our being able to visit you, I will write you beforehand. The children are again in the enjoyment of comfortable health, for which we have great cause for thankfulness—they have been very sick and suffered much the winter past. Joe is now in Canton, Henry, Heman, Mary, and the baby, in Barkhamsted, Juliaette and Sylvester keep house here, having Tommy and Jimmy, and Matilda with them. * * * You must excuse a short letter from me this time, as I am quite nervous and tired. I have been "packing up" all day, and I am also quite excited about leaving the dear boys so long. I really hope to be able to visit you; shall be disappointed if I can not. Heman and Julia send love. Please accept this with the love of

Your affectionate sister,

Frances.

To her son at Canton.—Washington, *May* 24, 1856.

My dear Joseph,

I suppose you will be very glad to get a letter informing you how your father and mother are getting along in their journey. We left home Thursday evening at eight o'clock, and arrived at New Haven at nine-and-a-half o'clock—there we saw your uncle Stiles and passed an hour very pleasantly with him—we there went on board a splendid boat called the "Elm City," and were soon on our way to New York, where we arrived about six o'clock, Friday morning.

We went over to Brooklyn and made a short call at Mr. James Humphrey's, where we saw your father's uncle, Heman Humphrey, also his cousin Edward Humphrey, from Kentucky. We left New York at ten o'clock for Philadelphia, went on the cars most of the way—the last few miles we sailed on the Delaware, which was very pleasant. We left Philadelphia at eleven o'clock last night, and rode in the cars until six o'clock this morning, when we arrived here.

This morning when light enough to look about we were in Maryland, a slave state, and I saw slaves in the fields at work. We are now in the capital of the United States, and have just been out to walk around the grounds about the President's house. Saturday nights are called reception nights, when, at this season of the year, all are permitted to visit the grounds. There was a band of music there—the fountains were playing, and it was very pleasant indeed. There was a great crowd of people, a great many children as well as grown people. They were all strangers to us except the family of Senator Bright, who came with a carriage and waited upon us there. They pointed out the President to us. He is a small, slender-looking man. We are stopping at Willard's Hotel, and eat in the room where the servant was shot by a member of Congress, a short time since. We expect to remain here until Monday night, as your father has business here. I think much of my dear boys, and want to see them all more than words can express. I daily pray to God, as I hope you do, that He will protect us all and permit us again to meet. I hope you are a good boy and help all you can. You must do, pleasantly, all they want you to do, and try to make as little trouble as possible. I want to have you write to us. You can write and send it to Sylvester, and he will send it on to us. I will write to you whenever we stop long enough to have time. I shall not mail this until Monday, so I will not finish it now.

Sabbath evening. We have been to Baptist churches three times; there are three Baptist churches here, and we went to them all, and heard three good sermons. I will leave space for your papa to write. Give our love to all of grandpa's folks. Be a good boy.

Your affectionate mother,

F. E. B.

COLUMBUS, *June* 2, 1856.

My dear Joseph,

We left Washington, Monday afternoon at four o'clock, and at

seven stopped at Frederick, Maryland, at the house of a Mr. Coppersmith, with whose family we were intimately acquainted in Columbus. They are wealthy, live in a fine, large house, and keep slaves; though I think they are very kind to them, for they are good, Christian people, and love everybody. We found them very glad to see us, and we had an excellent visit there, though short, for your papa thought we must leave the next morning at ten o'clock. We traveled all of the next night, and Wednesday evening at seven o'clock arrived in Cincinnati. At six o'clock the next morning we left Cincinnati, and at two in the afternoon were at Columbus, where we were soon surrounded by our old friends and acquaintances, all appearing as glad to see us, as though we were their brother and sister. It is indeed pleasant and quite affecting to us to see the interest they still feel in us and ours. We brought along all of your daguerreotypes, and they are looked at by all that come in; all speak of Josey in particular, as they had seen you. Friday morning your papa and I went down to see the house where we lived—it looked very natural indeed; even the fence where you and Henry used to stand and look through and see the cars. Friday afternoon your papa went to Cincinnati, while I remained here. I stay nights at the house of a Mr. Pidgeon, and visit about days. I went Saturday to see Mrs. Fissler. "Grandpa Fissler," who used to think so much of you, died two or three years since. Mrs. Fissler says she should love to see little Josey, the best of any child she ever knew. She says grandpa always talked a great deal about you. I have been to Mr. Brown's and have seen Katy and Jimmy Brown. When I get home I shall have a great deal to tell you about my visit here. Your papa will not return until next Thursday, and Friday they have made him promise to make a speech here, so they are expecting a great meeting. We shall not leave here until next week, Monday. We expect to stop a day or two in Indianapolis, and then go to Chicago. I want very much to hear from you and hope to while here, as I believe we told you to direct here. I have heard nothing from you and the dear boys in Barkhamsted since we left. We received a letter from Hartford while in Washington, but they had heard nothing from the boys in the country. I want to see you all very much, and O, how I do want to get hold of my dear little Franky.

I hope you are a good boy and are trying to do your best. I

shall want all of my dear boys at home as soon as I get there. I feel that it is a long separation from them. I feel that our good Heavenly Father is watching over them as well as us, and that He will do all things well. It is a blessed privilege to commend us all to His care—to feel that His eye is upon upon us all, though wide the distance that separates us. Give my love to all of grandpa's folks, and to uncle Luther if he is there.

Good bye my dear boy. Write when you can and send to Hartford and they will send to us.

Your affectionate mother,

F. E. B.

To Merlin and Wife.—Cascade, Iowa, *June* 16, 1856.

Dear Brother and Sister,

Having a little leisure now, I think I will improve a portion of it in addressing a few lines to you. We left home nearly four weeks since and are now, I suppose, about fifteen hundred miles from our family. Thus far a kind Providence has watched over us, and protected us, though continually exposed to danger. We have not traveled very fast; have stopped along on the way. We spent a few days in Washington very pleasantly—visited the "White House," the Capitol, &c. We arrived in Columbus about a week after leaving home, and there I remained about ten days; a part of the time Heman was attending the convention in Cincinnati, and the remainder he also spent in Columbus. We had a delightful visit there with our old friends; every thing was done that could be to make our visit pleasant. One family made a large party for us, which could not have cost them less than one hundred dollars. Western people, some of them, will do every thing for friends. We left Columbus one week ago to-day—stopped about midnight at a place called Reynold's Station, being the nearest point on the road to some land of Heman's that he wished to see—the next day we hired a man with a team to take us about ten miles to the land. We enjoyed the ride very much, as it was over beautiful prairies, and we had never seen any before. We left Reynold's at four o'clock Tuesday afternoon, reached Chicago at ten in the evening, left there early Wednesday morning, arriving at Galena the same evening. We found that cousin Stiles and his family were on the farm with his

father, some forty miles from Galena, for which place we started Thursday morning. At Dubuque we hired a man with a carriage to take us the remainder of the way, some twenty-six miles. This was a very tedious ride, for it was very dusty, and the wind blew so that it was impossible to look about at all. I am sure I never knew such a wind East, at any season of the year—it was impossible, most of the way, to see the horses at all, there was such a cloud of dust. We found uncle Sam's folks very well, and very pleasantly situated—they seem quite contented and think they have one of the best farms in the world. * * * Heman has gone to the northern part of Iowa to be gone a week or so, while I still remain here. We have yet to go to Milwaukee, Green Bay, &c.; so it will be, I suppose, all of two weeks before we get started homeward. * * * We hear from home pretty often. I long to get there and see the dear boys. I have been pretty well most of the time, and enjoyed the journey very much. That this may find you in the enjoyment of health and happiness is the sincere wish and prayer of

Your affectionate sister,

FRANCES.

TO MERLIN AND WIFE.—MILWAUKEE, *June* 19, 1856.

Dear brother and sister,

Heman returned to uncle Samuel's sooner than we expected, so here we are, thus far on our journey—to-morrow we leave for Fon du Lac, and go from there to Green Bay. * * * We expect now, to get home next week Saturday. I have enjoyed the journey and visits thus far, much better than I expected, but I feel very anxious now, to get home as soon as possible. Heman unites with me in love to you both. I hope you are well and enjoying yourselves.

Your affectionate sister,

FRANCES E. BARBOUR.

[We returned from Green Bay by way of Mackinaw, Collingwood, Toronto, Oswego, Syracuse, Albany and Springfield.]

TO MERLIN AND WIFE.—HARTFORD, *September* 16, 1856.

Dear brother and sister,

I have been *thinking* about writing to you ever since we returned from the West, but have been prevented by one thing and another. We were very sorry that we were not able to visit you as we

hoped and intended to do, when we left home, but under the circumstances it seemed almost impossible. Heman had business at Green Bay, and upon our arrival there we found it would be very much out of our way to return the route we had designed, besides being much more expensive than coming by way of the lakes. It would also keep us from our family several days longer than we expected; taking all these things into consideration it seemed best for us to give up our visits to you and to Pluma, and return the most direct way. If you remain where you are, or do not get any farther away, I shall hope to visit you sometime. * * * We are all now in comfortable health. The baby was quite unwell for some time, and therefore we thought best to have him kept in the country for a few weeks. He has been at father Barbour's for about six weeks and is getting along nicely. The others all go to school excepting Tommy—so it is quite still here during school hours. * * * I hope you will continue to get along well, that you will be blessed with health and prosperity. I also hope that Doctor Cooley's excellent advice, given you with your marriage certificate, is followed by both of you. I hope and pray that if you are not, you may become the followers of Jesus, as in this way alone can you enjoy any real or lasting happiness.

I hope you will answer this as soon as you receive it. I believe you are owing me two or three letters, but write me one good long one and I will not complain.

Heman sends love to you and please accept this with the love and good wishes of

Your affectionate sister,

FRANCES.

Our seventh son was born on the 12th day of February, and to him we gave the name of our family physician, Samuel Barwick Beresford.

The following is extracted from the only letter written by Frances to her mother, which has been found:—

HARTFORD, *March* 20, 1857.

Dear Mother,

I suppose you were disappointed because you did not get a letter from me last mail, and I was disappointed because I was not able to

write. The baby worries a great deal. I think he has suffered a good deal with the ear-ache. Did you ever know so young a baby to be troubled in this way? * * * He has not cried so much for a day or two, and I am hoping he is going to be better. I get along very well, but can't do much only see to the baby. I was very sorry indeed to hear that you suffered so much with your limb. I do hope it is better ere this. I am glad you have a good girl, and hope you will keep her, or some one, and never try to do your work again. I do wish you would come in and stay with me awhile. I don't think I had better try to go home until the baby is more quiet, as there is not much comfort to be taken any where with a crying child. * * * I am sorry to hear that Henry does not wish to come home, for we all want to see him very much. He must come home before the next school term commences. The boys are now all in comfortable health. Jimmy is as good as ever, and as much afraid of making trouble. Tommy goes to school with Heman and Jimmy—he does not like to go very well but I can't have him at home, he is such a noisy little fellow. * * * Tell Henry I will write to him as soon as little Sammy Beresford gets a little better. Write often, and do be careful of yourself. Have your meals carried up to you, and do not try to get down stairs at all. * * * Good bye.

Your affectionate daughter,

FRANCES.

Our mother Merrill had been a great sufferer for many years with a diseased limb, although she had performed the ordinary labors of the household, except during brief intervals of entire disability, and often visited us in Hartford. She spent a week or more with her daughter in February, 1857. At the date of the foregoing letter she was very lame, and soon after, dropsical symptoms appeared, which excited unusual apprehensions in the minds of her family in regard to her condition. We were partially informed of these alarming symptoms a few days before her death, and Frances was then exceedingly anxious to visit her mother immediately. Not

foreseeing what was so soon to occur, I opposed her going, in consideration of her own enfeebled health and the bad condition of the roads. This I afterward deeply regretted; for after her mother's death she suffered severely from reflections that she had neglected her mother in her dying hour, and that her mother was conscious of that neglect,—she having been told that her mother asked repeatedly if Frances had come. Mrs. Merrill died at two o'clock A. M. April 5, 1857. The announcement was made to poor Frances by a messenger, while we were watching over our darling Franky, who had been severely sick for one week with lung fever. The lamentations and crying of Frances far exceeded any demonstrations of grief ever made by her before or afterward; "she would not be comforted," and I verily believed then, and still believe, that she would have sunk under her load of agony, had not God mercifully applied a *counter irritant* to her heart. I am perfectly convinced that she bore the two great sorrows which came upon her in such quick succession, better than she would have borne either singly.

The sympathy and confidence which existed between Frances and her mother was as perfect and full as ever existed between sisters of the same age. There are many persons who will attest the truth of this statement in all its length and strength. I never saw such an exhibition of these feelings between a mother and daughter in any other family. We often see great affectionateness between persons holding this relation; not only affection but also sympathy and unreserved confidence are essential to a *perfect* union of hearts. It is rare to find these perfectly combined in the attachments of mothers and daughters; and nothing in earthly attachments is more lovely than such a union.

I am assured by those who had favorable opportunities for observing the government in father Merrill's family, that Frances was never subjected to corporal punishment at home, and was never scolded by her mother. She was reproved for her errors of conduct when very young, something after this manner,—"Frances how could you do so?" "My child, I am sorry you have done this," &c.

The letters of mother Merrill to Frances, written during the last years of her life, in connection with her life and conversation, gave Frances assurance that her mother was a Christian,—she often expressed that to me while her mother lived, and I believe had no doubts in regard to that point after her death. She looked forward to a reunion with her mother and sister and other loved ones in the heavenly home, with great delight.

I find in her journal this entry,—"My dear, dear, mother died Sunday morning, April 5, 1857. My feelings can not be described—they are known to God alone. May He change them to such feelings as I should have in such a terrible affliction as I feel this to be, God knows what my mother was to me, and no one else can know. O, may He give me strength to bear it, and make me submissive."

Franky's disease appeared to take a favorable turn at the end of the seventh day, and we therefore ventured to leave him with careful nurses on the tenth day of his sickness, April 7, and attended the funeral of our dear mother, returning home on the same day. We found the little fellow in a worse condition on our return. I remained with him constantly, night and day, from that time until the night preceding his death, which occurred on the morning of the 23d of April, 1857, at seven-and-a-quarter o'clock, in the front parlor of No. 35

Windsor street. We thought he was dying at several different times during the last four days of his life, and in the intervals of these "sinking turns," our hopes were revived and we thought he would recover. O, how trying to weak brains and nerves are such extreme alternations of hope and fear, and how *agonizing* to a parent's heart are the sufferings of a child! My poor wife was led by such scenes and experiences to forget, at times, the loss of her mother, for the affections and sympathies of her heart were entwined with those of her children as closely as with those of her mother.

We resorted to the Great Physician in prayer—we consecrated the child anew and entered the consecration upon the family record. We had done all we could. Nature was exhausted—the poor brain reeled and quivered. A voice, not audible without, was heard within, saying, "peace, be still;" "and there was a great calm." We retired to rest in an adjoining room, leaving the little sufferer to the care of those who would watch his every breath and motion, with instructions to call us if any change appeared. "Nature's kind restorer, quiet sleep," came mercifully, to prepare us for the morrow's experience. We arose refreshed in body, with that blessed calmness still in our hearts. The dear child had remained comparatively quiet during the night, but a change was quite apparent to us. We thought Franky looked around the room as though he wished to see his brothers, and therefore we called them from their beds—he looked at each, and looked upward, and O, such a radiant countenance I have never seen before or since, and never expect to see again until I get to heaven. The room was filled with angels; I am sure it was. The sun was just rising, and I opened the window shutters to let in its glorious light. My sister Julia and my wife's cousin

Sarah Merrill, were spectators with us of this scene,—a scene which can never be forgotten by those who had hearts and understandings to appreciate it. He did not speak, but he *looked* more than any words could have expressed. Several times he looked at each one in the room in succession,—longest and most earnestly at his parents,—and then looked upward. This quiet and blessedness continued for about half an hour, when he began to suffer again, and he passed away painfully at the hour before mentioned. There was an expression of suffering on his face for a few minutes after he ceased to breathe. This was succeeded by a most beautiful and heavenly look, and I sent in haste for an artist, that we might preserve its picture, if possible. Before the artist arrived, this beautiful look had passed off and was succeeded by a look of exhaustion, of which we obtained and preserved a picture. A few hours afterward the features assumed a very placid and sweet expression, of which a daguerreotype was taken, which expression continued till we buried the "casket" out of our sight. We took special pains in all the arrangements for the burial as well as in our conversation and prayers, to produce pleasant impressions upon the minds of the elder boys, in regard to death, and I am very thankful to God that such impressions were made and continued. Death is a terrible event to the unconverted sinner, but to the sanctified it is the happiest and most desirable event which happens to mortals, and should be so regarded by the living, in present observation, as well as in prospect.

Franky was a remarkably pleasant and attractive, and a most tenderly beloved child, and his death made a deep wound in our hearts; the wound in my heart is keenly sensitive to the recollection of the distressing sickness

which he endured for a period of twenty-six days—his dear mother feels this anguish no more.

Little Sammy was a large and noble looking baby, and we did not think he would die so soon. He was attacked very violently with lung fever on the 6th of November, 1857. At the end of the seventh day he was decidedly better, and his condition hopeful; but canker in the upper part of his throat was discovered, too late for human remedy, and the application of caustics only added to his sufferings. During Saturday night kind neighbors and friends with his parents kept constant watch and tried to administer to his relief, but the poor baby moaned and struggled for breath almost constantly. About five-and-a-quarter o'clock, Sunday morning I laid him down in his cradle, hoping he would get a little sleep, for he had had no rest for many hours. I passed my hand gently across his head, and sung softly to him to soothe him to rest—he soon became quiet and we were much relieved as we thought he was sleeping—closer observation convinced us that he was sinking into his last sleep,—we attempted to administer restoratives in vain—he gently breathed his last breath at forty minutes past five o'clock, November 15, 1857, in the back parlor of No. 35 Windsor street. The first realization of the fact that he was dead was accompanied with anguish unutterable, but something whispered to us that "our boys still numbered seven—five on earth and two in heaven," and that the latter were eternally safe and happy, and we were comforted. We did not immediately cease to weep—the tears would flow while we said, "Thy will be done." We loved Sammy most dearly; it seems to me now that he had peculiarly winning ways. During the latter months of his life he was accustomed to greet me when I came into his presence, with laughing and clapping of

hands, and almost always made such demonstrations whenever he saw me looking at him.

The only recorded expression of my dear wife's feelings in regard to the loss of these dear children which I find, is in the following letter to her dear Christian sister, Mrs. Anderson, our nearest neighbor, who was on a visit to her son in Ohio at the time it was written.

HARTFORD, *November* 30, 1857.

My dear friend,

Mrs. Canfield has told you of the death of our little Sammy. Yes, He who gave us this precious little one has seen fit to take him from us, and though my heart is aching with its weight of grief, yet I trust I have no disposition to murmur or complain. You have passed through similar trials and therefore know how lonely and desolate every thing appears—how much we miss the little face, however busily we may be engaged; the little cradle too is gone from its accustomed place—indeed every thing reminds us that our baby is gone,—that we can have him no more to cheer us with his pleasant ways and sweet smiles. * * * I often think,—how thankful I should have been if God could have seen fit to have spared us *one* of our two little ones. Yet I know that my great loss is their infinite gain. I know it is well with them—that they are now reposing sweetly in the arms of Him who "carrieth the lambs in His bosom;" I ought not to wish them back again. The past year has been one of great trial to me. I felt when my dear mother was taken away as though I had parted with whole years of my life; and I think there has not been a day since her death in which I have not shed tears as I thought of the great and irreparable loss I, (as well as my father and brothers,) experienced when she was taken from us. But God has assured us that He will not send upon us more than we are able to bear; and He does not afflict us willingly but for some wise purpose. I would bow in humble submission to His will, praying that these great afflictions may be sanctified to those of us that remain. I would like much to have you write to me. I hope and pray that your life and health

may be spared, and that you may be permitted to return at the expected time. * * * Accept this with the love of

Your affectionate friend,

F. E. Barbour.

CHAPTER XIV.—FOUR YEARS—1858 to 1863.

To my Sister Julia.—Hartford, *February* 9, 1858.

Dear Sister,

Your letters have been received, and our hearts were indeed made glad by the intelligence contained in them. We have, indeed, great cause for gratitude when our dear friends are brought into the fold of Christ. We feel thankful and rejoice when we see them prospering in temporal things, and it is right that we should feel so, but of how little consequence are all worldly honors and prosperity in comparison to the conversion of a soul. It is but a little while at the longest that we can enjoy the things of this world, and how strange that we should suffer ourselves to be so engrossed with them. I feel that I have had much the past year to teach me the uncertainty of all earthly things; bright hopes and fond anticipations have been blasted in the removal of my dearly loved ones. This world will never again appear to me as it has done, but I hope and pray that Heaven may seem nearer and dearer, for there, I believe, the dear ones whom I miss so sadly here, are together, singing praises to their Redeemer. Oh that we may all be prepared to join them there, never more to be separated. Whatever else we are denied, in the Providence of God, may we none of us so live that at last we shall be denied an entrance there. It is said, "there is joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth," and it appears to me there can be no joy on earth equal to that which parents must feel when they see their children giving themselves to the Blessed Savior. They are safe then wherever they may be; living or dying all is well with them. O, what a load must be taken from Christian parents' hearts, when their children all give evidence that they are indeed born again. Sincerely might they say with one of old, "Lord now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

Our meetings here are very interesting at present. I wish you could all attend them, though I suppose your's are very interesting also. There are a great many young men who have recently experienced religion, and it does one's heart good to hear them tell of what God has done for them. I think Edward would enjoy our meetings very much, and I wish he could come and attend some of them. I have written to Albert to come and stay awhile, and I hope he will be able to. I feel much for my dear friends, and long to have them enjoying the consolations of religion. I am sure their experience has been such that they must feel the need of something more than this poor world can give to look to for comfort. I wish Edward would write to Monroe. * * * Give my love to all. Tell Henry and Lucy that I am rejoiced to hear that they "have chosen that good part which can never be taken" from them. All that this world can give is nothing in comparison with the value of a good hope in Christ. I hope they will all come and see us as soon as they can. Good bye.

Your affectionate sister,

FRANCES.

TO MY SISTER.—HARTFORD, *March* 19, 1858.

Dear Sister Julia,

We are rejoiced to hear that mother continues to improve. Truly we have great cause for thankfulness that she is to be spared to us yet a little longer, to counsel with and pray for us. You do not yet know what a terrible trial it is to have a dear mother taken away, and may you long be spared the bitter trial. How much change we, as a family, have passed through within a year. We have had great afflictions, but great blessings have been bestowed upon us. What greater blessing could we ask than that our dear friends should be brought to feel their sins and give themselves away to Christ. * * * You know what a child Heman is, and he is very much engaged now; he attends most of the meetings and is very attentive and solemn. He has arisen for prayers—he said some laughed when he got up, but he could not help that—he must try to be a Christian if folks did laugh at him. For several days he did not play much—said he thought if he was trying to give his heart to God he ought not to think of play. He has his Testament up stairs, and reads and prays as soon as he awakes in the morning. He says he feels very happy, and wanted me to tell you about him,

and I promised him I would. We know not how young, children may be brought to that Savior who has said, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." God is ever more ready to give than we are to receive —to grant us greater blessings than we can ask or even think. I want to see you all very much. I have not time to write half I would like to. Give my love to all. Write as often as you can, for we feel anxious to hear how mother is getting along. In haste,

Your affectionate sister,

FRANCES.

Heman and Tommy were very sick with lung fever in the month of May, 1858, and we thought they too would die, but God heard our prayers as we believed, and spared their lives—we hope for good purposes; we did not ask that they should live unless they would lead holy and useful lives. Heman had, as he said, a most beautiful vision of angels one night while he was, as we supposed, on the extreme verge of life. His eyes and his countenance showed, that his impressions were very pleasant indeed—they may have been the effects of medicine or of disease—I will not pretend to account for them. He was quite willing to die—the future may prove that it would have been better for him and better for the world if he had died then—I trust not.

About the first of July, 1858, we removed from No. 35 Windsor street to No. 892 on the east side of Main street, near the northern limits of the city of Hartford, which was my wife's last earthly home, and with which she was perfectly satisfied. The lot contains about three-quarters of an acre, affording space for play-ground, walks, grape arbors, fruit trees, and a large garden, all of which she had specially desired in connection with her home. The house was new, large and commodious, with all "the modern improvements"—in front of it, and

within the yard, were nine large maple trees—on the north for a considerable distance the land was cultivated for farming purposes, so that we had the country on one side of us and the city on the other. Frances often said to me as we rode together through and around our beautiful city, that she saw no residence for which she should be willing to exchange her own. In a letter to one of her brothers, dated July 19, 1858, she writes: "We are all very much pleased with our new home, and would not exchange it for any place, any where. It seems very much like the country. I have seen squirrels running along the fence on the north side of our yard—you had better bring your gun along when you come. Heman is now building a barn, and we intend to keep fowls; if brother Heman has any to spare we will buy of him." "The farm," of which she speaks in subsequent letters, is about one-half mile north-west from the house, fronting on Clark street. The State Arsenal, also mentioned by her, is about 200 feet south from our lot. Our burying lot is near the north-east corner of what is known as the north cemetery, which is on the west side of Main street; our lot is about thirty-five rods south-west from our door, and may be seen from the south windows of our house. I have given this description of our last home for the benefit of my young friends in the west. I described our first home for the benefit of my children and eastern friends.

Our eighth son—William Hungerford—was born November 7, 1858.

To her Sister-in-law.—Hartford, *January* 28, 1859.

Dear Sister Julia,

It has been a long time since I have heard any thing from you, and I write now to invite you to come in and make us a visit. I think you can come just as well as not, and we shall be very happy

to see you. * * * We are all in comfortable health at present—we have another little boy, and we have named him William Hungerford—he is nearly three months old now. My health was miserable through the summer, otherwise I should have written to you before. I was not able to go out for several months, and did not feel as though I could write, or do any thing except what I was obliged to. My health is much better now, and I shall enjoy a visit from you very much, and hope you will come without fail. We like our new home very much—the house is very pleasant and convenient, and the situation is just what we like. We have quite a farm for the city, and keep horses, cows, pigs, and fowls. I suppose you hear from Merlin often—give my love to him when you write again, and tell him I wish he would write to me. * * * I hope you will write immediately and be sure and come and see us.

Your affectionate sister,

FRANCES.

TO MY SISTER.—HARTFORD, *March* 14, 1859.

Dear Sister Julia,

It is late in the evening; but I want to send this letter to-morrow. * * * I thought if I wrote you now, you might conclude to come some time this week, as we now think that Matilda and Heman will be baptized next Sabbath, and I thought you would like to be here. Matilda has done very well of late, so well that we thought we ought not to keep her back any longer. She has been before the church and is accepted, and will be baptized next Sunday. Heman has been quite engaged since you were here, and we think, gives as good evidence of being a Christian as we could expect such a child to give. He was accepted by the committee last night, and will go before the church Thursday night. I hope you can come in. I have not time to write more now, but hope to see you soon—if you can't come now, come as soon as possible. Love to all.

Your affectionate sister,

FRANCES.

[Matilda and our son Heman were baptized and united with the church as was expected when the preceding letter was written.]

TO HER SISTER-IN-LAW.—HARTFORD, *July* 21, 1859.

Dear Sister Julia,

We expect to go out to Barkhamsted this week Saturday, and

spend the Sabbath, and, if nothing happens to prevent, we will go to Granville, Monday, and spend Monday night with you, and we will then try to make some arrangement for a visit from you soon. If it should rain Saturday afternoon we should not go out, but if it is pleasant and we are all well, Mr. Barbour and I and the baby shall go, and if pleasant Monday, will try to find you. I want to see you and little Charlie very much. I have been very busy indeed this summer. We have a family of twelve; so you can imagine there is some work to do. Monroe has been with us through the summer, also Juliaette. Father was married about two months ago to a Mrs. Barbour of Canton. I think she is a very good woman, and will do all in her power to make a pleasant home for them. [She was indeed a good woman and gained the affections of Frances and her brothers. She died April 11, 1862, and was sincerely mourned by her second husband and his children.] It is getting late in the evening and I hope soon to see you and tell you all the news, and therefore will not write much. All send love. * * * I hope to find you at home Monday. Good bye.

Your affectionate sister,

FRANCES.

[We made our visit to Granville, Mass., as proposed.]

TO HER SISTER-IN-LAW.—HARTFORD, *February* 12, 1860.

Dear Sister Julia,

Your kind letter was duly received, and perused with much interest. I was much disappointed in not receiving a visit from you last Fall. I looked for a letter informing me that you were coming, for many weeks after we visited you—the boys were all anticipating a nice time with their little cousin Charley. I hope now you will come as soon as possible. We shall all be very glad to see you whenever you can make it convenient to come. I had not heard of Sarah's marriage until you informed me—she must be missed at home very much—please give her my love when you see her, and tell her I wish her much happiness in her new situation. We are all in comfortable health at present, excepting little Willie—he is quite sick with the lung fever, though we do not consider him dangerous—he is a slender little fellow, and I fear will not live many years. Monroe is still with us, engaged in teaching. Juliaette has been here for several months, until last week, when she was sent for on account of the sickness of her sister Eliza. She has been very

sick with the typhoid fever, but was a little better the last we heard. * * * The baby cries so much that I shall be obliged to make a short letter of this. We hope to see you here soon, without fail—hope you and Merlin will make us a long visit when he comes, but don't wait until he comes, for you can come again then. Write soon. Kiss little Charlie for me. Heman and Monroe unite with me in love to you. Good bye.

Your affectionate sister,

FRANCES.

HARTFORD, *January* 21, 1861.

Dear sister Pamela,

Your letter was duly received. * * * I was very sorry to hear of the sickness of your children, and hope they have recovered ere this. We are all now in comfortable health, for which we should be very thankful. I am alone this afternoon with my charming Willie. I have just told him I was writing to Aunt Pamela. He says, "Aunt Me gone off, but Aunt Me will come back again," which I hope will prove true. I think with pleasure of your visit here, as well as of our visit in Wolcottville, and I sincerely hope that, in the future, those visits may be much more frequent than they have been heretofore. I believe we planned another visit to Collinsville, and when is it coming off?—it is very good sleighing now and ought to be improved—if you will set a time we will meet you there, unless prevented by sickness. We spent a pleasant evening in New Hartford—several of my old acquaintances were in. We left there about 7 o'clock the next morning, and had rather of a cold ride home—found baby about sick with a cold, but he got better in a day or two. * * * We had a Sabbath school anniversary yesterday, P. M. in our church, which was very interesting. Addresses were made by pastor, superintendents and others, and the children repeated chapters from the Bible, sung, &c. * * * I hope you will find it convenient to arrange a visit at Clarinda's—we would be happy to meet you there—write soon and let me know. Give my love to all and kiss the boys for me. "Baby" just reached up, and taking hold of this, says, "Aunt Me's letter—baby wants to read Aunt Me's letter." Heman, Monroe, and the boys, all send love to you and Henry Stiles. Write as soon as possible. Good bye.

Your affectionate sister,

FRANCES.

HARTFORD, *April* 18, 1861.

Dear sister Pamela,

I imagine you will begin to think you are never going to get another letter from me, and I confess I have been very negligent, though perhaps negligence is too harsh a word in apology for not writing sooner. I have been sick a great deal, and when not sick have had so much to occupy my time, that it has been almost impossible to find a leisure moment. I feel better now. * * * I was very sorry we did not have the pleasure of meeting at Perry's, and if I was only able to ride I should again propose to meet you there, as soon as traveling would permit, but I must submit to circumstances, and make up my mind to keep within doors for the present. You thought when you were here, that you might come this summer with the children. I wish you would do so—we would all be very happy to see you. Little Willie continues as good and pretty as ever. I have been trying to clean house to-day and am very tired this evening. What a job this house-cleaning business is—it seems as though we never should get through with this great dirty house. * * * Give my love to all. Kiss the boys for me. All send love.

Your affectionate sister,

FRANCES.

On the 2d day of August, 1861, we had a little girl born to us—a very large, healthy, and promising child. Of course she was a very welcome visitor, and we expected she would stay with us a long time, and contribute very much to our happiness; the boys, especially, were exceedingly joyous at her advent. But God had purposes concerning her and us which we did not think of, and which were soon to be revealed.

The condition of the mother made it necessary to remove the child from her, to be cared for in a separate room and by other hands. My special solicitude was for the mother, and, being assured from time to time that the child was doing well, no serious anxiety was felt about her. My wife remained in a critical condition from

a severe dysentery, as well as from nervous prostration, for several weeks. About four weeks after the birth of the child, we thought my dear wife was dying, and she supposed her end had come, and gave her testimony to the power of God's grace to sustain in that last conflict which she had shrunk from the contemplation of while in health. She was permitted to go so near to the heavenly gates, that something of the glory of heaven shone through into her soul. She was enraptured with the view she had of the heavenly land. She said she had not supposed that it would be so sweet to die, or that she could have such feelings as she then had in the near prospect of death. She said to me—"poor Heman, it will be *you* that will have to suffer." I wish it were possible for me to recall all that she said on that Monday morning,—Sept. 2, 1861,—when she was permitted to survey the heavenly Canaan from Pisgah's top, and verily thought herself that she was about to go over Jordan and possess the promised inheritance; but I was greatly agitated then, and my mind was occupied with prayer, and with the necessary ministration to her physical wants; and besides, she recovered, so that I was not led to record, or fix in my mind her words, soon after they were spoken, and therefore I can not now repeat her language, except as above quoted; but I remember that she had not a doubt or a fear, was perfectly willing to die, and was very happy. She alluded to this experience after her recovery, several times, and evidently had her hopes strengthened and brightened by it. The Savior then made such manifestations of His love and grace and glory, as relieved her from further fear of the pain of dying, and confirmed her hope of salvation. I praise and bless God with all my heart that He spared her two years longer.

On Friday, September 6, the physician's attention was

called to the child, when they found her in a state of partial collapse with cholera infantum, and immediately expressed their fears, that the disease had proceeded too long and too far, to admit of relief. Kind neighbors came in and devoted constant attention to the little sufferer, and, as hope never before utterly failed in my heart in regard to my friends, while there was life, so, then, I thought the child would live. My dear wife being considerably better, although still very feeble, I left her bedside on Sabbath morning, and remained with our dear little daughter, "hoping against hope," until midnight of that day, when the final triumph of death in his conflict with the remarkable vital power inherent in the infant, became so certain, that my hopes were crushed, and as she could no longer swallow, and no more could be done, I sat by the little angel, and watched the flickerings of its mortal life, till the spirit took wings and flew away, to join her brothers in the skies,—at fifteen minutes before four o'clock on Monday morning, September 9, 1861. I feared to communicate the terrible fact to my dear wife, lest in her weak state the consequences might be fatal, but I under-estimated the power of God's grace, and the perfect work that grace had wrought in her heart. She wept freely when she learned that her most fondly cherished hopes and wishes had been thus blasted, but she was calm and submissive, and passed through the funeral services on Tuesday without suffering any apparent injury to her health, receiving from them great spiritual consolation. The Bethel choir of little girls sang most sweetly, what she had never heard before, and what was ever afterward her favorite piece—"Don't you hear the angels coming," besides other appropriate selections. The beautiful form of the child was carried by four of our sons to the burial place, where the choir sang

"Around the throne of God in Heaven." During these last services the mother's bed was so placed that she could see the procession and the assemblage at the grave, and when we returned to the house we found her perfectly quiet and composed. Truly a faith that can sustain one through such a trial, and under such circumstances, is not natural or earth-born, and is of inestimable value even for the uses of this life.

As this is a family book, I shall insert here a piece which has the form, and some of the qualities of poetry, which appeared in the *Hartford Times*, a few weeks before the death of my wife, and which gave her pleasure when she read it, and certainly no less, when she learned that it was written by one of her sons.

OVER THERE.

There's three little forms a lying,
Over there;
Where the breezes soft are playing,
Through the air,
Where the lowly flowers are blooming,
Bright and fair,
Our dear ones are softly sleeping,
Over there.

No proud monument's uplifted
Over there;
Cut from fine and costly marbles,
Rich and rare,
But instead three little headstones;
Flowers fair
Bloom and cluster round about them,
Over there.

And oft, in the summer evenings,
Calm and fair,
When the birds are sweetly singing,
Free from care,

When our tired hearts ache with sorrow,
Or despair,
Then we bend our footsteps gladly
Over there.

And we often on those grass mounds,
Kneel in prayer,
And we see, by faith, bright visions,
Through the air;
See our darlings robed in glory,
Spotless fair,
Praising ever their dear Savior,
Up, up there.

Hartford, July 28, 1863.

CHAPTER XV.—LETTERS 1862–3.

I FIND no letter of my wife written within a period of five months after the affliction recorded in the preceding chapter. The next following letter was written during a jovial mood, and will be recognized by her intimate friends as quite characteristic. I can not consent to suppress it, although it may appear to some minds to be improperly facetious. I thank God that she retained her natural vivacity and flow of spirits while she lived. It has been seen in her letters, that she often mourned over the indulgence of her mirthful propensity, but I think she had little reason to afflict herself on this account; she was very seldom guilty of an untimely or improper indulgence of it.

God does not desire or design to make Christians permanently sad and gloomy and averse to the innocent pleasures of this world, even when He inflicts upon them His rod for correction. He would thereby bring them to repentance for their sins, but, having produced godly sorrow and true reformation, He is pleased to restore unto

them the light of His countenance, and to remove the weight of grief from their hearts.

HARTFORD, *February* 15, 1862.

Dear sister Pamela,

I have just received your letter, and for once will give you an early answer. I am glad to hear that you arrived safely home, and that the wind did not blow you all to pieces. If it had, only think what a scattering of clothing there would have been—skirts, dresses, sontags, double-dresses, shawls, cloaks, hoods, scarfs, veils, and little black strings, to say nothing of the sixteen blankets and four buffaloes that Heman said you had in your sleigh. Seriously, though, I am *very* glad you enjoyed your visit and experienced no ill effect from it. I enjoyed it much and now think of it with pleasure. I should love dearly to visit you with little Willie, when Amelia is there, and will do so if possible. * * * I have been visiting yesterday and to-day, here in the city, and feel better than usual to-night. It does me a "sight" of good to go visiting. Would it not be pleasant if we lived where we could meet every day or two? I suppose some of the photographs have reached you ere this. I think you need have no fears respecting yours. I imagine it will be a fine looking one, and expect when I pass there [the door of the artist's rooms,] again, to see it by the side of Mrs. ——'s. I don't like the looks of mine at all. I had an idea that I was a great deal better looking. I don't believe I shall ever have another taken, for they look worse and worse. I think it must be I am fading very fast. * * * You said nothing of Johnny in your letter. I conclude his ride in the wind did not make him sick. I believe there was one string you forgot to put around him, but I hope he did not suffer for the want of it. Our folks send love to you all. Write whenever you can, and tell Julia to. Good bye.

Your affectionate sister,

FRANCES.

The following was written May 12, 1862, for Matilda, who had lived with us from childhood and was about to leave us, at the age of nineteen:—

* * "You will not doubt my affection for you, or that

I desire your happiness. * * * Fix your hopes upon God; entrust Him with all your cares; forget not your Savior, either in prosperity or in adversity; strive to imitate His holy example; ask His direction and assistance daily; love and serve Him, and you will be happy—happy in this world, and thrice blessed and happy through eternity. That the blessing of God may ever rest upon you, is the sincere wish of

Your friend,
F. E. Barbour.

The nine next succeeding letters were written during my absence in 1862; and they exhibit so vividly her character as a wife and mother, and will probably be so prized by our sons as memorials of their dear mother *as they knew her*, that I shall insert them almost entire.

To Joseph, at Torrington, Ct.—*August* 12, 1862.

My dear Joseph,

We received your letter in due season, and were glad to hear of your safe arrival in Wolcottville, and *now* I suppose you are at Mr. Whiting's, busily engaged in farming, doing, I hope, as well as you know how, and contented and happy. To-day we were quite surprised by the arrival of our Hemy, who was so home-sick in Canton that he could not stay any longer. He is not as well as he was when he left home. He says he is so tired to-night, that he can not write to you, but he will try to do so next time. Monroe came in Sunday night, and to day Monroe and your father started for the West. They are first going to Saratoga, expecting to remain there for about a week, and if your father gets better, Monroe may not go any farther. * * * It is very lonely here, now that so many of you are gone, and we miss the absent ones very much. Little Willie talks a great deal about Josey, and wanted Tommy to write a letter to you for him. Tommy has written you a good letter, giving you some good advice, I see, which I hope you will follow. You must write some to him when you do to me, or he will be disappointed. * * * Henry is the same steady fellow, moving around as *lively* as ever—full of cares now, as every thing is left on his hands till Abby comes in. He took Tommy and went off to ride this afternoon. He says he shall spend his leisure time in riding around. He thinks he has not time to write you now, but

will soon. I feel anxious to hear how you are getting along in your new home—whether you think of home any. You must write to me as soon as you receive this, and tell me all particulars. I intended to have put up a testament for you, but neglected to do so, but I hope you will borrow one and read it daily. Let me also beg of you not to forget daily to pray to your kind heavenly Father that He will protect and bless you, that He will forgive all your sins and enable you to do right wherever you are. O Josey, do try to be a good boy in every sense of the word. It is now late in the evening. Your brothers are all asleep; I am writing in my room. I hope the dear absent ones are also sleeping sweetly. God bless and protect them all, and permit us all to meet again in a few weeks. Tommy is very much engaged just at present about raising money to have a great celebration when you all get home again. He started off down street this morning with some cucumbers, which he sold for five cents, and engaged eighteen cents worth for to-morrow morning; so you may expect a great time upon your arrival here, for the other boys are getting engaged about it also. Write what you would like the best, and I presume it will appear to you. I intend this letter will reach you to-morrow, and shall expect one from you the last of this week, but if you do not have leisure to write, put it off longer—write as soon as you have time. * * * Remember me to Mrs. Whiting if you please, and tell her I hope she will give you good, motherly advice. The boys send much love, as does also

Your affectionate mother,
F. E. Barbour.

To her Husband, at Saratoga.—*August* 14, 1862.

My dear Heman,

Your very welcome letter was received to-day, also a few lines yesterday. I am truly thankful to hear that you are so comfortable, and do hope and pray that you may be greatly benefited by your journey. We were very lonely here after you left, and expect to be until you return. We continue about the same in health. Hemy is no better,—vomits a good deal and complains of a good deal of pain in his stomach—he suffers a good deal from fear—locks up all the doors and windows long before dark. I have him sleep in my room. There are many reports about the arsenal being taken and burned, and this worries him a good deal. If he does

not get better soon, perhaps you will think he had better see the doctor, though I have not much idea he will help him any. I rode out with him, and Tommy, and Willie, yesterday and to-day. As for Henry, he is flying around as lively as ever—thinks there never was any one had quite so many cares as he has. He rides a great deal—I don't believe he has walked to the farm since you left—he has been getting in his hay this afternoon. Tommy did not get as rich on his cucumbers as he expected—the next day after you left he started down with a load before five o'clock in the morning, but did not sell but a dozen. Since he has failed on cucumbers, he has taken up dealing in lemonade, selling it to the soldiers. Heman cleared about forty cents in that way to-day. Tom thinks he gets cheated sometimes. One man took his glass of lemonade, and then asked him if he could change a three dollar bill—since then Tom inquires if they have any change before they take the drink. Little Willie is pretty well, and "wants papa to come home." I wrote to Josey Tuesday night, and hope to hear from him soon. I imagine you and Monroe are at Saratoga now, and I hope are enjoying yourselves and improving in health. I hope you will see as many of our Columbus friends as you can, while you are in Columbus, and please remember me to all of them. * * * It is getting late—the dear children at home are all sleeping sweetly. I wish I knew about the absent ones. God grant that we may all be spared to meet again. I hope you will write very often, and tell me very particularly about your health. Take good care of yourself, and get all the rest that you can. Give my love and good wishes to Monroe. The boys all send love. I will write a few lines in the morning. Good night, and may you enjoy good sleep to-night. Friday morning. All in comfortable health this morning. Hope to hear from you again to-day. It is a rainy, unpleasant morning. That God will bless and protect you is the constant prayer of

Your devoted

FRANCES.

To JOSEPH.—HARTFORD *August*, 1862.

Dear Josey,

As Henry has written you so full an account of all home transactions, it will not be necessary for me to add any thing. I hope you are still well and happy, doing right, for you can not be happy

unless you are a good boy. We shall be glad to see you home again. * * * We hear from your father every day—he is getting along well, and he and Monroe are having a nice time. Write often. Give my love to all. Good night, for it is half-past ten o'clock and time to say good night. God bless and protect you, my dear boy.

Your affectionate mother,
F. E. BARBOUR,

To her Husband, at Green Bay.—*August* 20, 1862.

Dearest Heman,

I have received a letter from you this evening mailed at Utica. I am rejoiced, and truly thankful to hear of your continued prosperity. God grant that you may be fully restored to health. Willie Mather returned to-day, but I have not seen him. Henry was very much pleased with his cane. We received a letter from Josey to-day—he is well, but has a good deal of nose-bleed, he says—he seemed in fine spirits. Henry works first-rate now that Abby is with him. I have told him I think, if he works well, he can go out to Barkhamsted the last week of vacation, as Abby wishes him to. The garden is improving fast, by morning, noon and night work, but there is a great deal to be done there yet. The tomatoes are getting ripe some—other vegetables are very plenty. We had for dinner to-day, veal, with potatoes, onions, beets, squashes, corn, beans, and cucumbers. The Miller women were here to dinner, and I went with them to Mrs. Smith's this afternoon. We are all well as usual. * * * It is now after ten o'clock. Hemy and little Willie are sleeping sweetly. I hope the dear absent ones are still prospered. God bless them all, and return them in safety, is the prayer of

Your devoted
FRANCES.

To her Husband, at Milwaukee.—*August* 22, 1862.

My dear Heman,

Another day has passed and I have been made glad by the reception of two interesting and affectionate epistles from yourself, one mailed at Buffalo, and the other at Rochester, inclosing your letter to the Bethel. I am very grateful to hear that you are still prospered, and that you are enjoying yourselves so well. This has been a

rainy, unpleasant day, and this evening I feel more lonely than I have any time before since you left. I do hope you will not be obliged to be gone from us, more than two weeks longer, although I do not wish you to hurry home on our account. I want to have you visit in Columbus as long as you can, and try to see all of our old friends there. I should like to be with you there. I received a letter from Tommy [at Canton,] yesterday, in which he says he is getting home-sick. Henry has not been well to-day, though he was very jolly to-night, until he went to bed, but now, (half-past nine,) he is quite feverish. I have given him some pepper tea, and hope he will be better in the morning. The rest of us are in usual health. Hemy is no worse—he is quite engaged in selling things at the arsenal—I make him some pies and cakes. We could sell all our milk there at five cents per quart, which would be much the better way, (as we can not make much butter,) if it were not for those little pigs, but I suppose they must have milk or die. I think some of letting them take the latter course, for I believe it will be the most profitable in the end. * * * Albert has written some to you, and has told you about farm matters. Our garden is improving in its appearance. I wish Albert could stay until your return, not only on account of our loneliness, but because there is so much to be done. He is needed, though, at home, and I ought not to ask him to stay.

Henry says he can't answer your letter because he can't write well enough—he has written two long letters to Joe, and, in my opinion, there is not one of the boys can exceed him in letter-writing, but he has not much confidence in his own abilities—he is a first-rate boy now. Webster called here the other night,—says Jimmy [at Barkhamsted,] thinks he won't come home at present, for fear he can't go back again. We had rather expected he would come with Webster. And now for little Willie—he is very well, and talks a good deal about "papa"—he was anxious to play out to-day, but the rain drove him in—he was quite provoked, and said—God was not good because He made it rain to-day, when he wanted to be out with his new wheelbarrow. I bought him a little one yesterday so as to keep him from running away, telling him I should take it away from him as soon as he went out of the yard. He is much pleased with it, and as soon as he could get out this morning he wheeled it to the fence, and called Rosa, and Walter and Charlie, to come and look at it. What should we do without this precious little one?

He is quite lonely now through the day, (as Heman is gone a good deal,) and says he does wish Jimmy and Tommy would come. It is getting late and I want to write some to Josey, as he was anxious to hear from us this week. The children send love. Give our love to Monroe, and accept with this the best wishes and ardent love of

Your devoted

FRANCES.

Saturday morning. Henry is better this morning. All the rest well. In haste.

Willie's murmuring against God because He disappointed his plans, was a development of depraved human nature. Many older persons who think they love God, love Him only while He favors their selfish purposes, and when He crosses their wishes, they, like Willie, rebel against His government. *True love* accepts *all* His dispensations as good and right.

TO HER SON, AT CANTON.—*August* 27, 1862.

My dear Tommy,

I received your letter some time since, and I ought to have answered it before, but I have had a good deal to occupy my time. I have not forgotten you though—on the contrary I think about you a good many times every day. I hope you are a good boy and are enjoying yourself well. I hope you are very careful not to make grandpa's folks any unnecessary trouble. I have been expecting you home every day, and grandpa's folks must send you whenever they think best. I think you would try to be a good boy at home. Would'nt you? Heman has been very sick with the dysentery. He was taken Tuesday night very violently; the doctor came about eleven o'clock—was here twice the next day, and once every day since. He said to-day that he thought he (Heman,) would get up soon—that he had got along very much better than he expected. I was very much alarmed about him for a day or two, and I think the doctor was. How dreadful it would have been if he had died when your papa was away, and how good God has been to spare his life and the lives of all of us. We ought to love Him very much for His kindness to us.

I have written a long letter to your papa to-night, and it is now

quite late, almost eleven o'clock. You must come home as soon as you can, and if you do not come soon, you must write to me again. I expect Josey next week. Little Willie says he wants Tommy to come home. The boys all send love. Give my love to all. Be a good boy, will you not, my dear Tommy? Have you picked many berries?

Your affectionate mother,
F. E. Barbour.

[The letter written the day previous was not received.]

To her Husband, at Indianapolis.—*August* 28, 1862.

My own dear Heman,

The doctor has just been here, and says, tell you he thinks Heman is getting along well—will soon be up again. * * * I don't know as I ever felt much worse than I did Tuesday night—it seemed as though I should be distracted for awhile—he looked and appeared so deathly sick, and I knew nothing where you were, or where I could get any intelligence to you. But God has spared us the terrible affliction I so much feared, and we have great cause for thankfulness for His goodness to us. Oh for a heart to love Him more and serve him better. I, yesterday, after mailing my letter to you, received your few lines, inclosed with the Bethel and Josey's letters written last Saturday—you were then safe and well, for which I feel very thankful. * * * Although I want to see you more than tongue can tell, yet I want to have you stay just as long as you can, as your health is improving so fast. I want to have you make a good long visit in Columbus, too, for I think you will enjoy it. I received a letter from Josey yesterday—he is feeling well and expects to get through this week. "Uncle Stiles and wife" have invited him to stay with them awhile, and perhaps I had better let him stay a day or two, if Heman continues to get along well. Albert says there is a great deal to be done at the farm yet,—that things look rather discouraging. Henry moves around as happy as ever, is full of his fun—has been a first-rate boy. Little Willie is well. Your health is improving so fast, that I should begin to worry for fear you might be drafted, but that I hear that there are so many volunteering that it is not probable there will be any drafting here. * * * Our garden has improved very much in its appearance. We have tomatoes plenty now. I have my half

barrel full of pickles—I picked the peppers last night—they are very nice. * * * And now dearest, I must bid you farewell for this time. God grant that this may find you and Monroe enjoying the richest of Heaven's blessings. Oh! how I want to see you. May we all be spared to meet again. Albert and the boys send love to you and Monroe. This, with the best love of

Your own

FRANCES.

To JOSEPH.—HARTFORD, *August* 28, 1862.

My dear Joseph,

I received your letter yesterday, also one from your father, inclosed with one to you, which I will forward with this. I am glad that you continue well, and well pleased with your employer and family, and hope you have given good satisfaction, and have so conducted yourself as to gain their esteem. Your father has given you some excellent advice, which, let me, also, beg of you to strive to follow. If you have any bad habits you can never leave them off any easier than at the present time, neither will you ever have a more favorable opportunity to forsake your sins, and make Christ your friend. Do this, my dear Joseph, and it will insure your happiness, both now and hereafter. You have now health and strength, and, while you are in the enjoyment of these great blessings, you should prepare for the changes that must come to you sooner or later. I need not tell you that life and health are uncertain even with the young; therefore, while you are in the enjoyment of *these*, prepare for sickness and death, which may come at any time. * * * Albert and I went down to the Bethel last Sabbath, and, as a good many teachers were absent, I was urged to take a class; it proved to be a class of little boys, and on inquiring who their teacher was, he proved to be "Mr. Joseph Barbour." They want you to come back very much—say you tell them very nice Bible stories. There was a large class, but only Harry Nutt and Albert Stevens had verses. * * * Henry is not very well to-night, and is quite tired, so he thinks he will not write. He has been a first-rate boy since his father went away, has worked early and late, and deserves much credit, I think. Little Willie says he does wish Josey would come home, and we all wish so too. Give my love to your uncle and aunt, and ask them if they will be here

when your father comes, and give him a pleasant surprise. * * * Good night my dear boy.

Your affectionate mother,

F. E. Barbour.

To her Husband, at Columbus.—Hartford, *August* 29, 1862.

My own dear Heman,

According to my promise in my last, I will have another letter in readiness to send to you to-morrow. I still have favorable intelligence to communicate. Hemy is getting along well, and the rest of us are well. Oh, that I knew that you were *now* in good health. I do hope I shall get a letter from you to-morrow, although you told me in your last that I should not probably receive another before September 1. I shall enjoy the Sabbath much better if I get good news from you to-morrow. * * *

Friday Evening, 8 *o'clock.* The good news has arrived sooner than I had any reason to expect. White has just called and left your letter from Milwaukee; also one for Josey from Monroe. I am truly thankful for so late intelligence, and that so favorable. I will forward Tommy's letter to-morrow, and "your affectionate boy, Tom," as he always subscribes himself, will no doubt be highly pleased, and feel himself highly honored. I have been trying to persuade Henry to write to you to-night, but he says he never can do any thing unless the Spirit moves him, and he is not moved at all to-night—that he should not know how or what to write to a man, &c., &c. So I think you will not get any letter from him. * * * Dr. Beresford said to-day that he feared you would hurry home too soon—that you ought to stay at least a month longer. * * * Little Willie is pretty well. He groaned out to-day, and I asked him what was the matter. He says, "O, I do want to see my papa so." I concluded that he and I felt some alike on that subject. * * * Albert and I went down to the Bethel last Sunday, and had the pleasure of listening to a very interesting letter from their superintendent. The school gave good attention, and, I presume, was highly entertained. * * * Next Sunday I suppose I may think of you as being in Chicago. If you should be there on any day but the Sabbath, perhaps you would look a little for that twenty dollars you lost there a few years ago. * * * It is getting late, and I must write a few lines to Tommy. It will seem quite like old times to direct a letter to

Columbus again. Love to Mon. if he is with you. Good night, dearest, and wherever you are, may the good angels watch over you, and give you good rest this night.

Your affectionate

FRANCES.

The death of my dear mother, referred to in the following letter, occurred on the 7th day of January, 1863. Something of Frances' love for her has been expressed in preceding letters. She was able to attend the funeral with me.

TO MY SISTER.—HARTFORD, *February* 11, 1863.

Dear sister Julia,

Your excellent letter was received yesterday and perused by all of us with much interest. I hope you will not think I have forgotten you in your loneliness, because I have not written. * * * Although I have not written, I have thought of you a great deal, and have often prayed for you and your dear father, that you might be sustained in this terrible affliction—that you might, in your lonely hours, feel that your precious Savior was with you, cheering and comforting you, and enabling you to say, "Not my will but thine be done." The Lord gave, and He has, in His wise Providence, seen fit to take away one so dear to us, and though we feel that our very life, almost, is buried with her, yet we can be so conformed to the will of our Heavenly Father as to feel that it is all right—we would not wish it otherwise; we would not, if we could, call the dear ones back again. We would feel, that though God's ways are often mysterious to us, yet they are ways of love. I have lost one of the best and most devoted of mothers, and, therefore, I can, from experience, sympathize with you in this great affliction. No one but those who have been thus afflicted can realize how sad it is to have a dear mother removed from us—to feel that we are left in this cold world without her warm heart to feel for us; for truly there is no love so disinterested, so unselfish, as a mother's. And yet you and I should be very thankful that our mothers were so long spared to us—that, for so many years, we had their presence to cheer us. How much we should have lost, and what might we have been, if they had been taken in our early life—had we been deprived of their prayers and counsels through our childhood and youth, as

many, many poor children have been. O, how much have we to be thankful for when we contrast our situation with that of many others. I feel that you have very much to comfort you and reconcile you to the death of your dear mother, although you must most keenly feel her loss. You know that she was prepared to go, and that she is now far happier than she could ever have been in this world of pain and sorrow. She will be no more disturbed by the trials and vexations of this life, for she is at rest—safe at home, enjoying the smiles of that God whom she so well loved on earth. O, *it is well* with her, and we will not for one moment be so selfish as to wish her back again. We will remember her counsels and strive to follow them—her example, and strive to imitate it, and if prepared,—as I pray we as a family, parents and children, may be,—we shall all soon be with her, never more to be separated.

Heman has told you of the change in Josey. O, what a blessing, if he is really converted, as we hope he is. It seems hardly possible that one who is so unworthy, and has been so unfaithful as I have, should be thus favored. Truly God is more ready to bestow blessings than we are to receive. I feel that I ought, in view of this, to put my hands upon my mouth, and my mouth in the dust, and to cry "Unclean, unclean, God be merciful to me a sinner." Joseph appears very sincere, and quite engaged—he talks and prays in meetings, and, as Mr. Howard said last night, "it does one good to hear him." We can not but rejoice, but still it is with fear and trembling. O, how earnestly we pray in the language of your mother, as she closed her written experience—"O thou searcher of hearts, discover to him his true situation, and if he is deceived, undeceive him," &c. As Josey says, it does not seem possible that he can be deceived, inasmuch as he now loves so well what he was formerly so averse to. We must all pray for him, that he may be kept humble—he is now so much noticed, and talked about, that I am afraid he will not keep as humble as he ought. I presume he will be baptized the first day of March,—if so, I wish you could be with us. I think Henry appears more serious to-day than he has before. O, may he too be brought to Christ. Pray for all of us, dear Julia, that we may all be humble followers of Jesus. I am glad you do not yet despair of Monroe and Albert, and God grant that our prayers for them may yet be answered.

I want to see you all very much. Do come as soon as you can.

Could not father come with you and stay a few days? I presume it would do you both good to get away from home—it would certainly do you good to attend our meetings now. Give my love to all, and accept this with the love and sympathy of

Your affectionate sister,

FRANCES.

I have filled my sheet, but have not written half that I would like to. Do come in and see us when you can.

Joseph's feelings were aroused by reading his grandmother's experience, which will be found on subsequent pages. He was baptized on the 1st of March, 1863. It will be seen by referring to preceding letters that Frances enjoyed what were to her very precious privileges of attending meetings during four seasons of special religious interest, after our removal to Hartford—in 1854, 1856, 1858, and 1863. This last revival was not general or of long continuance. My devotedly pious wife was sorely grieved and disappointed that the work of grace did not spread and continue, though she greatly rejoiced "over one repenting sinner."

TO MRS. BROWN, AT LEE, MASS.—*May* 26, 1863.

Dear friend,

Your letter was received, and very glad was I to hear from you once more. * * * I can indeed sympathize with you in your bereavement, as I have been called to part with dear little ones. It is very hard to give them up, but our kind Heavenly Father knows what is best for us and best for them. * * * I hope you have not thought I have forgotten you because I have neglected writing so long. I have often thought of you, and thought of writing; but I have so large a family, and so many cares, that it seems almost impossible for me to find a leisure moment to devote to writing. We have talked about visiting you for a year past,—taking a trip that way with our own team. We now think we shall go next week, getting to your house Tuesday. * * * I would write more if I did not expect to see you so soon.

Your affectionate friend,

F. E. BARBOUR.

Frances and I, and Willie, visited Lee about the 1st of June, going by the way of Barkhamsted, Hitchcockville, Colebrook River, and Otis, and returning by East Otis, West Granville, and Barkhamsted. The trip was a most delightful one, and the reminiscences of it would be exceedingly pleasant, were they not inseparably connected with the constantly obtruding thought that such seasons shall be enjoyed no more.

We made another visit to Barkhamsted on the 26th of June, and little thought when we left there on the morning of the 27th that we should never again visit that endeared spot together.

On the 5th of August we went to Middletown, and next day by boat to Greenport, Long Island, and the following day returned by boat to New London, and went from there by cars to Clinton, Conn., where we remained one day, and on the 8th returned home by way of New Haven. Frances enjoyed the trip very much.

On the 15th of August, my wife was permitted to welcome to her own hospitality one of her "Columbus friends,"—Mrs. Aquilla Jones, with her husband and three of her children, (now of Indianapolis,) who remained with us two or three days. She had cherished a strong desire to receive visits from her female friends with whom she had been associated in Columbus, and this was the first and only such visit she ever enjoyed, and this afforded her very great pleasure; especially, because Mrs. Jones was a very dear friend and Christian sister. Mrs. Jones has written to me, since the death of Frances, a letter of sympathy, extracts from which will close this chapter. The letter is dated Indianapolis, November 11, 1863.

* * * I can hardly express my feelings in regard to the

death of your dear wife and my beloved friend. Little did I think when we were riding together around your city, that that would be our last ride together. O, what a shock I experienced when those sad tidings reached me. * * * I hope you may be sustained in this great trial. Time will gradually wear away your distress of mind, but you will never forget the sweet words of love, and the smile you received from her every day. What a pleasure it is to think how lovely she was! * * * Our time here is very short, therefore the separation will not be long. You have the sympathy of all her friends here. * * * We are so glad we visited her when we did! Our children were very much pleased with their visit at your house, and often speak of Mrs. Barbour's kindness to them. We all sympathize with you and with the children very much. * * *

Yours truly,
HARRIETTE JONES.

CHAPTER XVI.—HER LAST DAYS AND HER DEATH.

ON the 26th day of August, 1863, during my absence at East Hampton, Mass., whither I had gone with Joseph to place him at school, my beloved wife was suddenly and violently attacked with dysentery and vomiting. I returned before night of that day and found her in a very critical and alarming condition, and her life was apparently in great danger for several days, but she was finally relieved, and during the last four weeks of her life was unusually comfortable and cheerful. All of her acquaintances who had seen her during this period noticed her cheerfulness. She expressed to me at times some apprehension in regard to her condition and the final result, but I believe she generally expected to live, and that her anticipations of future happiness in the

society of her family were brighter than ever before. Thoughts of death, if she had many such thoughts, did not excite terror. I was very hopeful, and so expressed myself to her, which probably produced a cheering effect upon her mind. She often rode out with me, and greatly enjoyed such seasons, and at home was very happy in the comforts which surrounded her, and especially so in religious and social communion. She talked of her plans and calculations for future life more than she had been accustomed to. She was gratified by the developments of character and abilities which she saw in her sons, and began more fully to realize the great "joy" which Christian parents have in "seeing their children walking in truth." Her "charming Willie" was her almost constant companion, and amused and cheered her by his cheerful prattle and sunny face. God had mercifully prolonged his infantile stage, and "kept him a baby," that he might be a comfort to his mother, who did *so much love little children.*

On Thursday, October 15, she rode with me to Judge White's, on Avon street, to partake of a dinner of game, which her brother Monroe had caught, and the family now speak of her remarkable good spirits on the occasion. This was the last time she rode out, as the following day was rainy.

(The birth of our tenth child occurred on the 17th day of October, 1863.)

On Saturday morning, October 17, she went down to breakfast and read her portion of Scripture with the family, as usual. I left her at nine o'clock to attend to some special business engagements, and returned at half-past twelve. She did not go down to dinner, and food was brought to her room, of which she ate very little.

About half-past one o'clock her condition was such that our family physician was called, who remained with her, except during a brief interval, until nine o'clock in the evening, when he left her, expecting to see her again the following morning. She was then measurably relieved and the doctor pronounced her symptoms more favorable. She had spoken very little during the evening except to express her sufferings; indeed, her perceptions were not clear after six o'clock, owing, as I supposed, and as the physician suggested, to the effect upon her brain, of medicines which had been administered to her. She inquired before the hour last named in regard to her infant son, and on being told that he had died, she expressed her disappointment and sorrow.

About ten o'clock I lay down by her side, and she lay quietly with her hands clasped in mine for a period of twenty minutes or more, during which time she slept some, as I believe I did. She was afterward unquiet and moaned frequently, saying nothing except to express her suffering, and occasionally to ask to be raised or moved in bed; but as she had made all these manifestations before the doctor left, we did not send for him again. No marked change in her condition appeared until about ten minutes before her death, when she seemed to be in greater distress, and begged more earnestly that she might be moved; and cold, clammy sweat stood upon her forehead. She made some exclamations about dying,—"I am dying," or "a'int I dying,"—and while the nurse and I were rubbing her extremities and administering stimulants, she suddenly ceased to struggle and moan, and for a period of about five minutes breathed gently and slowly, and ceased to breathe at half-past eleven o'clock, on Saturday night, October 17, 1863. There was no struggle, or spasm, or painful breathing

during these last minutes,—her eyes closed, all expression of pain passed from her countenance, and a pleasant, placid smile succeeded. The figure of the "melting away of the stars into the light of heaven," at the dawning of the day, most aptly expresses the manner of her sanctified spirit's departure from its earthly house to its heavenly mansion.

I will not attempt to describe my own feelings when the star of my life so suddenly disappeared from my natural vision. It has cost me more anguish than I can possibly express to recount the mournful history of the preceding ten hours. I will only say further in regard to her death, that it was as sudden and unlooked for as if it had been caused by a thunderbolt from a clear sky. I am astonished now at my stupidity and blindness in regard to her danger, and this reflection is one of a thousand bitter ingredients in my cup of affliction.

The scene of "weeping and wailing" which ensued when the poor bereaved children were waked from their slumbers, and told that their dear mother, whom they had seen but a few hours before in apparent health, was dead, will never be forgotten by the kind neighbors and attendants who were present. Their dreadful sufferings excited my sympathies and concern for them, and thus I was early called to *action*, and a merciful God has furnished inducements to action ever since, and by that means diverted my mind in some degree from selfish grief. Joseph was at East Hampton, at the time of his mother's death, and came home with a messenger during the night following.

The funeral services were held at the house and burial lot about mid day, Wednesday, October 21. The day was pleasant; the position, habiliments, and countenances of mother and child as they lay in the casket, adorned

with love's floral offerings, indicated sweet sleep rather than rigid death; the hymns, sung most touchingly by about thirty little girls of the Sabbath schools, and the prayers and brief address of the pastor were very soothing and comforting; the large assemblage of friends and acquaintances, including the children of our District school under the charge of their teachers, was a demonstration of love and esteem for the departed, and of affectionate sympathy with her family, which was very grateful to our bleeding hearts.

Eight chosen friends bore the precious forms to their final resting place without hearse or bier; a good neighbor who had often ministered to the deceased in her sickness, strewed flowers in profusion within the "narrow house," and upon its sleeping tenants, as her last tribute of affection; the last hymn was sung; the sepulture was completed, and through all this trying service Divine consolations and a gracious Providence sustained us far beyond our anticipations. We never had realized the value of the religion and hopes of the gospel of Jesus as we did then—they are still our support—we could not live without them—I am sure we could not. Even these fail at times, through the weakness of faith and the infirmities of the flesh and the mind, and an overwhelming sense of loneliness envelopes the soul in darkness, and excites the agonies of despair.

The following are the hymns which were selected and adapted for the obsequies:—

Tune—"Don't you hear the Angels coming?"

1. Holy angels in their flight,
Traverse over earth and sky,
Acts of kindness their delight,
Winged with mercy as they fly.

Semi-chorus—Don't you hear them, coming over hill and plain,
Scattering music in their heavenly train?

Chorus—Oh! don't you hear the angels coming, singing as they come?
Oh! bear me angels, angels bear me home.

2. Tho' their forms we can not see,
They attend and guard our way,
Till we join their company
In the fields of heavenly day.

Chorus—Don't you hear, &c.

3. Had I but an angel's wing,
And an angel's heart of flame,
Oh! how sweetly would I ring
Thro' the world the Savior's name.

Chorus—Don't you hear, &c.

4. Yet methinks if I should die,
And become an angel too,
I perhaps like them might fly,
And the Savior's bidding do.

Chorus—Don't you hear, &c.

Tune—"Over the River."

1. Weep no more: thy mother rests
In the mansions of the blest;
Where she often longed to be,
Roams her spirit glad and free.

Chorus—There's no sorrow, pain nor fear,
There's no parting farewell tear,
There's no cloud, no darkness there;
All is bright, and clear, and fair.

2. Cease to weep; her journey's o'er;
She can never suffer more:
List! she whispers now to thee,
"Child, thy loss is gain to me."

Chorus—Hark! I hear the angels sing;
Heavenly harpers on the wing,
Throng the air and bid thee rise,
To the music of the skies.

3. Dry thy tears; the hope of heaven
Is to weary wanderers given:
There with friends we never part;
Let this cheer thy sorrowing heart.

(*Repeat the first chorus.*)

4. Trust then in thy Savior's love;
Thy mother thou wilt meet above,
Free from sorrow, sin and pain,
Meet her, *ne'er to part again!*

(*Repeat the second chorus.*)

Tune—"A Light in the Window for Thee."

1. There's a light in the window for thee, brother,
There's a light in the window for thee;
Thy dear wife has moved to the mansions above,
There's a light in the window for thee.

Chorus—A mansion in heaven we see,
And a light in the window for thee.

2. There's a crown, and a robe, and a palm, brother,
When from toil and from care you are free;
The Savior has gone to prepare thee a home,
With a light in the window for thee.

Chorus—A mansion, &c.

3. O watch, and be faithful, and pray, brother,
All your journey o'er life's troubled sea;
Though afflictions assail thee and storms beat severe,
There's a light in the window for thee.

Chorus—A mansion, &c.

4. Then on, perseveringly on, brother,
Till from conflict and suffering free,
Thy dear wife now beckons thee over the stream,
There's a light in the window for thee.

Chorus—A mansion, &c.

Tune—"PEACEFULLY SLEEP."

At the grave.

1. Peacefully lay her down to rest,
Place the turf kindly on her breast;
Sweet is the slumber beneath the sod,
While the pure soul is resting with God.

2. Close to her lone and narrow house,
Gracefully wave ye willow boughs;
Flowers of the wild wood, your odors shed
Over the holy, beautiful dead.

3. Quietly sleep, beloved one;
Rest from thy toil—thy labor is done;
Rest till the trump from the opening skies
Bid thee from dust to glory arise!

Peacefully sleep, sleep till that morning,
Peacefully sleep!

CHAPTER XVII.—CONCLUDING TRIBUTES.

THE following unsolicited tributes were published in the *Hartford Times*—the first being editorial, and the second the production of my friend, J. Randolph Pease, Esq:

Judge Heman H. Barbour has been stricken with grief in the sudden and irreparable loss of his excellent wife. She died on Saturday night last, in the 39th year of her age. She was a lady of well balanced mind and pleasant disposition; one of those quiet, womanly, devoted natures, whose modest lives are rounded with the home blessings they confer on the loved ones within the domestic circle, and whose kindly hearts shed their genial love-light and warmth where such qualities are ever best prized and appreciated—within the sacred privacy of the charmed sphere of home. It is there that her loss will be felt, as an "aching void" that time will never fill. "To him who is in affliction," said Ralph Waldo Emer-

son, "even the warmth of his own hearth hath something of sadness in it." The death of this estimable lady is a blow of peculiar severity to her family, and they have the sympathies of a large circle of friends.

THE CYNOSURE.

MRS. H. H. BARBOUR, OB. OCTOBER 17, 1863.

For every man there shines a star,
Some influence reaching from afar;
Some brighter world he calls his own,
Some bluer sky, some silver zone,
Some form to love, some lip to kiss,
Some pang of joy that he calls bliss—
And those that soar the zenith's height,
But follow in that starry light.

The mariner on stormy seas
Looks to the shining Pleiades—
The pole-star's ever constant ray—
And boldly cleaves the trackless way.

In steller spaces deep and vast,
Where is our stereoscopic cast?
What vision yet can pierce so far,
To find that still receding star,
Whose beams are bright, serene and pure?
That star they name the CYNOSURE.
In what deep spaces in the sky
Doth this ideal radiance lie?
By what blue pole, or silver zone,
By what white constellated throne,
Whose beams are bright, serene and pure—
Shall we yet find our CYNOSURE?

O loved the best and treasured most!
Such was the star our friend has lost,
That wanders now, the brightest gem
In night's cerulian diadem.
When life was bright, and years were far,
She rose to him life's morning star;
With rustling Autumn's falling leaf,
She shines to him the star of eve!

Though suns may fade, and stars grow dim,
And Nature sing her farewell hymn,
There shines a star serene and pure—
She was indeed the Cynosure.

J. R. P.
Hartford, October, 1863.

The closing portion of Mrs. Wallace's letter, partly given on the 62d page, is as follows:

Since she assumed the sterner duties and cares of life we have seldom met. She has never visited me, and I her only at long intervals. You may recollect a visit of one day at your present residence, about five years ago, and two days spent with her one year ago last August. The latter was the longest visit made her since her marriage. She had not changed in her looks, or joyous spirit, as much as I had anticipated. She retained her relish and recollection of things which happened with us twenty years ago, vividly, and we planned a visit together to the old locality, and going once more together through all our old haunts. She was unable to leave home when the time came for the visit, and was obliged to fail me. It is a gratification to me now, that I saw her so recently, as my last recollections will be always pleasant of her sunny countenance and heart. She seemed to me to be happy in all her relations in life; the impression she gave me was that she was a happy wife and mother, and a hopeful and consistent Christian; and however much we may mourn her loss, we can none of us be so selfish as to wish her recall. * * * You will please pardon the defects of this letter, it having been written at intervals, and at a period of great weakness and prostration. * * *

Your sympathizing friend,
S. F. Wallace.

From her Pastor.—Hartford, *March* 22, 1864.

My dear brother,

I regret exceedingly that I have not been able to find the written account of your dear wife's Christian experience, put into my hands at the time of her joining the church under my care, thirteen years ago. I recollect distinctly, however, that it supplied the clearest evidence that she had been "born from above." It was a simple, intelligent statement of a great spiritual transformation, in which

her soul had passed "out of darkness into marvelous light." Hesitating, at first, to unite with the church, on account of old associations and friendships, she felt it her duty, and, at last, her delightful privilege, to do so, in connection with yourself; as she sincerely desired to "walk" with you in "all the ordinances and commandments of the Lord, blameless." Tenderly attached to Christians of every name, and especially to those of the church of her early love, liberal and indeed generous in all her views and feelings, she yet resolved to forego some associations and privileges, for the sake of carrying out what she deemed her Christian duty to yourself and the church. In this she found a special blessing, for her faith and joy were greatly augmented by the change.

I have had abundant opportunities, as her pastor, of becoming acquainted with her character, social, moral, and religious; and in every respect she constantly gained upon my esteem and love. Quiet and unpretending, her worth was fully known only to her intimate friends; her faith, zeal, and steadfast devotion, only to her God. As a wife and mother, it seems to me, she shone preëminent; and I rejoice to think that, by the grace of God, she has indelibly stamped her image upon every one of her beloved boys, who are "rising up," both in the home and in the church, "to call her blessed." Her earnest prayers, on their behalf, are being answered, even now, in their conversion to God. Consecrated, as they were, at their very birth, to the love and service of Christ, and re-consecrated at her dying bed, and on her grave, they are all, we hope, prepared to follow her in the way to glory. Their integrity, devotion and usefulness, in their future life, will be her noblest monument.

I had a pleasant interview with Mrs. Barbour a short time before she died. She was then far from well, with some forebodings as to the future, yet she was calm and even cheerful, leaning sweetly upon the good Shepherd, and rejoicing in hope of his glory. The circumstances of her death, so sudden and startling, precluded my seeing her again. But the memory of that hour of Christian converse and prayer carries with it a fragrance of heaven.

God bless and cheer you, my brother, in your great bereavement and trial; and may you find in the contemplation and portraiture of your departed loved one fresh incitements to duty and usefulness.

Your friend and pastor,

ROBERT TURNBULL.

Before concluding this memoir I will speak directly of certain domestic, social, and religious qualities and habits which characterized the mature life of the dear one who has finished her course on earth, which her writings do not disclose as clearly as I may be able to describe them.

She was gentle, docile, confiding, and patient as ever woman was, and yet she had a strong will and indomitable energy and perseverance. It is uncommon to find these qualities in combination. We usually find gentle, patient, and yielding persons rather deficient in force and strength of character; but she was positive and decided. She had her opinions and her will, and was quite apt to be tenacious of them; her strong conscientiousness and affection made her pliable and self-sacrificing.

She was natural and unaffected in manner and conversation, never assuming or pretending any thing which was not real, or which she did not possess; indeed, her modesty and simplicity were too great to permit even a just use and exhibition of her mental attainments and accomplishments.

She moderately desired larger worldly possessions than it was ever her fortune to enjoy, but she had not the slightest aspiration to the rank and honor which riches are supposed by some to confer; the show of wealth never dazzled her at all, or made her in the slightest degree envious of the possessor.

She was universally beloved by her acquaintances. I think she had no enemies, and never had, and that it may truly be said of her, "none knew her but to love, none named her but to praise." Mrs. Oatman, of Hartford, remarked to me shortly after her death—"I have often wished I knew the secret by which Mrs. Barbour made every body whom she met, to love her." Miss

Starkweather, formerly a teacher in our district school, writes to a friend of the deceased in regard to her—"I knew no one who spoke of her except in praise." Mrs. Youngs, who resided in our family for a few weeks previous to her death, not having known her before, writes. "Although I had so slight an acquaintance with her, I feel that I lost my best friend." R. K. Van Ness, of Red Bank, New Jersey, whose family only knew her by a visit of a few days, writes—"My folks felt as badly as if they had lost a near relative." Testimony upon this point could be greatly multiplied. The "secret" of this power of winning affection is partly disclosed by the letters of Mrs. Reed and Mrs. Wallace, heretofore given, and by a brief extract from a letter of Rev. L. H. Barbour—"It has seemed to us that she wanted to do every thing to make her house pleasant and to render all about her happy." "Mrs. Pierce, of N. Y., says—"I do not remember that I ever saw her manifest any anger or ill will toward any body." She was universally beloved because she was kind and gentle in her manners, and because of her intrinsic worth and goodness.

Although she was always kind and courteous in social intercourse, and never intentionally "slighted" any one, she had her *special* friends, and really was a very discriminating and accurate judge of character. I think few persons who have enjoyed no better opportunities for "learning human nature" could *read* it better. I have often been surprised to find how perfectly she understood the mental and moral qualities of some casual acquaintance, which I had learned by much longer and closer study. The persons who gained her confidence and intimate friendship, generally were pious,, and always plain and unassuming.

The domestic sphere, and those social orbits which are

formed by love and sympathy, were those for which she seemed to have been specially created and adapted, and there she was the sun shedding continual light and blessedness.

As a housekeeper she was remarkably industrious, orderly, thorough, and economical, and was practically acquainted with all the duties and details of housewifery.

Her government of her children was always mild. If she thought a case required severity she always referred it to me. She often said she "had no government," but she did exercise a most efficient control over her children by the power of love and gentleness—an influence which I have no doubt will continue as long as they live. Her example, her kindness, and warm sympathy, have left a sweet savor in their hearts, which will be more enduring and potent for good than the remembrance of punishments, however consciously merited, could possibly be. A remarkable degree of confidence and affectionate sympathy existed between her and her boys as long as she lived. I was often affected by manifestations of such feelings. Her gentle and quiet manner was remarked by visitors. My cousin, Rev. Luther H. Barbour, of Scotland, Conn., in a letter of sympathy dated October 21, 1863, in which he expressed exceeding regrets that he was unable to be present at her funeral, says: "We have often spoken of her influence in her family. We felt that she was doing a great work in the training of her sons, and she did it in such a calm and quiet way that it was particularly noticed by us." O, my boys can never know the full measure of their loss in the death of their precious mother. One prominent object of this imperfect work is to lessen that loss and perpetuate her influence over them by keeping vividly before their minds her life and character.

Her religious life and character were free from ostentation, or pharisaism, and none but those who knew her very intimately had any adequate conception of the depth and fervor, and remarkable uniformity of her piety. The tributes from her Christian sisters in Columbus allude to her prayers. I have often heard her pray, and can bear testimony with those dear sisters and others who do not speak through this book, to the remarkable fervor and earnestness of her supplications. As expressed by Mrs. Hubbart—"*she poured out her very soul*" when she prayed. She sometimes declined to lead in prayer when I asked her to do so, and, as I believe, because she did not feel at such times the strong inspirations of faith and longing desire which she thought the suppliant at the mercy seat should feel. She was not satisfied with any *form* of religious profession, or service, unless the whole heart went with it. I doubt not her prayers for the conversion of friends were answered in regard to several of them while she lived; I have comfortable evidence that they have been answered since her death in the conversion of Henry, Jimmy and Tommy, her children, who united with the church of their mother's faith and their own, on the first day of May, 1864; and I will hope, and try to believe, that they will yet be answered in the bringing in of all of her dearly beloved relatives who are still out of the fold of Christ. Surely they *must* be so answered! O, how she prayed and agonized for such a consummation! Little Willie (five years old,) is her only remaining child not now a professor of religion. He was very sick, and we thought he would die, a few weeks after his mother died, and he said he was willing to die, "and go to see his dear mamma;" but God saw fit to spare him for our comfort here, a little longer, and I hope he will continue, while he lives, to

offer, in humble sincerity, the little prayer which he now repeats every night, after his "Now I lay me," &c., which is this: "Jesus Christ forgive my sins which I have done to-day, to-night, and this morning. Jesus make me a good boy."

I can not consent to close this memorial of the chosen companion of my life, without a specific testimony to her unwavering fidelity and exceeding worth as a wife, although no attentive reader can have failed to see, in what precedes, abundant evidence that she was peculiarly fitted for and devoted to all the duties of this relation. But no one can know as well as I, the depth and intensity of her affection for her husband, and her careful, assiduous, and self-sacrificing efforts to promote my happiness during the continuance of our earthly union. Considerations of delicacy shall not restrain me from saying here —what I often accuse myself of neglecting to express to her while living, even as I then *felt* it—that in sickness and in health, in adversity and in prosperity, in sorrow and in joy, she was ever my true helpmeet, my comforter, and my supporter. I did not know how my heart and my very being were bound with hers, until the stroke came which cleft my double self asunder. I then found—to use the language of Dr. Patton in his letter of condolence, (and he wrote from a similar experience)—"that I had thought, planned, and felt as *two*, not one; that though the word "I" escaped the lips, or presented itself to thought, it really meant "we."

And now "I walk alone," adopting fully the sentiments of the beautiful verses which originally appeared in the *Independent*, and which my dear wife read in our daily paper, and spoke of with admiration, but a day or two before her death:

Alone I walk the peopled city,
Where each seems happy with his own;
Oh, friends, I ask not for your pity—
I walk alone.

* * * * * *

The gold is rifled from the coffer,
The blade is stolen from the sheath,
Life has but one more boon to offer,
And that is—Death.

Yet well I know the voice of Duty,
And therefore life and health must crave,
Though she who gave the earth its beauty
Is in her grave.

I live, Oh lost one! for the living
Who drew their earliest life from thee,
And wait until with glad thanksgiving,
I shall be free.

For life to me is as a station
Wherein, apart, a traveler stands—
One absent long from home and nation
In other lands—

And I as he who stands and listens
Amid the twilight's chill and gloom,
To hear, approaching in the distance,
The train for home.

For death shall bring another mating—
Beyond the shadows of the tomb:
On yonder shore a bride is waiting
Until I come.

In yonder field are infants playing,
And there—O vision of delight!
I see my wife and children straying
In robes of white.

Thou, then, the longing heart that breakest,
Stealing the treasures one by one,
I'll call thee blessed when thou makest
The parted—one.

MY MOTHER.

CHAPTER XVIII.—HER PARENTAGE AND EARLY LIFE.

Naomi Humphrey was a daughter of Solomon and Hannah Humphrey, who had thirteen children; four of whom died in infancy, and nine of whom lived to adult age, viz., Heman, (late President of Amherst College,) born 1779; Lucy, born 1781, (who married Jason Squires, and died 1809;) Luther, born 1783, (a clergyman, now residing in Windham, Portage county, Ohio;) Clarinda, born 1789, (wife of Harvey Webster, of Farmington, Conn.;) Candace, born 1792, (now of Canton, Conn;) Naomi, *born September* 28, 1794, (my mother;) Hannah, born 1796, (wife of Alson Barbour, of Canton;) Electa, born 1799, (wife of Sidney Hart, of Burlington, Conn;) and Harriet, born 1802, (now of Burlington.) Solomon Humphrey, (the father,) first married Lucy Case, who died 1776, by whom he had two sons, Horace, who died 1855, and Solomon, who died 1830. His second wife, Hannah, was a daughter of John and Hannah Brown, of Canton, of whom some account will be given in subsequent pages.

My grandfather, Solomon Humphrey, was one of the "poor of this world, but rich in faith, and an heir of the kingdom which God hath promised to them that love Him." He had the Humphrey look, manners and traits

of character, as described in the genealogical part of this book. I remember very clearly his pleasant and sedate countenance, and his easy dignity, urbanity and quietness of manners. He was a *natural gentleman.*

He resided in the south-east part of Canton, Conn., on the place now occupied by Levi Case, 2d, about thirteen miles north-west from Hartford and one mile north of the old "Hosford Tavern," until 1785; the house which he lived in, and in which his sons were born, stood on the south side of the road, nearly opposite the house now occupied by Mr. Case. He removed in 1785 to the farm now owned by Andrew Alderman, in what is now the town of Burlington, Conn., but was then a part of Bristol, which lies about seventeen miles in a westerly direction from Hartford, and about two miles in the same course from Barnes' Station, on the Collinsville branch of the Canal Railroad, and here he lived till 1813, when he removed to the place now owned by Orrin Weed, in the east part of Barkhamsted, Conn., where he died in 1834. The house in which my mother was born was removed many years since, and then stood on the north side of the road, opposite to the house of Mr. Alderman.

Naomi commenced attending school at a very early age, at the school-house which stood near the spot where one now stands, about half a mile west of Barnes' Station, and about a mile and a half from her home.

There was (and still is) a remarkably "clear and cool spring" on the south side of the road, on a hill side and in a shaded spot, about midway between her home and the school-house, where the children were accustomed in summer to stop for "rest and refreshment" as they went to and from school; and this fountain is now very interesting to their descendants, because the memory of

it was so retentively and fondly cherished by those loved ones who drank of its waters and reclined on its brink in the sunny days of their childhood. Rev. Luther Humphrey refers to it in his verses, which will be found on a subsequent page. Rev. Dr. Heman Humphrey repeatedly called for some of its water on his death-bed in intervals of mental aberration.

When the weather and roads would permit, the children walked to school, and when these were very bad, they were carried by their father,—if there were but three to carry he took one behind, and two before him on the "old white mare;" when the number was larger, and there was deep snow, he carried them on a sled drawn by oxen. He made all necessary provision for the constant attendance of his children at school from the time they could learn, (usually before the age of three years,) until they were old enough to work in the house, or on the farm—about eight years; and during the winter they were kept at school until about the age of sixteen years, at which age they went to hired service, except when needed at home, or in case of sickness. The sons left home when they were "of age," and, because he had no boys to help him, the girls were often employed in assisting their father in such farm work as they were capable of performing.

When Naomi was about six years old she lived a few weeks at her grandmother Brown's, in Canton, and attended the Center District school, then taught by Mr. John Foote. On one occasion, when "visitors" were present, Mr. Foote asked Naomi to read before the company, and she astonished them by reading very fluently and properly from the Bible. She appeared at a public exhibition which was had in the old meeting-house in Canton, while she lived with her grandmother, in the

winter of 1800–1, and recited a piece selected for the occasion. When she was nine or ten years old she attended, during one winter, a school kept by her brother Heman, in the "Pettibone district," in Burlington, about two miles north of her father's house. She was a very apt scholar—had a remarkable memory,—and carefully and diligently improved the means and opportunities of education which she enjoyed. I have before me a letter written by her brother Heman to his parents, dated "Yale College, March 5, 1806," in which he says, "I received a letter from Naomi by Mr. Pitkin, and another which I suppose was brought by Captain Humphrey. They are very prettily written and gave me great pleasure in the perusal." I also have a letter written by herself to her brother Luther when she was eleven years old. It shows that she was thoughtful on the subject of religion at that early age. The chirography, or hand writing, is very neat and legible. Every word and letter in it are as follows:

March 7, 1806.—Bristol.

Dear Brother,

I now sit down to write a few lines to you to inform you that I am well and all the family are well, and I hope you enjoy the same blessing. I would inform you that conferences are kept up Sabbath evenings, and other evenings in different places. Oh how many precious opportunities we have to go to meeting, but it will not be so always; we shall soon be gone out of this world, and if we improve this precious opportunity it will insure a blessed reward for us through eternity, but if we do not improve it, we shall have that to answer for. Why can't we attend to things of so much importance when we have so much advantages; we have as much advantages as anybody in the world. There is more attention in this place than there has been; some have been under conviction several months; some have not obtained hopes yet. Eliza Humphrey and Lydia Humphrey have not obtained hopes; they have been under

conviction several months. You wished some of us to write to you about Quarter day and Singing lecture; the Quarter day will be Thursday the 13th day, and Singing lecture will be the Monday after, the 17th day; perhaps you would rather go to Singing lecture if you do not go to but one. I wish you would write to me, or any of the rest, every opportunity. The family are all well, they all send their love. I have no more news to write. So I close by subscribing myself

Your affectionate sister,

NAOMI HUMPHREY.

I am informed by old people that it was a custom in those days to have exhibitions at the close of common school terms; sometimes several schools united for that purpose; and such occasions were called "Quarter days." Concerts at the close of a course of singing lessons were called "Singing lectures."

In 1810 she was employed several months in the family of Norman Prindle, who lived in a south-east direction from the meeting-house in Harwinton, Conn. While there she wrote letters, three of which have been found, and are as follows, (with slight omissions.)

HARWINTON, *September* 8, 1810.

Dear Parents,

Mr. Foot is here now and I will write a few lines. I would inform you that I am in good health at present. Clarinda is well I believe; she was here Wednesday night and staid all night. Hannah wrote that you wanted to have me come home in about three weeks, but we expected to have you write more particularly, *when*. I wish you would write a line and send to the mill the fore part of the week. I am in a great hurry and can not write much more at present. We have had a great deal to do, I think. We got a dinner for the train-band Monday, and that was a considerable of trouble. I am in such a hurry that I can not write any more. You will understand this and write a line when you want me. I must close.

Your affectionate daughter,

NAOMI HUMPHREY.

P. S.—My love to all the family.

To her Sister Clarinda.—Harwinton, *October* 26, 1810.

Dear Sister,

I received your letter last night about ten o'clock. I can not write very much. You asked me if I had got a shawl. I have not. I have a pair of shoes. I have not been to Dr. Clarke's. I have not been any where since I have been here, except to Rachel Frisbie's wedding. I mean to go home before brother Luther returns to Fairfield, and stay one Sunday if I can. I can not write much more, but I can tell you a good deal when I go home. If I do not make out to go home, I will write again and write a good deal. I have enjoyed very good health since I came here, and I do not think that I have to work so hard as I did before I went home. Evening comes sooner, and when I have done the chores I can go to sewing or knitting. Give my love to all inquiring friends. Mrs. Prindle sends her respects to you and mamma. I can write no more.

Your affectionate sister,

Naomi Humphrey.

Harwinton, *November* 29, 1810.

Dear Sisters,

An opportunity to convey a letter having presented itself, I would improve it, though I have nothing very particular to write. I would inform you that I am enjoying very good health at present; last night I was rather tired, but I have got over it. We have been making apple sauce this week, but we have got through with it. Mrs. Buck is coming here to-day, and we expect she will stay here a fortnight. I think a great deal about Thanksgiving,—I almost want to go home at that time. * * * I think it is probable that Mr. Prindle's folks will not go away to Thanksgiving, so that I shall not be alone. I think it is likely that Colonel Pettibone's people will be here Thursday night, if not, Friday. I should be very glad to have you come here Friday, if you could make it convenient. I have no news to write worth conveying, so I close.

Your affectionate sister,

Naomi Humphrey.

P. S.—Give my love to all the family and to all inquiring friends.

Clarinda and Candace Humphrey.

In the summer of 1812 Naomi taught a school in the

south-east district in Burlington, near the house of Joshua Moses, but was obliged to abandon that employment before the end of the regular term, in consequence of ill health.

As before stated, her father removed from Burlington to Barkhamsted in 1813. This change was, I think, an unwise and unfortunate one, and was very unsatisfactory to the female portion of the family. The new home was situated in a wild, rocky, mountainous, and sterile district, called "Ratlam." I was accustomed in my younger days to go there on "Thanksgiving" and "Election" anniversaries with my brother Henry S. and sister Clarinda, and my cousins, to visit our good grandfather and aunts Electa and Harriet, and such visits were very pleasant; sometimes I went alone and worked for grandfather a few days, but at such times was always very homesick. My aunt Hannah tells me now, that Naomi said to her sisters, when they reached the place on the 1st day of April, 1813, "let us try to think that we are dreaming, and that bye and bye we shall wake up and find that we have not moved." I am informed that my mother did not stay there for long periods, but was employed at frequent intervals in spinning and weaving, and in "doing housework" in other families, after the removal and until she was married.

In the winter of 1813–14 she attended a select school in Canton, taught by Dr. James O. Pond, now of New York City, in a building which stood on the opposite side of the road from the present residence of William H. Hallock, Esq. My sisters tell me that mother has often told them that she attended this school but two weeks, and during that time began the study of arithmetic, and, one day before she left began the study of grammar, and was then obliged to leave school on the account of sickness; and that thus

her school life ended. I remember to have heard her say that she studied grammar but one day, and arithmetic but two weeks, under a teacher's instruction. She was, notwithstanding, "quick in figures," and, although she could not tell the "parts of speech," her letters show remarkable grammatical accuracy in the construction of sentences; very few grammatical errors can be found in them—not more than usually occur in hasty and familiar letters of well instructed grammarians.

While she attended Dr. Pond's school she boarded in the family of Mr. Elam Case, under an agreement to spin one week for each week's board, which agreement she fulfilled, as appears by the following letter to her sister Clarinda.

BARKHAMSTED, *April* 17, 1814.

My dear Sister,

I have but a few leisure moments this morning; these I would improve in writing to an absent, though unforgotten sister. * * * I do not find time to write, except evenings, and then I am frequently so tired that I can not. I have been at home almost three weeks since I have done paying for my board and schooling. Hannah came home when I did, but she has gone away again. We have spun upward of seventy runs here in three weeks. I suppose that we have got toward thirty runs to spin now; we should soon finish it, but we want to go to weaving. I got a piece in yesterday. I have engaged to go away the week after election, and that makes me very much in a hurry to get along with our work. * * * You have undoubtedly heard of the very striking death of Mr. Orange Case, [in Canton.] He was killed instantly by the fall of a tree. I never before witnessed such a scene, I was there before he was laid out. He has left a very disconsolate widow. My time to write is so short, that I must draw toward a close. You must remember that this was written in a great hurry.

Adieu,

NAOMI HUMPHREY.

The following letter to her sister Clarinda evinces

generosity, kindness, and sisterly affection, and discloses something of the humble and indigent condition and frugal manner of living of her father's family.

BARKHAMSTED, *December* 10, 1814.

Dear Sister,

Agreeably to your request and my own inclination I now resume my pen for the purpose of writing. I have no news in particular to communicate, so that I shall write but little. I would let you know that mother got her great coat out and there is enough left to make me one. I wish that you could have yours fixed so as to be decent. When I get mine done I should be willing to swap with you awhile, as it is not likely that I shall go abroad much this winter. I hope that you will soon get your bonnet fixed, for I think that is quite necessary. I am very sorry that you did not take as much as a dollar of money when you went from home. Do not trouble yourself about the family here at home, but try to get yourself some things if you can. Father got home from Burlington last night. * * * Candace has not got home yet, and I don't think it is much likely that I shall go to B. We have heard nothing from Hannah since you went from home. I have this day finished Electa's great coat; it sets quite slick. I want to know how yours does. I believe any body would suppose by the looks of that, that I was a curious tailoress, but you must excuse the matter for me. * * * I have begun a letter to brother H., and I suppose that you will fill it up and send it to the post-office. Mother says that it is not best to pay the postage. I presume Heman would not desire it. Our family are all well as usual. Mother has had two or three of her distressing turns since she came home. The family all send their love and hope you will be prudent of your health. I wish that you would write as often as you can make it convenient. * * * I believe that I have written all that is necessary, so I shall close by subscribing myself

Your affectionate sister.

NAOMI HUMPHREY.

CHAPTER XIX.—HER CONVERSION.

THE following account of my mother's conversion is a literal and exact copy of her own manuscript, now in the possession of her children, which she seems to have preserved from the time it bears date until the day of her death, without showing it to any person, (so far as I have learned,) except to my dear wife. My sisters accidentally found it during my mother's severe sickness in 1858, but no allusion was ever made to it in her presence. I think it was during the winter of 1849-50, that Frances read it—as she told me after mother's death. It purports to have been written to her "brother and sisters,"—probably her brother Luther and wife, and her sister Harriet who then lived with her brother Luther, in Ohio. The manuscript we have may be a copy of one sent to the persons addressed, but, as my uncle Luther has not sent me such a letter, I conclude that it is the original, and was never forwarded.

BARKHAMSTED, *February*, 1817.

My dear Brother and Sisters,

I design upon this paper to give you a summary account of the dealings of God with my soul. He has, as I humbly hope, "taken my feet out of the horrible pit and miry clay, and established my goings, and put a new song into my mouth, even praise to our God." From a child I have been from time to time the subject of serious religious impressions;—some times, for a number of weeks, very thoughtful, and, indeed, at times quite distressed. I have been, at such seasons, made sensible that it was a very important duty to pray in secret; this I have attempted, and for a considerable time felt great distress of mind if I neglected it; this was to me a task rather than a pleasure, yet to quiet conscience I selfishly performed what I was sensible was a duty. These feelings would at length wear off, and, I become as thoughtless as ever. But God,

who is rich in mercy, would not suffer me long to remain in this situation, but by some alarming Providence or in some other way would again call up my attention and remind me that I had an immortal part which must exist forever. I have been led of late to reflect upon the goodness and forbearance of God, in thus waiting upon me after such repeated provocations, and granting me a space for repentance. It is indeed a wonder that I am not now lifting up my eyes in torment, beyond the reach of hope. I have thought much of the sickness that I had, a year ago the summer past, and of the dreadful condition which I must have been in, throughout a never ending eternity, had it pleased God to remove me out of the world in the situation I then was. I had been for some time previous to that, very thoughtful, but at that time, when distressed with bodily pain, I had no uncommon anxiety respecting the consequences if I should not recover. How justly might the Lord in His wrath have said, "cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground." But mercy said, "spare her a little longer." I have reason to tremble when I think how much I have abused this mercy, and that I make no better improvement of the innumerable blessings with which I am favored. "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me?" I think I may say, that for three years past I have been more than half of the time under some serious impressions. About the beginning of last March, I believe, the awakening first made its appearance in Canton. I was at that time living in the place, and I began to be more thoughtful than usual. I first began to feel the hardness of my heart; it appeared to me that I was the most stupid creature that ever lived, and that while others were called into the kingdom of grace, I should be left to perish in my sins. These impressions continued and increased, I believe, for about a month. I was at times in great distress, but I do not think that during this time I had any real convictions for sin, but chiefly feared that I should be left to perish as I then was. About the 1st of April I came home and staid until the last day of the month, and then returned to Canton again. During the time which I spent at home, I heard but little conversation upon religion, and attended meetings but little, and my serious impressions were almost worn off. I felt but little anxiety about my soul. Adored be that rich, free, and sovereign mercy of God that would not suffer me to return to total stupidity, but again aroused me from the lethargy into which

I was fast sinking. The first evening after I returned to Canton, which was Tuesday, I attended a meeting where there were none but youth. It was a very solemn meeting—the most so to me of any that I had ever attended. It appeared as if Eternity was near, and I felt as if I must perish. My sins then gave me great distress. I do not recollect that any particular sin distressed me, but it was the general course of my life, which I saw had been one continued series of sin and rebellion against God. I returned to Mr. Elijah Barber's, where I then lived. I thought that before I went to bed I would take the Bible and read. The place which I at first cast my eye upon was the 33rd chapter of Ezekiel. This plainly condemned me, for I was sensible that I had been warned of my danger time after time, and that, if I perished, my blood would justly be upon my own head. This increased my distress, to find myself condemned, and that I had no excuse to make, nor any where to cast the blame, but that I must bear it myself. My distress continued and increased daily throughout the whole week. I do not recollect feeling but very little sensible opposition to God or his government, until Friday evening. I had that afternoon attended a lecture. Every thing that was said in the sermon I felt condemned me. After returning from meeting, I seated myself in a room alone and began to reflect upon my condition. I then felt my heart rise sensibly against God. I saw that I was in His hands, and that I must inevitably perish, unless He was pleased to save me. I then began to reflect that I came into the world totally depraved, for which I thought *I* could not be to blame, and thus, in my heart, I threw the blame on God for creating me unholy and then condemning me for what I could not help. These feelings did not continue very long, for I soon saw that I had committed actual, willful sin enough to condemn me forever, and my distress became greater than before, for I then saw that my heart was totally opposed to God and to His government. My distress of mind on Saturday was very great. I spent considerable time in reading the Bible and in mocking God with selfish prayers, but found no relief to my troubled soul. On Sabbath morning I arose, felt much as I did the day before, took a book entitled Wilson's meditations—was reading a place where it treated of the sufferings of Christ for sinners. All at once it appeared as if I had a view of our Savior extended on the cross, suffering the weight of His Father's wrath for sin, not His own, but for

my sins and the sins of the whole world. I felt as though my sins caused Him to sweat great drops of blood in the garden of Gethsemane. I was then led to wonder that Christians, who had ever tasted of the love of Jesus, were not always praising Him and speaking of His love to others. I wondered that I could not praise Him, for it appeared to me that He was worthy to be praised by all intelligent creatures. My feelings continued much the same till afternoon, when I began to fear that my distress was leaving me, and that I should be left to return to stupidity. At night I attended a conference. After meeting there was a number of youths staid to converse upon religion. Before we left the school-house I felt, more than I can ever recollect before, a desire to get by myself and pray. I felt as if I could pray for others more than ever before, for I do not recollect that I had, previous to this, felt much for others—my distress had been for myself. I then felt as if had no desire to come in any other name than that of Jesus Christ. I think that I desired to be stripped of every self-righteous feeling, for it appeared to me that all which I had formerly thought good works was viler than the most filthy rags. Monday morning I was asked what my feelings then were. I replied that I feared that I was becoming stupid. I was told that it would be a dreadful thing to grieve the Holy Spirit away as I had done before. I felt as if that would be dreadful, but yet I could not bring on my former distress. A little before noon, after I had been conversing with a friend, I felt as if I was willing to be in the hands of God, and felt as if I could praise Him. I felt, for a short time, unspeakable happiness. I then began to think that possibly my heart was changed, but I durst not mention my feelings for fear that all was a delusion. In the afternoon Mr. Hallock came to me, and requested me to give a relation of my feelings after I was awakened until that time. This I did. He tarried a few moments and then went away. When he went out doors, Mr. Barber went with him, and I heard him ask Mr. Hallock if he had not a hope for her. "O yes," he replied. No tongue can express my feelings at this time; my comfort was gone and I was surrounded with darkness. I thought by my conversation Mr. Hallock thought that I had a hope, and I could see no reason for any such thing. My distress of mind was, I think, as great that afternoon as it had been at any time. I was afraid that I had not only been deceiving myself, but that I had also deceived others; my distress was not the same

as it had been the week before, for I now saw that I was such a sinner that I deserved to bear the weight of God's wrath forever; that God would be eternally glorified in my condemnation, and that I, myself, must pronounce an "Amen" to so just a sentence. My feelings continued much the same until the next morning, when my mind was again calm, and I thought that I could rejoice in God, and if not deceived, I think I then enjoyed what the world can neither give nor take away. I have since seen many dark hours; still have many doubts and fears respecting myself; am many times almost ready to give up my hope and think that all I have experienced is but the work of imagination, yet I think I am willing to be disposed of as shall be most for the glory of God. I think I can rejoice that I am in the hands of such a being, and that He will dispose of all things to His own glory. After much deliberation, and praying for divine assistance and direction, I offered myself to the church in this place, and was admitted as a member in November. I think that I have not seen so many dark hours since as I did before, but, notwithstanding, I may be deceived.

O thou Searcher of hearts, I beseech thee discover to me my situation, and if I have been deceiving myself and others, wilt thou undeceive me; show me my situation; make me a sincere penitent, and prepare me for thy kingdom, for the Redeemer's sake.

NAOMI HUMPHREY.

My dear mother evidently was a Christian on that Sabbath morning when she had a view of the suffering Savior and felt that He suffered for her, and "wondered that she could not praise Him." Her rebellious spirit was subdued; she acknowledged the justice and righteousness of God; the *burden* of her sins was removed; why then did she not rejoice with joy unspeakable, and go on her way continually rejoicing? Because of her want of faith; she had faith in Jesus, but it was not a *full, personal* faith. She did not accept implicitly, and appropriate to her own case, that "faithful saying—that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners," even the "chief." She did not realize too much her own unworthiness and sinfulness, but she failed to realize, in

their full extent, the boundless love and perfect righteousness of her Redeemer, and that "He is able to save to the uttermost all those that believe" on Him.

Her faith gradually increased, and her path grew brighter and brighter, from day to day and from year to year, and in her last years "dark hours" and "doubts" were, I believe, wholly unknown in her experience.

It is to me a fact of exceeding interest that my dear mother and wife made a public profession of their faith in Christ in the same meeting-house, and united with the same church—my mother in 1816 and my wife in 1840. That church and that spot will henceforth be very dear to me.

My mother taught the school in the "Ratlam" district in the summer of 1816, and her sisters remember that on the first day of school one little girl was very much delighted with the prayer of her new teacher; the little girl told her mother when she came home, "'t was such a pretty prayer."

CHAPTER XX.—HER MARRIAGE—HER CHILDREN.

THE period of my mother's life from her marriage to the birth of her last child will be embraced in this chapter.

My parents, Henry Barbour and Naomi Humphrey, were married at her father's house in Barkhamsted on the 2d day of April, 1817, by William Taylor, Esq. Their "wedding tour" was made on the same day of their marriage, and extended easterly from the place of marriage about three miles, to North Canton; thence south-

erly about the same distance, to the house where my father was born, and where his mother and younger brothers and sisters resided, in the center school-district of Canton, being the house now belonging to the estate of Treat Lambert, deceased; in the south room of which they immediately commenced housekeeping. They brought with them my mother's "setting out," which consisted of one bed, one low chest, and one large spinning wheel. The latter article was used by my mother the following day in spinning tow, which she first carded preparatory to spinning. I must explain these operations for the benefit of my young readers, for such work is now rarely performed, even in farmers' houses. In those days almost every farmer in Connecticut raised flax. The seed was sown in the spring; the boys pulled up the stalks by the roots in August, and spread them so that the bolls or pods which contained the seed might be dried; the seed was then thrashed out upon the barn floor, and the flax was again spread very thinly upon the ground, to remain several weeks, until, by the action of the rain and sun, the woody substance had become so decayed, or "rotted," as to be easily broken and removed from the fibre. The "breaking" and "hatcheling" processes, by which the fibre was separated from the woody substance, were performed by men, usually in winter, and then the fibrous portion was twisted into little bundles and handed over to the females to be wrought into linen thread and cloth. The flax was spun on a little wheel, which the spinner turned by the foot as she sat before it, just as the wheel of a sewing machine is turned; the thread, as it was drawn out from the bundle of flax by the fingers, being twisted and wound upon a spool by the turning of the wheel.

I come now to the explanation of the work which my

mother engaged in on the day after her marriage—carding and spinning tow. In "breaking" the stalks of flax in order to obtain the fibre for spinning, some of the most tender fibres were broken also, and by the use of the hatchel these broken fibres were separated from those which were unbroken, and when so separated were called tow. In order to clear the tow from woody particles which adhered to it, it was carded between two hand cards like a horse card, and was then folded into small "rolls" for spinning. I have a vivid remembrance of my dear mother's appearance as she was employed in carding in the days of my childhood: with a handkerchief tied over her hair to protect it from the flying dust, a basket of tow by her side, and a pile of rolls in a chair before her, surrounded by half a dozen children, more or less—doing what seemed to be her duty patiently and cheerfully.

The tow was spun upon a "large wheel"—the same that was used in spinning wool. The roll, being attached to a spindle which revolved with the wheel, was held by the spinner in one hand, and the thread was attenuated or drawn out by her walking backward about six feet, while she turned the wheel with the other hand to twist the thread, which, being properly twisted to give it te nacity, was by a slow turning of the wheel wound upon the spindle, the spinner advancing as it was wound; and then the thread was further drawn out and twisted and wound as before, and so the spinner passed back and forth and spun her two or three "runs" per day. When the spindle was full the thread was wound off upon a "reel."

After the spinning came the "warping" and "getting in," and then the weaving with the hand loom, by which last process the threads running in one direction were

interwoven with others running across them, and thus cloth was formed. In this operation the hands and feet of the weaver were kept very busy—the latter with the treadles and the former with the shuttle and "lathe." Next came the bleaching of linen cloth for sheets, pillow cases, table-spreads, and under garments. And then came the making of these, and also the making of tow cloth into "trowsers" for "father" and the boys.

After the sheep were "sheared," (in June,) the wool must be prepared for the carding machine, and when returned in rolls must be spun as the tow was spun, and wove into cloth, or "dyed" and knit into mittens and stockings.

I suppose farmers' wives sometimes think they have hard lots in these days, but surely they are relieved of a great deal of drudgery which their mothers performed. In the olden times there were frequent "moppings" and "scrubbings" of floors, which carpets render unnecessary now; instead of the deep, wide fireplaces and the long brick ovens of those days, everybody now has a cooking stove, which greatly facilitates culinary operations: the churns and cheese presses of modern times are great improvements on the old styles; the washing machines and clothes-wringers now in common use are labor-saving inventions then unknown. On the other hand, I am aware that the luxurious and extravagant habits of the present day impose much labor upon housekeepers which the simple and frugal habits of our ancestors did not require; and I know, too, that the former generation had greater strength and power of endurance than the present. Our good mothers generally had strength according to their day, hard as were their lots.

In the fall of 1817 my parents moved into the house in which Loin H. Humphrey now lives, about one-half

mile north-west from their first residence. There my parents lived until April, 1820, when that place was exchanged for a larger farm, situated one mile north from the former, one mile and a half north from the center school-house, two miles and a half north from the Congregational meeting-house in what is now called Canton Center, and eighteen miles north-west from Hartford, and there my mother lived from that time until she went to her *rest.*

The house was then of one story—since made two stories high—the rooms upon the first floor were arranged according to the plan commonly observed in the construction of farmers' houses—two square rooms and an entry or small hall between them, on the front side, and a bed-room, oblong kitchen, and "buttery," or pantry, (afterward converted into a bed-room,) on the back side. An L part has been added on, comprising a buttery, cheese-room, store-room, back kitchen or sink-room, and wood shed. The house faces the west; from its south chamber windows can be seen the meeting-house and the pleasant valley of Cherry's Brook in which the meeting-house is situated. There was then, (1820,) and for twenty years afterward, no house within the distance of half a mile from our house, and on the road to school and to meeting the distance to the first house was three-quarters of a mile, with a considerable wood intervening. The farm originally contained considerably over one hundred acres, and was divided about equally by the road running north and south on which the house stands—all west of the road has since been sold in two parcels and a house built upon each.

The farm is on the southern slope of a hill—is generally hilly and rough, and of about middling fertility. Close calculation, frugality, and hard work were required to

obtain "a living" for a large family from the farm, but all those things are conducive to good physical health and constitutions. My father and mother worked hard, and I am not sorry that their children were obliged to do likewise.

In a letter of my mother, written in 1843, she gives this account of my father's pecuniary condition, which I will insert here, as connected with and illustrative of my mother's history:

"Mr. Barbour's father died just before we were married, leaving a property of some six or eight thousand dollars to his numerous children. My husband had what was called $1,000, but as the land was prized very high, he had but a very few acres of land, with some buildings. He then ventured to run in debt for more land, which brought with it the payment of interest which eats like a canker. We have always labored hard, but the expense of rearing and schooling a large family, together with the payment of interest, has kept us still in debt. We now have in possession a farm of over one hundred acres, with buildings, (which, were we free from debt, I *think* I should consider riches enough,) perhaps half of which we are paying annual interest for."

My mother's life during the period embraced in this chapter was a round of domestic toil and care, of which the reader can form some idea from what precedes, with occasional episodes in the birth of children. Her own letters, written during this period, will show some of her experiences and feelings. I regret that I have been unable to find any of her letters written between 1825 and 1841.

Her children were born as follows:

Clarinda, April 17, 1818.
Heman Humphrey, July 19, 1820.
Henry Stiles, August 2, 1822.
Lucy, May 7, 1824.
Pluma, September 17, 1826.

Juliaette, November 14, 1828.
Sylvester, January 20, 1831.
Naomi Eliza, February 3, 1833.
Edward Payson, September 23, 1834.

To Luther and Harriet, in Ohio.

Canton, *September* 19, 1819.

Dear brother and sister,

* * * I would in the first place let you know that through the divine goodness I and my family are all well. We have a lovely little girl a year and five months old—we call her name Clarinda; she is a playful little thing and has already stolen our affections. We, like other parents, think she is the best we ever saw, but oh! what she was born for we know not; perhaps to endure the torments of hell forever; dreadful thought! O, may we be enabled to bring her up for God; may we realize that we are placed in a very responsible situation, and may we so discharge every duty as to be enabled to say, "Lord, here are we and the child thou hast given us." About three years ago there was an awakening commenced in this place, which I think continued about a year; within that time somewhere about ninety made a public profession of their faith in Christ. But alas! how is the scene changed; instead of attending religious meetings, the attention of our youth appears to be almost wholly upon the vanities of the world, and professors of religion in general appear to be cold and stupid—backward about conversing upon the great things of the kingdom of God. This is said to be lamentably the case in almost all the towns and churches around us. O that the Lord would arise and have mercy upon Zion. We are favored with intelligence from abroad of the great things which God is doing among the poor heathen, and great exertions are making for civilizing and christianizing the Indians in our own country; of these things you have perhaps much greater knowledge than we have. But does not this look like the dawning of that day when the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters do the seas? when Christ shall reign from sea to sea, and from the rivers unto the ends of the earth? Notwithstanding the stupidity which prevails here, the weekly prayer-meeting is kept up in this neighborhood, and the monthly concert for prayer in another part of the town. Sabbath-

schools have also been set up in this and a number of the neighboring towns. A great proportion of the children under fifteen years of age attend, and some who are older. We can not but hope that these schools will yet be attended with great blessings. I think if our little Clarinda should live, it would be a great satisfaction to me to see her attentively treasuring up the Scriptures. * * * Mother went from here two days ago; she was then in usual health, and so were the family at home when she came away. Father had his knee hurt very badly by the cattle running when he was plowing, but he is now much better. We contemplate a visit to Pittsfield next week, and expect father and mother and brother Alson Barber's people will accompany us. It is some time since we have heard from Brother H.; you have probably heard as late as we. Mother brought down the letter which was written by you in Kinsman, and which they had just received. It was painful to hear of your long and distressing sickness, yet we rejoiced to hear that you was some better. It is indeed trying to be laid upon a bed of languishing and distress, but trials are necessary to wean us from the world, and they are no doubt sent in great mercy. Our Heavenly Father knows what is best for His people, and He will lay no more upon them than He will enable them to bear. Sister Candace has again been visited with sickness, but she is now recovered. She has enjoyed much better health than usual for a year previous to her sickness. She is now at Brother A. B's. Sister Electa lives at home the greater part of the time, she attends the Sabbath-school at Barkhamsted.

Our parents have had a pretty good crop of wool, and have got some cloth ready to send to you, which they would be glad to send immediately. Uncle Merrill, I suppose, is calculating to set out for New Connecticut this week, and they will send a part or the whole of it by him, if he can carry it; it is cloth for brother a coat, and sister Harriet a gown. Mother mentioned that she had got some stockings knit, which she would wish to send, but they are not here. She says she should be glad to send more cloth, but it will not be convenient to part with any more this year. * * * In haste I subscribe myself,

Your affectionate sister,

NAOMI.

To her Sister Harriet, in Ohio.—Canton, *October* 8, 1820.

Ever dear Sister,

I with pleasure embrace the present opportunity to write a few lines to you by Uncle O. Brown. I should have written to you by brother Luther, but my health was poor, and I did not feel much like writing or any thing else. My health is not now very good, but it is much better than it has been the summer past; the rest of my family are in good health at present. We have a fine little son, born the 19th of July; he is a pretty healthy child, though rather tensome; we call his name Heman Humphrey. You would, I doubt not, be much pleased to see sister Hannah's children and mine, but not more pleased than we should be to see you. I often think of you, and long to see you, but it is doubtful whether we ever meet again in this world,—but whether we do or not is of but little consequence, compared with a preparation to meet in a better world, where separation is unknown. My dear sister, I would ask you whether you think you have made your peace with God? have you an interest in Christ? if you have not, I entreat you to give yourself no rest until you have found Christ. Do not content yourself by resolving that at some future time you will attend to it. You are not assured of any future time, death may be very near, perhaps before another rising sun you may be in the eternal world, and then you will have no more offers of mercy,—then you may cry for mercy, but it will be of no avail. Not one gleam of hope will ever appear, but you must forever sink down into the regions of eternal woe and despair. Should your life be spared you can never have a more convenient season to attend to the concerns of your soul; if you should be settled in the world, I can assure you from experience that would be no better time. I find that the cares of my family take so much of my time, that I can not have half as much time for reading, meditation and retirement as formerly, and perhaps these cares will be continually increasing as long as I live. There is considerable attention to religion in Barkhamsted, but sister Electa will probably write and give you more particulars than I can; sister Candace is now living with me; her health is as good as it ever was. Sister Hannah and her family are in usual health. I was at brother Webster's lately; they were well. I have not much time to write, and you must accept of this as from a sister

who wishes your best good both in this world and that which is to come.

NAOMI.

TO HER SISTER CLARINDA AND HUSBAND.—*May* 19, 1821.

Dear Brother and Sister,

I shall devote a few moments, this evening, to writing to you. I would, in the first place, let you know, that through the Divine blessing, our family here are enjoying good health. I think that I have not enjoyed better health for a number of years than I have the winter past, but I have different things to write respecting father's family. Father has been quite unwell the greater part of the winter. * * * For a number of weeks past he has been failing gradually, until now he is under the Dr.'s care, and we very much fear that, unless he should have help soon, he will not live but a short time. I don't know what the Dr. calls his disorder. * * * What will be the event we know not, but we greatly fear. Mother's health is much as it was last summer and fall. * * * They have also other discouragements. One of their oxen has had a swelling upon his neck so that he could not work any for some time past, and I believe is no better; they have had no plowing done yet except their garden. Henry and brother Alson have agreed to go out there next Wednesday to assist about plowing and sowing some oats for them. I feel as if the time is short that we shall have to visit them, and I think if we can add any thing to their happiness, we shall never repent doing it. * * * We have heard joyful news from Farmington, as well as other places, of late, respecting the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. I saw Miss Anna Porter about three weeks ago, and she told me that she believed brother Webster was hoping, and that you, my sister, appeared to be very anxious for the salvation of your soul. Ever since I heard of the awakening there, I have felt very anxious to hear from you. I fondly hoped that I should hear that you were rejoicing in Christ, and I still hope that I shall soon hear the joyful news. Miss Porter told me that you thought it a very hard thing to submit. But my dear sister, why so? how can you refuse submission to so good a being as God is? He will certainly do you no injustice. Has He not been always doing you good? He has continued to you your life until this time, and granted you the unspeakable blessing of witnessing so great a

revival in the town where you live, and can you refuse to give Him your heart? But I hope that you now are sweetly submissive at the feet of Jesus; if not, I entreat you delay no longer; the avenger of blood is at your heels, and will soon overtake you unless you enter the city of refuge. You have probably heard that there is some attention to religion in Canton; there has been for some weeks, though I suppose the work is not so powerful as in some places; a number are recently hoping, and some are now anxious. We ask your prayers, that the awakening may increase, and that every soul may be a happy sharer in it. Brother Alson and sister Hannah have been hopefully brought to submission after a season of conviction. O that they may not be deceived upon a subject of such importance. * * * I trust that you will come up here as soon as you can, for I really fear that we shall not long have a father in the land of the living. This from

Your affectionate sister,

NAOMI.

P. S.—Give my love to your mother and Aunt Lydia, and tell them I hope they will not forget to pray for poor Canton.

TO HER SISTER CLARINDA.—CANTON, *March*, 26, 1824.

Dear Sister,

* * * Our family have enjoyed tolerable health since you were here, until last week Wednesday. Mr. Barber was taken with the bilious cholic, and then a fever set in, and on Friday morning we supposed him to be dying, but a merciful God has been pleased to restore his reason to him, and he is now in a fair way to recover. I feel that we are under renewed obligations to live more devoted to the service of God; His mercies towards us are indeed very great. * * * In haste I subscribe myself,

Your affectionate sister,

NAOMI BARBER.

[In regard to the orthography of the name of my father, it is proper to explain, that our family adopted that which I use, some twenty or thirty years ago, although his father had been accustomed to write the name "Barber." In our probate records of the seventeenth and eighteenth century, the name is found

written variously—"Barbur," "Barber," "Barbar," and "Barbour,"—the latter orthography occurs as often as any other, I think.]

The death of my mother's mother, referred to in the following letter, occurred April 20, 1825. I remember her last visit at our house, and the red cloak with a hood attached which she wore, but can remember nothing of her manners, disposition, or character. I have been informed that she was a pious woman, and an affectionate and faithful wife and mother, possessing by nature good mental capacity.

To her Brother Luther and Wife.—Canton, *October*, 1825.

Dear Brother and Sister,

* * * It is indeed a solemn thought that our dear mother is no more. It is at the same time very consoling to us that we may hope, with so much reason, that she is now in Heaven where there is no more sickness, nor sorrow, and where all tears are wiped from her eyes. She was called, in the course of Providence, to endure a greater share of sickness and bodily distress, than usually falls to the lot of most persons of her age. Very many times she had been brought, to human view, to the borders of the grave. These things, together with the care of a large family, broke down both her constitution and her reason. The severe sickness which she had a little more than a year ago, did much toward impairing her before broken constitution. She came here after that sickness; the last time was but two or three weeks before her last sickness. She was then so weak that she could hardly rise out of a chair, and when she walked she tottered like a little child. She had no desire for conversation; never spoke unless we spoke to her, and sometimes, if we asked her a question, she would be so lost that she could not answer correctly. When she left here I thought she would never come any more, and that it was very doubtful whether I should ever see her again; she was so feeble it appeared likely that she might drop away very suddenly. But this was not the case. She was sick five or six weeks, and a great part of that time appeared to be in a dying state. We visited her as soon as we could after we heard of her sickness, which was pretty quick.

Sister Hannah went with me. Mother then had her reason better than I had seen her for a long time; said she did not think she should recover, and wanted to converse as much as her strength would allow. She appeared more as she used to then, than she had for years. She gave us good advice respecting our own conduct and the bringing up of our children. O that the advice she then gave, and had before so often given, might not be forgotten! She expressed many fears about her own salvation, because she had not lived as she ought, but yet she could not give up her hope in the Savior. If I could see you, I could tell you much more than I can write in one letter. Father appears to be much supported under this trial. * * * Father and Harriet, brother Alson and Hannah, my husband and myself, went last week to Amherst to visit brother Heman. He and his family are in usual health. I think he has a pretty situation there, though I can not say that I like the place as well as Pittsfield. The college is said to be in a flourishing state. * * * My health has not been as good as usual this summer. You will doubtless remember that it was poor when you were here. As the cool weather came on I got better and enjoyed tolerable good health through the winter, but when the spring came on my strength began to fail, and pain in my limbs, with considerable pain in my side, have attended me through the summer. It is, doubtless, a liver complaint. I have many fears that if the cold weather does not improve my health, I shall nevermore be well. I am in hopes that the journey to Amherst will be for my health, when I get over the fatigue. I stood it as well as I expected. Weakness and ill-health are indeed trials, but in my case I feel that they are needful. We know not how to prize our blessings while we are in the constant enjoyment of them. Mrs. Hallock has been sick ever since last winter with the dropsy. * * * Mr. Hallock is as well as usual, and preaches about as he has ever since I knew him. It is a very stupid time in all this region as to religion,—the wise and the foolish are slumbering together. O, how long will it be? If professors of religion are asleep, surely others will see no danger. Unless awakened by Divine power, they will slumber until aroused by the last trumpet. We heard that there were revivals in some of the towns in Massachusetts, not far from Amherst. * * *

Your affectionate sister,

NAOMI BARBER.

That eminently godly man, Rev. Jeremiah Hallock, for over forty years pastor of the Congregational Church in Canton, to which my mother transferred her connection when she married, whose memoirs have been published and extensively read, died June 23, 1826. He was succeeded in the pastoral office by Rev. Jarius Burt.

CHAPTER XXI.—FROM 1834 TO 1850.

This chapter embraces the period of sixteen years of my mother's life next succeeding the birth of her last child. At the beginning of it she had nine children, the eldest sixteen years of age and the youngest an infant—all living at home, and several of them beginning to help a little in the house, and on the farm. I am very sorry we have none of her letters written about that time to show how she felt under her burdens of labor and responsibility. At no period of her life were her responsibilities greater than from 1834 to 1839, with so many immortal spirits in different stages of development under her care and guidance—none of them having passed entirely through the series of preparatory forming and confirming ages; but all being either in the incipient and transitory periods of infancy, childhood, or youth,—the seed sowing, germinating, training, confirming, and finishing periods. Her children could know something of her hard labors, and have some conceptions of her love for them and of her desires for their respectability and usefulness, and their temporal and eternal happiness; but of that *crushing* sense of responsibility,

which all conscientious and right-minded parents feel when they contemplate their relations and duties to their children while they are under their special charge, and which our mother certainly did feel, we had no thought then. I trust we who are parents appreciate it now; and we understand now how she was sustained through all this experience: she cast her burdens on the Lord; she implored His help continually, and found His grace sufficient for her. She knew not the momentous and far-reaching consequences which should follow her labors —Eternity alone will reveal them. She hoped they would conduce to the advancement of Christ's cause and kingdom in the earth. May much more than she dared to hope for be accomplished!

Her letters were usually much occupied with family matters, and those written to her brothers, at a distance, and at considerable intervals, give very particular accounts of her absent children. I shall give here so much of such matters and accounts as seem necessary to exhibit her general character and life to the view of her posterity. It is impossible entirely to separate the life of a devoted mother from the lives of her children.

It will be seen that during the latter portion of this period, a new class of parental trials and anxieties were superadded to those before mentioned—the trial of parting with her children, and anxieties, some of which only a mother feels, in regard to loved ones far away. Her trials were mingled with joys, caused by the hopeful conversion of several of her children. Her letters written during this period will occupy the remainder of this chapter. I shall not entirely exclude her opinions upon certain public matters, in regard to which, as will be inferred from what she states, I did not quite agree with her; neither shall I give more space for them than is

required for a fair exhibition of them. In relation to her severe sickness in the winter of 1844–5, I refer the reader to the letter of Frances, on pages 49 and 50.

To her Brother Luther and Wife.—Canton, *October* 25, 1841.

My dear Brother and Sister,

I sincerely thank you for your kind and affectionate letter, which we had the pleasure of receiving from you about a week ago. I then thought that I would immediately write you an answer, but owing to sickness in our family, together with a multiplicity of business, have not till now found time to commence, and now I am not sure that I shall find time to finish it for several days. * * * Mr. Barbour and myself are now in usual health. Our children who are with us have some of them had the measles of late, and the rest we expect will soon have them. Edward Payson, our youngest child, has recovered from them. He is seven years old. Eliza, our youngest daughter, was unwell when the measles came on; she is yet in very feeble health. She is almost nine years old. Lucy, the one who was a babe when you were last with us, is now very sick with measles; they are coming out well, so we hope she will get along. Pluma fifteen, Juliaette thirteen, and Sylvester eleven, will probably soon have them. Clarinda, our oldest daughter, has been married more than three years. Her husband's name is Franklin R. Perry; they live in the house in which Mr. Hosea Case formerly lived. They have an active little son two years old. Heman H., our oldest son, left home a year ago last September for Indiana. His object was to study law with Mr. Lucian Barbour, son of Mr. Giles Barbour of Canton. He resides in Indianapolis. Heman was an assistant in an academy in that place for some months, studying at the same time with his friend Barbour. Last June he applied for admission to the bar, was admitted, and left that place for Columbus in that state, where he now resides and practices law. We have just received a letter from him, in which he writes that in the midst of sickness, the summer past, his health has been preserved and still continues very good. It was never our wish to have our son become a lawyer, but his mind was turned toward that for several months, and we thought on the whole not best to oppose him too strongly. He is a youth of good powers of mind, has been a good scholar, (so

it is said,) and capable of being useful. Four or five years ago he and others hoped that they experienced religion, (I believe he wrote you a letter soon after,) and as he then appeared bent upon getting an education, we, and some others of his friends, fondly hoped that he would become a useful minister of the Gospel. But at present we are disappointed, though we know not yet but God may incline him to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. I feel confident that he is a consecrated child,—think I can say, dear Savior he is thine, use him as will be most for thine honor and glory. I feel much solicitude on account of the many temptations to which he must be exposed, and were it not for the consolation I feel in daily committing him to a covenant-keeping God, know not what I should do. Will you not write him a letter filled with such counsel and advice as you shall deem best. Direct to Columbus, Bartholomew county, Indiana.

November, 3. Stiles H., our second son, is now at Amherst attending the academy, with a view to be qualified for school-teaching, which he expects to commence soon. He will probably be at home before I close this letter. * * * There has, for several months past, been a good degree of interest felt upon the subject of religion in this place; some of the church have been much quickened, and several have expressed hope; five have united with the church, four more expect to join next Sabbath. John Brown, son of uncle Abial Brown, is among the number; there is, or appears to be, a great change in him. We have a very excellent man for our minister. I wish you could see and converse with him, (and may I not hope that you will yet.) I think that your views would perfectly harmonize in regard to temperance, abolition, and all those kindred subjects. Mr. Burt is openly and decidedly an Abolitionist, which is not the case with many ministers in this region, though there are a few who are not afraid to open their mouths for the dumb. From my view of the subject I am obliged to differ much from the opinions of some of my friends. * * * My paper is pretty well filled, but I shall just mention that we have got a considerable number of the Morus Multicaulus trees, from which we have fed worms two years past. We sell the silk after it is reeled, for five dollars a pound. Whether we shall ever realize much profit from raising silk we can not as yet tell. One thing we know that it will take a while to get enough to pay one hundred

and six dollars which we paid out for trees three years ago. * * * I close, wishing you health and prosperity, especially the consolations of the Gospel.

Your affectionate sister,

NAOMI BARBOUR.

TO THE SAME.—CANTON, *January* 18, 1843.

My dear Brother and Sister,

* * * I sometimes think if my brother and sister could look and see for themselves, how much I must *necessarily* do to fulfill the duties of my station, they would the more readily excuse my neglect of writing. Perhaps it will not be interesting to you, but I will give a little description of my situation. Our children who are with us, six in number, all attend school this winter, and it requires no small degree of labor to prepare food and clothing comfortable for them. Lucy and Pluma attend the select school which is kept near the meeting-house, consequently they have but little time for labor. * * * Mr. Barbour's mother is living with us; she is quite an old lady and feeble; besides this, she had a fall about four months ago which deprived her of the use of one of her limbs, so that she has not been able to walk a step, until within a short time. * * * I hope that Providence will so order events that we shall be permitted to meet again in this world; but if not it will be but a little while, if we are the disciples of Jesus, before we shall meet in that world where trials, cares, perplexities and sin will never enter. Time is short. It is now a stupid time in this place upon the subject of religion, though I can not but believe we have many good people here who long and pray for a revival. There is a very powerful revival now in progress in New Hartford, and I have heard of some conversions in the part of our own society bordering upon that place. I ask your united prayers, not only that the work may go forward there, but also that we may be visited here, and our own dear children may speedily be converted. Mr. Burt and Mr. Barton, the minister of Collinsville, have been preaching a course of lectures upon the prophecies, (which, I understand, they design to close next week.) These lectures are delivered one Sabbath evening here and the next at Collinsville, so that of late our usual conference meeting has been for some time omitted. These lectures have been preached in consequence of some excitement in this region respecting the second advent of Christ, which

some have predicted would take place this year. I do not know that any of this church are believers in this doctrine, though much is said, and many lectures are given upon the subject in this region. It becomes us to be ready for the coming of the Son of Man; though I believe, "of that day and hour knoweth no man." I am as ever,

Your affectionate sister,
NAOMI BARBOUR.

TO HER BROTHER HEMAN'S WIFE.

CANTON CENTER, *January* 9, 1847.

My dear Sister,

* * * We had heard, in a kind of round-about way, that brother Heman had been dangerously sick, but was recovering; but when, or where, or with what disease, we had not heard. I believe we can sincerely unite with you in thanksgiving to God for His great mercy in sparing his life. O, that it may be for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom in this dark world. What are these repeated sudden visitations of Providence, by accident and by sickness, but admonitions to be *always* ready to do with our might what our hand findeth to do? If we make a right improvement of the chastisements of our Heavenly Father, I suppose we shall have reason to say, "It has been good for us that we have been afflicted." I thank you for the interest you manifest in our welfare, and will proceed to answer your inquiries respecting Heman, and also to let you know something respecting the rest of the family. Heman is now at Indianapolis filling his seat in the Senate, to which you will recollect he was elected for three years in 1845. He left Mexico in September, on a furlough of three months. His furlough has been renewed for three months more, in order that he might attend the Legislature, where his party thought his services might be needed. Viewing as we did, the war as one of agression and of wrong, you may well suppose that it was no small trial to us to have our son engaged in it. Add to this our great anxiety for his personal health and safety, and you may well consider it a *great* trial. I have never felt disposed to censure him so much, perhaps, as some do, though I have always felt that under all the circumstances of his family, he ought not to have enlisted, notwithstanding his *political* creed. It was a time of great excitement in the Western states, as you probably know, and doubtless many enlisted to show their patriotism,

who never expected to be called into actual service. He had a long and perilous journey on his return, being more than forty days from Mexico to Connecticut. You know, I suppose, that his wife came back to her friends when he went to Mexico. Her health was never good while in Indiana, and he felt very anxious to have her come and spend the summer in her native state, even before he thought of going away, but she said, "No, I can not go and leave you." I think she is truly a devoted wife and he an affectionate husband. They have a son three weeks old yesterday. But very few of the many families whose relatives went into the army have been favored like our's. Have we not much, *very much*, to be thankful for? Whether Heman will return at all into the army is yet uncertain. He holds a lieutenant's commission, which he says he can give up, and not be liable to be called into service again; but he thinks it will not be honorable to do that. We hope and pray that this war may soon be terminated upon just and honorable terms.

Mr. Perry, Clarinda's husband, and Stiles, are now in the state of Vermont, lecturing and exhibiting upon the magnetic telegraph. We have heard from them twice since they left home; they were well, but had not been there long enough to tell how they should succeed. If they do well they will probably spend the winter there. Lucy was married in November to Henry P. Lane; they live in Collinsville. She has just been home on a visit; she appears contented and happy. Her husband is very industrious, and earns good wages. I hope they will do well. Pluma is teaching school in this town, by the river near Collinsville. Juliaette is attending a select school in Barkhamsted; they have an excellent teacher there; she boards at Mr. Merrill's, Heman's wife's father. Sister Candace is there nursing; she is well. Sylvester boards with Clarinda, and attends the select school by the meeting-house. So you see out of nine children, we have but two steadily with us this winter, and they attend school. Mr. Barbour's health is pretty good,—my own better than when I saw you last. Alson's family are well. Electa, with her husband, has been in Canton this week; they are well. I hope, dear sister, that you or my brother, or some of your family, will write soon to let us know how he gets along; we are anxious to know. Now would it not be well for us to write oftener? Should we not feel more interest in each other? The time

was last winter and spring that if we would have written to you, we knew not where to direct a letter to reach you. We knew, to be sure, that you had purchased a place in Pittsfield, but then we learned by the newspaper, or some such source, that brother was preaching in South Boston, and at another time in Northampton, but knew not whether his family were with him or not.

You see that instead of a few lines, I have written a lengthy letter, but if you can read it I hope it will not be wholly uninteresting. We shall always be happy to receive visits or letters from you, or any of your family. Mr. Barbour and the children unite with me in love to you and yours.

Your affectionate sister,

NAOMI BARBOUR.

TO HER BROTHER LUTHER AND WIFE.

CANTON CENTER, *March* 8, 1847.

My dear Brother and Sister,

A few weeks ago I commenced a letter to you, and had written almost two pages at different times, but it is somehow mislaid so that I can not find it. I must, therefore, commence again, and hope to finish it before it is outlawed. * * * Brother Heman had a very severe attack of inflammation in the bowels, in December, but has recovered. Our friends in Farmington were well two days ago, when we visited them. Sister Candace has spent some part of the winter in Canton; she is now at brother Alson's. Her health has been comfortable this winter. Brother and sister Hart and Harriet are well; they now live in Burlington, but are about purchasing a piece of land just below Collinsville, upon which they intend soon to build a house. * * * I will proceed to give you some account of myself and family. You were informed of my severe illness two years ago; I have never fully regained my former health, and at my time of life may never expect it, yet have abundant cause for thankfulness for the measure of health I do enjoy. Our children are scattered about so that our family has been small this winter. Clarinda Perry and her family are in usual health. Heman, you will recollect, was practicing law in Indiana when you was here. He came to Connecticut a year ago last Fall, after an absence of five years; married a wife in Barkhamsted, an excellent young woman, with whom he was somewhat acquainted before he left home, removed her to Indiana, purchased a place, and with a

good run of business in his profession, had a fair prospect of domestic happiness, but alas! the war in which we are at this time engaged, has for the present, if not forever, marred their happiness. He, being a democrat, felt it to be his duty to enlist in the war, which he did for one year, and started for Mexico last June. We have always considered this war as iniquitous on the part of the United States, and with this view you can conceive that it has been to us a very sore trial to have a son of our's engaged in it. If it were to defend our own soil and our own firesides, we could be willing, but to go away where we have no possible right, and that for the purpose of acquiring slave territory, is more than we can easily be resigned to. My dear brother and sister, will you not pray for him that his life and health may be preserved, but especially that his heart may be right in the sight of God, and pray for us that we may be prepared for His holy will. In regard to religion we have had a long, cold, and dark time in all this region, and especially in Canton. The difference in opinion, in regard to the anti-slavery cause, has made great divisions among us. Mr. Burt, our pastor, you know, is a thorough-going abolitionist. You heard something of his trials two years ago in a letter from Mr. Perry. It has seemed, many times, as though our society would be destroyed; efforts have been made by many, of whom better things would have been expected, to weaken the influence of our beloved minister, and to throw obstacles in the way of his usefulness, but God, who is rich in mercy, has hitherto sustained him, and has not yet "removed our candlestick out of his place." Mr. B. still lives and labors, in season and out of season, for the good of this people. He has attended meetings, two or three evenings in a week, for several weeks, and even for months. We can not but believe that there is more prayer and deeper solicitude in some Christians than is usual, and some feeling among the impenitent. O, pray for us, that we may all come up to the measure of our duty, and that God would appear for our salvation. Our only hope is in Him, and to Him would we look. * * * Mr. Barbour and the children at home unite with me in much love to you, and I am, as ever,

Your affectionate sister,

NAOMI BARBOUR.

To Rev. Dr. H. Humphrey.—Canton Center, *June* 30, 1849.

My dear Brother,

We have this afternoon received your kind letter, for which I sincerely thank you, and having a few moments I will commence an answer to it, hoping that by writing a few moments at a time I may finish it so that you may get it next week. I believe we have received no letter from you, since you visited us a year ago last Fall. I have often thought of you, and have thought of writing to you, but being always full of business in my family, have neglected it. * * * Pluma was married last Fall to Samuel D. Garret, a son of Wait Garret, and grandson of Mr. Samuel Douglass. They did not commence housekeeping, being undecided where to locate themselves; in the course of the winter he began to have what is termed the "western fever," and finally concluded to go to Indiana. They started, in company with a sister of *Heman's* wife, for that place, about Monday, the 12th of June. Heman and family were well. They have two sons. We received a very comforting letter from Heman and wife in February, in which they informed us that they had a precious revival in that place, and Heman had united with the church there, and, as his wife testified, he was much engaged and very active in their meetings, and she stated she thought was very useful. Pluma, in her letter, stated that they have a Bible class there, and Heman is the teacher. This is much better news than to hear that he was member of the Senate or House of Representatives. * * * I see that my sheet is almost full, and I have written nothing of our family at home. We are enjoying good health at this time, excepting Juliaette. She taught school in what used to be called the Pettibone district, last winter, and has been teaching there a few weeks this summer. Anxiety about Pluma's going away, together with labor, has brought on nervous affection, and she is now quite unwell, though not down sick. We think she will probably get over it before a great while. We have succeeded in getting a new school-house almost completed, and when it is done she is engaged to teach here; she taught in this district last summer in a temporary school-house. Our new house stands a little north of the old site, as near to it as we could get land to put it on. Stiles is in Wolcottville, doing well the last we heard. Sylvester, Eliza, and Edward, are all who now live at home steadily. Brother Alson's family are well. We all unite in much love to you

and yours. Remember us affectionately to your daughter Lucy and her family. I hope you will write to us often, and also visit us. Will it not be convenient for you to visit us in the Fall? We are growing old, and a few more visits are all that we can expect in this world. O, may we all be prepared to meet where separations and sorrows are unknown. In much love, I am

Your affectionate sister,

NAOMI.

TO HER SON HEMAN.—CANTON CENTER, *October* 29, 1849.

My dear Son,

As Frances is about to send you a letter, I told her I would try to write you a few lines, which she will inclose in her letter. I think much of you in your lonely situation, separated as you are from those you hold most dear on earth; and yet can not but hope and believe that Providence has directed you to this course, for your own good and for the good of your beloved family, and I would hope and pray that it may be for the glory of God and the good of your fellow men. I greatly rejoice that you are laboring to promote the interests of religion, in the place where you are, but yet I believe you may be useful in the same way in a more healthy climate. We know that people sicken and die in every climate, and always will, yet I can not but think that it is your duty to leave a climate where you and your family have suffered so much from diseases which are not common to every climate. Some of your friends here think that there will soon be a lawyer in Collinsville, and that you would do well to settle there. Others, and these more numerous, are of the opinion that you would do better to go to Hartford and settle, as most of the lawyers there of note are oldish men, and will in a few years go off the stage of action. I suppose rent would be high there, but provision would not probably be any dearer than in Collinsville, or perhaps any other village in this region. "Commit thy way unto the Lord and he will direct thy steps." I believe it to be a duty and a privilege to ask for guidance and direction in all our ways, and for the blessing of God upon us both spiritually and temporally. If you are a Christian, you know in some measure the value of a throne of Grace. May God, of His infinite mercy, direct and bless you. * * * We received a letter from Stiles last week; he was well; had engaged a school for Sylvester about two miles west of him, to commence first Monday of December. Syl-

vester is now at school at Suffield. Juliaette is teaching yet—continues three or four weeks longer. Eliza and Edward are all the children we have at home steadily, out of our nine. Henry Lane and Lucy spent the Sabbath with us; they and all the rest of us are well. * * * Frances and the children are now on a visit at Canton; she thinks she must go back to her father's and stay a few weeks, but we tell her she must come again before Thanksgiving, and then she must stay several weeks. We intend to keep Joseph now, for I am sure we can take care of him better than they can out there; he is very fond of his grandpa. We all unite in much love to you, hope to see you in due season. Live near the Throne of Grace, cast all your cares upon the Lord, and may he sustain and bless you, make you a blessing to your family, to the church of Christ, and to the world; and may we all at last meet, one unbroken family, parents, children, and grandchildren, around the Throne of God and the Lamb, and praise Him forever. This is the prayer of

Your affectionate mother,

BARBOUR.

TO THE SAME.—CANTON CENTER, *January* 9, 1850.

My dear Son,

Your father has gone to Barkhamsted to carry Frances and the children, and I will now fulfill my promise of writing a few lines to you, if no more. I am at this time suffering from a severe cold upon my lungs, yet the general state of my health has been and is very good, for a woman who has gone through what I have for a long course of years. I have been brought more than once, to human view, to the very borders of the grave, but God, for wise reasons, has seen fit to bring me back and lengthen out my life. I am led to inquire what I have rendered unto the Lord for all His mercies. True, I have endeavored to do what I could for the temporal good of my own family, and perhaps something for others, as I have had opportunity, but is this rendering unto the Lord according to His mercies! When I look back and see how little I have done for the spiritual good of my own family, or for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom, I blush and am confounded before God. Lord, have mercy on me, and help me henceforth to be more faithful. I have abundant cause for gratitude to God, for the comforting evidence we have that some of our dear, precious

children have been born again. But O, what of the rest? So many of them yet in the broad way to destruction, yet unreconciled to God. The same almighty power is able to subdue their wills and bring them into sweet subjection to Him, and, O Lord, I beseech Thee, let me never doubt Thy faithfulness, nor cease my prayers for them. Your letters, which we have the privilege of seeing or hearing, (as Frances generally reads some part of her's to us,) are indeed very comforting to our hearts. I have always felt that God had bestowed upon you talents, which would enable you to do much good in the world, if rightly improved, and Oh, how have I trembled in view of the evil which you would, by your influence and example do, if left to throw them upon the side of Satan. I have had strong faith to believe that God would convert you, though I have many times feared I should not live to see it. O, my son, if you are a child of God, you have much to do; you will many times find a "law in your members warring against the law of your mind, and bringing you into captivity to the law of sin and death." What I would say to you is, live near the Throne of Grace. He who has begun a good work in you is able to carry it on to the day of complete redemption, and to bring you off conqueror and more than a conqueror, through our Lord Jesus Christ. The anxiety you manifest for a revival in your own church, is very gratifying to me. In the strength of Christ, and in full reliance upon Him, pray and labor for such a result, and although you may not see it before you leave, believe that God is faithful, and will do all things well. I firmly believe that God is a prayer-hearing God. There has been some attention to religion in this place, and some eight or ten have recently manifested hope, all of them young. Eliza has, at times, been very thoughtful for more than a year, but I have never witnessed that distress which usually precedes conversion. O, pray for her, that she may see the deep depravity of her heart and the fullness and sufficiency there is in Christ. I tremble for her lest she should be left to grieve the Spirit of God. I have no doubt but that the state of feeling in this church is a hindrance to a revival here. * * *

Friday evening. Your father has returned from Barkhamsted, where they all arrived in safety. * * * I hope you will write to us before long, as Frances will not probably be here much more before March. Her health is now very good, and she seems

to enjoy herself as well as can be expected. The little boys are hearty and well. Joseph has been with us so long, I think he will want to see us, especially grandpa and uncle Eddy. Joe is an active boy, and, if well trained, will probably make a great man if his life and health are spared. A great responsibility rests upon parents. You, doubtless, feel this, but I think will feel it more and more as your family advance. We none of us know as yet where you will think best to locate, but I hope and trust Providence will point you to a place where you can support your family, and also be useful to the souls of your fellow-men. For this we will pray, and leave it with God. That you may be faithful in the service of Christ, blest in your own soul, a blessing in the church, in your own family, and a blessing in the world, is the prayer of

Your ever affectionate mother,

BARBOUR.

CHAPTER XXII.—FROM 1850 TO JANUARY, 1857.

TO HER SON HENRY S.—CANTON CENTER, *October* 17, 1850.

My dear Son,

We received your letter of last week, and perused it with pleasure. It has not been because we have forgotten you, that we have not written, but partly for want of much that would be *very* interesting to you, and much more for want of time. You well know that your father and Edward must be very busy in collecting crops, &c., at this season of the year. You know, also, that I am almost always in a hurry, but I have determined to leave all this evening and write. We are all now in the enjoyment of tolerable good health. * * * As to the crops this year, hay was more abundant than usual; they think they have never cut so much hay in one year before since Mr. Dwight bought that land. Rye came in rather light, but we shall have enough for ourselves and some to spare; oats, something over a hundred bushels; corn, a pretty good crop; potatoes on the east side rot very badly; on the west side do not rot so much, but are small and scarce; apples, (grafted fruit,) more abundant than ever before; chestnuts enough,

if Eddy could get time to pick them up. * * * Lane has taken a deed of the west side of the farm, and the whole barn, for nine hundred and fifty dollars. He expects to put up a house next summer upon the west side, opposite our house. We shall have to build a barn. * * * The people here have been repairing the meeting-house; it is all papered, overhead and all, newly painted inside, and shingled, and is to be painted on the outside. The horse-sheds are some of them rebuilt, and I believe the rest are to be. I hope so, for they look very bad. * * * I have understood that Mr. Burt has given thirty-five dollars toward repairing the meeting-house, in addition to some sermons upon the subject. * * * I suppose Heman gets some business in Hartford, but by no means all that he could do. * * * I hope he will succeed there, but it looks rather discouraging, his rent and other expenses are so great. We are very glad to hear that your business is good, and that your temporal prospects are so good, but, my son, what are your prospects for Eternity? O, may you not be so unwise as to neglect the salvation of the soul. That the best of Heaven's blessings may rest upon you, both in time and in eternity, is the prayer of

Your affectionate

MOTHER.

In a letter to her brother Luther, dated December 13, 1850, she says:—

"I know nothing but that our circle of brothers and sisters, eight in number, are all living, and in health. Surely we have been preserved, much beyond what is common in this world. More than forty-one years have elapsed since sister Lucy died, since which time no death has occurred among us, excepting our dear parents, and none but yourself have been called to bury a bosom companion. But this, in all probability, can not long continue. Most, or *even all* of us, have lived to what we, in our youthful days, considered old age, the youngest being 48. O, may we all be enabled to fill up the measure of our days with duty and usefulness, and be prepared for the summons, whenever it may come, having our work done and well done."

To Rev. Dr. Humphrey and Wife.

Canton Center, *January* 21, 1851.

My dear Brother and Sister,

I have been thinking for a few days past, more than ever, that we were altogether too much strangers to each other, for persons so nearly related as we are, and had I done as I intended, you would, probably, have received a letter from me, about the same time that yours came to Canton. I thank you for your letter, and do hope that we shall not be (any of us) so negligent about writing in future. * * * I *believe* I have generally answered your letters to us, soon after receiving them. We find it much as you say, that as our children are scattered about, we have but little time to visit other friends, and I also find that there are so many letters to be written to absent children, that, with all my cares and labor, I find but little time to write to others. You wished to have us write and let you know something about our children. I will merely say, as respects brother Alson's family, that, so far as I know, they are all well, all living in Canton and Hitchcockville, or near there. Sister Hannah must write and give you particulars. Our own family is, at present, small, but two of our own children (Eliza and Edward) being with us this winter. Clarinda and her husband, with two children, (which are all they ever had) are now living where they have lived for the last eleven years, in the house formerly owned and occupied by Mr. Hosea Case. * * * Heman, as you probably know, has returned with his family from the west, and now resides in the city of Hartford. It was rather trying to him to leave Indiana, where he not only was well established in his professional business, but also hoped that he was useful in the church. But the health of his family seemed to require the sacrifice; they never enjoying good health for any length of time. His own health, and that of all his family, is now, and has been most of the time since their return, pretty good. He is getting, perhaps, as much business as could be expected in a place where there are so many established lawyers. It is generally thought that he will succeed there in business, and we hope that he may also do good there in the church; he is engaged as teacher of a Bible class, and is also active in meetings. He is connected with Mr. Patton's church,—living nearer to that than any other, excepting Dr. Bushnell's. He has three promising little boys, so you see that our name is not likely soon to

become extinct. Heman said that had he known that you were in Louisville last winter he should have gone and seen you, as he did not leave the West himself until March. Stiles, as you know, I suppose, is in Wolcottville, doing good business [as a lawyer.] I do earnestly long and pray, that he may become a subject of renewing grace, and especially as we hear that there is a work of the Holy Spirit going on there this winter. I feel that nothing but true religion is wanting to make him a very useful man. We have heard that there is a very powerful revival in Harwinton. Lucy, our second daughter, is living in Collinsville, and Juliaette is with her this winter. Her health is not very good, but much better than it was last summer; her complaint has been an affection of the liver. Mr. Lane, Lucy's husband, has bought a part of our farm, so that we are mostly relieved from debt. We have now sixty or seventy acres of land left, with all our buildings, except the barn, which Lane takes, and he expects to build a house upon the west side of the way, and we shall build a barn upon the east side, though probably not this year. * * * Pluma was married two years ago last November, and left home the next June for the West. They went first to Columbus, Indiana, expecting to buy a farm there, but not being pleased with the country, returned to Ohio, where they now live. They have a son about a year old. Sylvester is now teaching school in Goshen, about four miles from Wolcottville, where he goes to spend his Sabbaths with Stiles. He taught school last winter in Torrington, in a district adjoining the one where he now teaches. He has been to school one term in Suffield and one in Easthampton, and he now writes to us that he wants to go to school next spring if his father can spare him. We have still another child in our family whom you have never seen, and of whom, perhaps, you have never heard,—a little adopted daughter, five years old next month. You will probably smile and say, as many others have, "I wonder if you have not raised children enough without taking other people's?" Well, I will tell you. After Pluma left us we felt that in all probability our daughters would soon be gone from us, and as I am growing old, felt that it would be desirable to have a little help coming on. We therefore thought if we could find a little girl, we would take one to bring up. * * * She is an intelligent, active child, but time alone will tell whether it was wisdom for us to take her. We feel as though

we could keep her and treat her as if she were our own, hoping that if it is no benefit to us, it will be a blessing to the child. * * * You see my sheet is full, and if I have trespassed upon your time and patience, you will please excuse me. I hope that we shall have the pleasure of a visit from you this year; in the meantime, letters will be very acceptable as often as you can write. Mr. Barbour and the children at home unite with me in much love to you all. Remember me affectionately to your daughter Lucy and her family, and believe me,

Your affectionate sister,

NAOMI BARBOUR.

TO HER DAUGHTER AT PLYMOUTH, CONN.

CANTON CENTER, *June* 19, 1851.

Dear Juliaette,

* * * We have been much concerned to hear that your health has been so poor since you left home, for we have not been entirely ignorant upon that subject, although you have endeavored to keep us so; we are glad, and I hope thankful, that you have not been obliged to leave school on account of your health. How much time have you lost by sickness? We did hope you would be able to come home and spend a week this summer, but, under the circumstances, hope you will content yourself. The remaining weeks will soon pass away. I hope you will be very prudent of your health,—keep your mind calm as possible, for this is very important for you. Give my respects to Adeline; tell her I thank her much for her kindness to you, and I would request her to "let patience have its perfect work," which, I suppose, means simply this, that it may continue as long as the trial lasts. Also give my respects to the kind family with whom you board, [Mr. Talmage.] I would be very glad to write a long letter, but it is now almost five o'clock, which you know is our tea hour, and our people will expect I shall be ready for them. Your father will go down street after tea and carry this, hoping that you will get it Saturday. You must write often, for I think that you can get more time, than if you were situated as I am. I repeat it, be prudent of your health when you are out of school. Do you bathe in cold water? That you may have health and strength to be faithful and successful in your

school, that you may enjoy the light of God's countenance and the consolations of religion is the prayer of

Your ever affectionate mother,

N. Barbour.

In great haste and much love.

In June, 1853, my parents made a visit to their daughter Pluma, in Wakeman, Huron County, Ohio, and to Rev. Luther Humphrey, in Portage County, going by New York City and Erie Railroad, and returning by the New York Central Railroad, and stopping at Skaneatles. This was the first and only considerable journey my mother ever made. It was quite an undertaking for such old people who were unaccustomed to traveling, but they returned in health and safety, after an absence of a few weeks, "laden with rich experience of God's goodness," having enjoyed a very pleasant time.

To Rev. Dr. Humphrey and Wife.

Canton Center, *December* 20, 1854.

My dear Brother and Sister,

Your letter, containing the intelligence of the death of your beloved John, [Rev. John Humphrey of Binghampton, N. Y.,] was received in due season, and though to me not at all unexpected, was yet melancholy news. * * * I feel utterly incompetent to write to you at this time, but feeling that it might be a consolation to you to know that you have the sympathies and prayers of your friends here, I have undertaken to pen you a few lines. We can not enter entirely into your feelings, having never been called to drink of the bitter cup, in the death of any of our beloved ones. It is a great consolation to us, and must be much more so to you, that we are not called to mourn as those who have no hope. Dark and mysterious as is this providence, I have no doubt it will all be cleared up to your entire satisfaction in Eternity. Perhaps his Divine Master had much higher service for him to perform in Heaven, than that to which he was called here on the earth. I love to think of our friends in glory as not inactive, but, on the contrary, as employed in the service of God, much above our feeble compre-

hensions. Although he was taken away in the midst of his days, is there not reason to hope that some souls will be given to him as fruits of his ministry, and as crowns of his rejoicing forever in Heaven! It is, indeed, cause for mourning when good men, especially those eminently qualified for usefulness, are taken away, and, doubtless, He who wept at the grave of Lazarus, will not be displeased with the tears of dear friends here on earth when beloved ones are taken away, if they be mingled with resignation to the Divine will. May we all mourn in this way, without murmuring, and may this death be sanctified, not only to his own more immediate connections, but to us all. To his afflicted widow this dispensation must be peculiarly trying, and O, may she find the consolations of religion to be abundant for her support, and may her dear children be spared to be a great comfort to her, and be fitted for great usefulness in the world. * * * Remember me particularly to Sarah and John's widow. That you may all receive the benefit of sanctified afflictions, is the prayer of

Your affectionate sister,

NAOMI BARBOUR.

In July, 1855, she was brought very low by nose-bleed, which continued from 3 o'clock until 11 o'clock, P. M., rendering her insensible and almost pulseless, and so prostrating her strength that she was confined to her bed for two or three weeks; and for a time her physician thought she would not recover.

To REV. DR. HUMPHREY.—CANTON, *February*, 19, 1856.

My dear Brother,

Your letter, bringing the intelligence of the death of brother Horace, was received in January, I believe, and should have been answered before this. I have always known that we had such a brother, but having but very little, if any, recollections of him, it could not be that I should have that feeling toward him that those of you had who were brought up with him. I feel that this is, indeed, a breach in our family circle, and that it is indeed a loud call to us to be also ready, especially as we are all in the decline of life. O, may it be the means of quickening us all in our preparation for that solemn scene which can not be far before us. Through the

blessing of a kind Providence, we are all at this time enjoying a comfortable degree of health. My own health is much better than I had reason, last summer, to expect it ever would be, and probably as good as it ever will be. I was very much afflicted with rheumatism the fore part of the winter, but I am now much better, and am able to do in my way a good deal for my family. This I consider a great blessing, as I have, for a long time, felt a great dread of being useless, but be this as it may, I hope I shall be enabled to say, "The will of the Lord be done." Eliza is with us this winter, and takes the hardest of the work from me; she is a very kind and affectionate child. I try to assist her what I can, for I feel that her life and health is of more importance than mine. * * *

Your ever affectionate sister,

NAOMI.

TO THE SAME.—CANTON CENTER, *March* 18, 1856.

My dear Brother,

We have just returned from the funeral of uncle Abiel Brown; he died last Saturday night, and was buried this afternoon. He has been as well as usual this winter, until within two or three weeks, when he was taken with a severe cold, which was attended for the last few days with fever, which has terminated in death. Aunt Roxey died last October. There is but *one* of that numerous family (uncle Owen) now alive. How soon this will be said of our family—they are all gone, we know not, but this we do know, that it can not be long. O, may all be up and doing while the day of life lasts, that when the night of death comes, we may be prepared for the rest which remaineth to the people of God. We are all in the enjoyment of comfortable health; my own is not firm, but probably as good as I can ever reasonably expect. * * * We all unite in much love to you all.

Your affectionate sister,

NAOMI.

In September, 1856, my mother and her two brothers and five sisters met at Canton, and some, or all of them, visited the scenes of their childhood in Burlington. This meeting of eight brothers and sisters, whose average age was sixty-four years, was a remarkable event, and caused great pleasure and profound gratitude to God in the

hearts of all concerned. Rev. Dr. H. Humphrey often spoke, in the latter years of his life, of the wonderful favor of God to the families of two of his sisters,—Naomi and Hannah,—the latter the wife of Alson Barbour, (my father's cousin,) living in Canton, about half a mile from my father's. One had nine children and the other twelve, all of adult age, and no death had occurred in either family. Alson Barbour and wife and their twelve children are supposed to be all living at this writing, and the parents anticipate celebrating their "golden wedding" in November next. Should they all live till that time, it will probably be a fact unprecedented in modern times.

The following verses were written and read by Rev. Luther Humphrey, on the occasion of the meeting of brothers and sisters before mentioned—September 10, 1856. I insert it here as appropriate and auxiliary to my mother's history, on account of its references to her parents and the scenes and experiences of her childhood.

Once more, dear friends, with joy we meet,
Though separated wide and long,
May our communion now be sweet,
May grateful praise our joys prolong.

We call to mind our youthful days,
When we enjoyed our happy home;
We view again our childish ways,
Again the hills and brooks we roam.

The house, the barn, the well not there,
Young apple-trees, how old they 've grown;
Behind the house the stately pear,
Its fruit and beauty scarcely known.

We call to mind our parents dear,
Their constant anxious care so great;
Their precious counsels seem to hear,
While round their hearth we listening sat

Though not of worldly wealth possess'd,
Of costly dress, or richest food;
Yet what for us was far the best,
Provided for our future good.

To be industrious was the rule,
To love the Sabbath we were train'd;
Early attend the district school,
Where useful knowledge might be gain'd.

Our mother labored night and day,
Our scanty clothes to make and mend;
Should we attempt 't is hard to say,
How much we owe to this dear friend.

How oft for us her tears did flow,
How oft the deep, the painful sigh,
Lest our young feet astray should go,
And our immortal souls should die.

When we were early sent to school,
How happy 't was for us to think,
We 'd pass the spring so clear and cool,
There stop awhile to rest and drink.

Though we have lived for many years,
And many weary steps have trod;
Yet in this thorny vale of tears,
We 've found it good to walk with God.

So let us live till life's last end,
That when these earthly bodies die,
Jesus the Lord may be our friend,
And take our ransom'd souls on high.

Till then, oh! let us patient bear
All ills which we may suffer here;
Be thankful for all mercies given,
And through rich grace arrive in heaven.

Farewell brothers, farewell sisters,
Farewell kindred near and dear,
Let us all be constant waiting
Till we all with God appear.

CHAPTER XXIII.—THREE YEARS—FROM JANUARY, 1857, TO JANUARY, 1860.

THE death of Rev. Jairus Burt, of Canton, for more than thirty years the pastor and very intimate, sympathizing, and congenial friend of my dear mother, was a sore affliction to her. Though he left no child by nature surviving to follow him to the grave, he left many spiritual children who felt their loss by his death to be very great; and there were very many sincere mourners, not only in his own church and congregation, but also among those who had enjoyed his ministrations in former years. All who knew him must have been ready freely and heartily to say, that an eminently honest, conscientious, laborious and devout man had gone to a heavenly rest.

Something of my mother's love for this dear friend may be found expressed in several of her letters herein contained, and especially in the following relating to his death:

TO HER BROTHER LUTHER AND WIFE.

CANTON CENTER, *February* 14, 1857.

My dear Brother and Sister,

* * * I have indeed sad news to communicate. Our beloved Mr. Burt is dead. His lungs have been for a long time affected, and he has had a hard cough for some time, but still had preached every Sabbath, and been about as usual. The second Sabbath in January he preached two excellent sermons—in the forenoon from the words "Who can stand before his cold?" and in the afternoon, "In all thy ways acknowledge Him and He shall direct thy paths." He remarked after he was taken sick that he did not know but he felt as well that Sabbath as usual. In the evening he performed a marriage service at his own house, was soon taken with a chill, severe coughing, and raising of a large quantity of bloody matter. On Tuesday he probably had a fit, as one side was completely paralyzed and he became unconscious, and it was supposed

that he could not live through the night, but he continued to breathe, without much apparent change, until Thursday, 11 o'clock A. M., when his spirit took its happy flight to the regions of eternal blessedness. None who were acquainted with the man could doubt this. He was not able to converse much during his sickness, excepting to remark that all was peace. He said to Mrs. Burt shortly before the change on Tuesday—"I think this a very doubtful case, but" (looking at her with one of his peculiar smiles) "I am perfectly quiet, are not you, dear?" This was the last she ever heard from him. It would have been pleasant to have had much of his dying testimony, but this was not necessary. His whole course of life, in prosperity and adversity, ever since he has been with us, these thirty years, has been living testimony to the religion of Jesus Christ. He was, in many respects, a very remarkable man—very observant of all the occurrences of the times, whether among his own people, his beloved country, or the world at large. In times of extreme heat or cold, drought or uncommon rain, he always alluded to it in his own peculiar way, in the pulpit as well as elsewhere. You know, brother, how deeply he felt in view of the condition of his beloved country last summer. * * * We have indeed sustained a very great loss, and to myself, (as far as the pastor and intimate friend are concerned,) I feel that the loss is irreparable; yet hope I have no disposition to murmur, but would praise God that He gave us such a pastor, that he continued him with us so long, and enabled him to do so much good while he lived. Much as I loved him, and much as I feel his loss, I would not recall him to earth if I could. His work was done and well done. Truly he was a man of whom we were not worthy, and when I consider the little improvement we have made of so great a blessing, I am almost afraid to ask, "Lord, send us another, a man after thine own heart." * * * He was much beloved in all this region. The funeral sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. McLean of Collinsville; it is soon to be published, and you will probably receive a copy. * * * Cousin Selden Brown had his house destroyed by fire on the night of the 2d of January, a dreadful cold night. They were waked from sleep in time to save all their children, though the fire had got within two feet of the bed where their boys were fast asleep. They saved about half of their furniture and clothing, but lost a good deal of provision. * * * We have had an unusually cold winter

here, which I suppose has been the case throughout the country. Great damage has been done by the breaking up of ice on the rivers, the week past. The meeting-house in Collinsville was destroyed by fire about the 20th of January. O, how much property is destroyed by fire and water, two of the most necessary temporal blessings we enjoy. * * * Pray for us now in this time of our affliction. That you may enjoy all needed temporal blessings, the light of God's countenance, and the joys of His salvation, is the prayer of

Your affectionate sister,

NAOMI BARBOUR.

In the month of March, 1857, my beloved mother was very violently attacked with pneumonia while at Collinsville, about five miles from her home, and about three days afterward was supposed to be dying. I received the intelligence by telegraph, and hastened to her with all possible speed, and with feelings which I will not attempt to describe, and which I had never experienced before. I had not before realized that she would die, except in the indefinite and far distant future. I wish I could describe and relate all my thoughts and emotions during the one hundred minutes of my rapid and solitary ride of fifteen miles from Hartford to Collinsville, when I supposed I should not see my mother alive again. It seems to me that if I could express them all to my young readers, they would be induced to be very careful not to grieve their parents by thoughtless or willful disobedience or unkindness.

When I arrived at my mother's bedside she had revived in some degree. I learned that when she was thought to be dying she left messages for each of her children, and seemed to have no painful solicitude except about those who were unconverted, and for those she left most affecting words of warning and entreaty. Her daughter Pluma was then in Ohio, and her son Sylvester in Iowa; her other children were in Connecticut—one or

two only were with her at this time. I watched over her during the following night. It was with difficulty that she could be aroused to ordinary consciousness, and at times her mind wandered. I asked her once if Jesus was precious to her. That name seemed to awake her faculties, and she said with great animation: "O yes, what could I do without Him." A further account of this sickness is contained in the following letter to her brother Luther and wife:

CANTON CENTER, *August* 19, 1857.

My dear Brother and Sister,

A letter has long been due you, but my health has been such for several months past, that I have not been able to write but little. I believe, with the exception of a letter to Pluma and one to Sylvester, I have not written at all since I wrote to you in February. Our daughter, Mrs. Perry, at Collinsville, was taken sick the fore part of March, and also their youngest boy, Willie; I went there to see and assist in taking care of them for a few days, and was taken sick myself with lung fever. I was taken so violently that I have but very little recollection of any thing that took place for several days. My sickness was so severe that my friends did not expect that I could recover—even supposed at one time that I was dying. But God, who is rich in mercy, interposed and brought me back from the borders of the grave, and is lengthening out my probation. O that it might be to honor and glorify Him. I staid there four weeks and was then brought home in a feeble state, and was unable to sit up much or walk without assistance for several weeks. I am now able to be about, and try to assist Eliza about the work some. * * * Mr. Perry's family have had a very trying time. Oliver was taken sick soon after I was, and was very dangerously sick for several weeks, as were also Clarinda and Willie; so you see there were four of us, at one time, dangerously sick in one house. I think it was not less than six weeks that they were obliged to have two watchers, and a good many nights *three* at a time. A great many were sick in Collinsville at the same time, and quite a number died, while we were all spared. Will you not unite with us in thanksgiving to God for His great mercy to us, and also pray that our lives may be devoted to His service. Heman has had another son added to his

family, and has also buried one (the little one who was here with us last summer, as you will remember, brother—the little, feeble one.) He regained his health and was well and fleshy, but was taken with lung fever in April, and after suffering for three weeks, died, aged two years and twenty-eight days. A breach has now been made in our family circle; nine children and sixteen grandchildren before there was a death among us. Since little Franky's death, another son has been added to Stiles' family. We have been truly blessed as a family. Surely we should inquire what we shall render unto the Lord for His distinguishing mercy to us? * * * We have not a minister settled here yet, and know not when we shall have. A young man, a graduate from East Windsor Seminary, has preached here a few Sabbaths, was very well liked, and the church and society have given him a call to settle here, but have not yet received an answer. Brother Heman is expected to preach here for a few Sabbaths, commencing August 28. I did intend to write you each a letter, but you know, sister, that a woman who has a family, and feeble health, finds it necessary to spend her strength for the good of her family. My constitution is so broken that I can never more expect firm health, but I think I feel grateful for the measure I am permitted to enjoy. I ask your prayers that I may be prepared to live and do good as long as my Heavenly Father sees best, and prepared for death however soon or sudden it may come. * * * We have heard, brother, that you are gardening this summer; please write and let us know how you succeed—we hope better than you did with your osage last year. * * * We have had a great deal of wet weather, but crops, hay and grain, are very good. Corn is backward, but if the frost should not come early, we hope for a crop. Some fears are entertained that potatoes will rot; we hope not. * * * I am tired, and must close, wishing you both all needed blessings both for time and for eternity. * * * My family all unite with me in much love, and I am as ever

Your affectionate sister,

Naomi Barbour.

To Henry S. and Wife.—Canton Center, *December* 30, 1857.

Dear Children,

It is many months since I have written to you, and perhaps you would like to receive a few lines penned by my hand. We received

your letter last Sabbath, for which we thank you; we are always glad to receive letters from you and to hear of your health and prosperity. * * * I was rejoiced to hear that there is a degree of religious interest in Wolcottville; that seems to be the case in many places about us at this time. There is said to be a good deal of interest in Simsbury, and also at Collinsville; Esther is among the thoughtful ones, and last Friday evening rose with others for prayers. I have not heard from there this week. We received a letter from Sylvester this week, in which he states that there is unusual interest in religious things in Osage [Iowa.] Pray for us, that we may not be passed by in this time of God's merciful visitation. We have impenitent friends who must perish, unless God in mercy interpose for their salvation, and O how much do those of us who have professed religion need the quickening influences of the Holy Spirit to bring us up to our duty, that we be not the means of the destruction of the impenitent. * * * With much love to you all, I remain as ever

Your affectionate mother,

N. Barbour.

To Rev. Dr. Humphrey and Wife.

Canton Center, *February* 7, 1858.

My dear Brother and Sister,

As, in the Providence of God, events are transpiring in this place, which I know will be matter of rejoicing to you, I will spend a short time this evening in writing to you. Notwithstanding all our abuse of past privileges, and our unworthiness of so great a blessing, God has seen fit to grant us another pastor. Rev. Warren C. Fiske, a graduate of Amherst College, and who has been settled in Marlborough, Conn., was installed as pastor of this church and people last Tuesday. He appears to be a very good man, and we have reason to hope will be a great blessing to this people. In addition to this undeserved mercy, God has seen fit to commence a work of grace here, and has, as we humbly hope, brought quite a number out of nature's darkness into His marvelous light, and the work is still going on. Among the number are Henry Lane and his wife, and Edward. I know you will unite with us in giving to God all the glory. Our children are now all hopefully pious, excepting Pluma and her husband in Ohio; will you not unite with us in prayer that they, too, may be brought in? The work has been, and

I believe still is, quite powerful in Collinsville. Among the converts there are Oliver and Esther Perry, our grandchildren. O, what shall we render unto the Lord for His unspeakable mercies to us and ours? * * * We also hear of many revivals, in many parts of our land. O, may the set time to favor Zion be soon fully come. * * * My own health was better the fore part of the winter than it was last summer, although I have not been able to attend church but a little. Two weeks ago to-day, I was feeling pretty comfortable, and thought I would go to meeting; as we were starting, the wagon wheel accidentally hit the gate-post, throwing me out upon the frozen ground, but through the kind interposition of Providence, I was not seriously injured, although to human view it was wonderful. It takes but little to unnerve me, and I have not fully recovered from the shock it gave me. It is a trial to be deprived of the privilege of attending meetings, especially in such a time as this, but I trust I do not feel disposed to murmur, for I yet have many, very many mercies. I have been much edified, when deprived of the privilege of attending church, in reading the sermons of cousin John [deceased son of Dr. Humphrey.] * * * I am as ever,

Your affectionate sister,

NAOMI.

Very soon after the date of the foregoing letter, and during the same month, my mother was violently attacked with lung fever, undoubtedly aggravated and precipitated by her fall, mentioned in the preceding letter. She was confined to her sick room for a period of seven months, during which she was repeatedly supposed to be dying. Symptoms of the secretion and collection of water about the heart occasioned special alarm during the early stages of her sickness, and during the summer she suffered a severe attack of dysentery. I saw her often during this period, and concur in the testimony of my sisters, who were constantly with her, that she exhibited wonderful patience and resignation in extreme weakness and suffering. She was repeatedly thought to be in a

dying condition, and was always perfectly calm, peaceful, and hopeful. She expressed her entire readiness to depart, inasmuch as she could hope to meet all her dear children in heaven. They all met together, and sang and prayed around her bed in the month of July, 1858, while she was extremely sick.

Before the end of October she had so far recovered as to leave her room, but always carried the conviction from that time until the day of her death, that she had a diseased heart, and was very liable to die suddenly; but I believe she never after felt the slightest fear of death in any of its forms, and that she desired a sudden death if it so pleased God, as being likely to occasion the least trouble to her family. The attentive reader of her subsequent letters will discover evidence that she was ready and waiting for the coming of the Master.

To her Daughter.—*Saturday*, 16th ——, 1859.

My very dear Pluma,

I am feeling better this morning, and feel that I must write you a few lines. It is best, I suppose, that we do not always know what is before us, or what is the condition of our absent friends, when it is impossible for us to assist them. I know not that a day has passed since you left us, that I have not thought of you many times, and had I known all, should, perhaps, have worried myself without benefiting you at all. Although you, in common with all who settle in those new states, have to suffer privations, yet there are many things to brighten the picture, and much to call for thanksgiving. I greatly rejoice to hear that you are all in the enjoyment of so comfortable health, also that your boys have the privilege of school and Sabbath-school, and that Joseph is disposed to read his Bible. Go on, dear Joseph, read it, and commit to memory passages from it, and may you, your dear parents, and all your dear friends, be interested in that precious Savior revealed in that holy book. Dear Pluma, I know something how to sympathize with you in your increasing cares, and labors, and responsibilities, having passed through something of the same myself. O, how you do need the

aid of the Holy Spirit and the consolations of the gospel, to enable you to fulfill all your arduous duties! I feel that I am abundantly repaid for all that I have done or suffered for my precious children in their great kindness and affection for me, and O! may you have the same happy experience. You must have to work very hard, and gladly would I assist you, if possible, but your dear husband and children will, I believe, do all they can to lighten your labors and cares. I feel very thankful that you were all permitted to visit us last year, and for all the pleasant interviews we then enjoyed. Do be very careful of your health, put your trust in God, look to Him daily for strength and wisdom to guide you, and He will not disappoint you. I thank you for all your kindness to me while you were here, and also for all your letters when you are absent. Write as often as you can. I know it is a tax upon your time and strength, but we feel that we must hear from you. Dear Samuel, will you not write to us and tell us about the country, about your future prospects? &c. Everything that interests you will interest us; and now, with my best love to you all, parents and children, I am

Your affectionate mother and grandmother

BARBOUR.

To her brother Luther and Wife.

CANTON CENTER, *July* 25, 1859.

My dear Brother and Sister,

It is a long time since I have written to you, I believe a year last winter; I think it was just before the commencement of my long and distressing sickness, of which you have heard. Since that time I have not attempted to write but a few times to any one. I have had occasion to speak of mercies and of judgments since I last saw you, but mercies have always exceeded. My health is now comparatively comfortable, so that I am able to be about the house and occasionally to ride abroad a little ways. I have attended church two half days this summer, though it fatigued me very much. It is a great privation to stay from the house of God so much of the time, yet I would not murmur, for I have still many blesssings. I am able to read a good deal, which for many months I could not, and to hear reading was many times so fatiguing that I could not enjoy it. I feel that it is not so much the outward condition that gives comfort, as it is the enjoyment of a quiet spirit. I have much cause for thankfulness, (and I would desire to express it with deep humility,)

that during my protracted sufferings my mind was so peaceful, that though I was apparently upon the very brink of the grave, the earnest desire of my heart was to feel—"Lord, Thy will, not mine, be done." To God be all the glory. My disease was first lung fever, which was so severe at first that for ten days I have but very little, if any, recollection of any thing that passed; the fever left my lungs in such a state that for a long time it appeared as if I must have the consumption, and in addition to this, disease of the heart, by which the physicians said I was liable at any time to drop away. I am now confident that there is not much soundness about my chest, and think that I am still liable to sudden death. About this I desire to have no anxiety, but to leave the time and manner of my death entirely with Him who doeth all things well. Pray for me that I may live in such a manner as to glorify God my Redeemer, and be prepared to meet Him in peace.

Our family at home now consists of my husband and myself, Eliza and Edward—two most excellent children, as you know. I know not what we should do without them, as we have more special dependence upon them than upon any of the rest. Julia is now in Hartford with her brother. She was with us during my sickness—equally kind, as are all our children. May the Lord abundantly reward them for all their kindness to their parents. We had the privilege of seeing all our beloved sons and daughters, nine in number, at home together for a short time last July, when I was very sick, and it was not expected that I should live but a short time; you will believe that it was a very affecting interview. * * * That the best of Heaven's blessings may rest upon you while you live, and that you may receive an abundant entrance into our Heavenly Father's kingdom, is the prayer of

Your affectionate sister,

NAOMI.

TO HER DAUGHTER IN IOWA.

CANTON CENTER, *September* 29, 1859.

My ever dear Pluma,

* * * I am able to be about and do a good many things, but I am very slow, and tire so easy that I do not accomplish but little. I often think it would not seem so bad to be tired, if I could see that I had done much; still I hope I do not murmur, for oh, how much cause have I for gratitude, that I have such a measure of

health and strength—so different from last year. * * * I know you must have a very hard row to get along, with your large family, but be as patient as you can. I know how to feel for you, having gone through with raising a large family myself. It will soon be over. It looks to you as if it might be long, but if you should live to be as old as I, (65 years old yesterday,) it will seem short, and if your children should live to be as much comfort to you as ours have been to us, (which I earnestly pray God they may be,) you will feel that there are none too many. It is but little likely that I shall live to see you all, but if I may be so happy as to meet you *all* in heaven, I shall be satisfied. It has been, and still is, a time of sickness and trial among some of our friends here. Your uncle Harvey Barbour died two weeks ago this morning. * * * Julia staid there the last week of his life, to assist your aunt Lorinda, and she is now there to take care of her, as she is very sick. She was almost worn out taking care of her husband, and the night after he was buried, Willie, her little boy, was taken very sick, but is now pretty well. It is feared that *she* will not live. Julia was calculating to have gone to Hartford yesterday, but they were troubled to get help to take care of Lorinda, and she felt it to be her duty to go there a few days. We fear she may get sick, but we hope not. We know the sick must be taken care of, and we must trust Providence for health when duty calls. * * * Mrs. Norton Case died last week; she had been sick for almost a year, has suffered a great deal, but we have good reason to believe that she is now where there is no more sickness, or sorrow, but fullness of joy forever more. * * * Give my sincere love to Samuel and all the children, and take a good share for yourself.

From your mother

BARROUR.

CHAPTER XXIV.—FROM JANUARY 1860 TO JANUARY 1862.

TO HER DAUGHTER IN IOWA.—CANTON CENTER, *February*, 1860.

My dear Pluma,

* * * I do not know that I ever had more of a feeling of laziness, and disinclination to exertion, than I do a great deal of the

time this winter. We have had rather a hard, unpleasant time here while making repairs about our house, but we have now got back into the kitchen, and hope soon to be regulated; we think our kitchen is very pleasant. I was able last Fall to visit all our children in this region, and also went to see your aunts Electa and Harriet. * * * We do not like to think of your going farther from us, but may the Lord direct, guide and bless you all; and O, may you all become the true followers of the meek and lowly Jesus. We rejoice to hear that you are enjoying so good health where you are, and pray that wherever you go you may be blessed with health and prosperity, both spiritual and temporal. * * * Much love to you all from

Your dear
MOTHER.

TO THE SAME.—CANTON CENTER, *March* 24, 1860.

My dear Pluma,

* * * Through the kind care of our Heavenly Father, we are now all of us in the enjoyment of tolerable health. * * * My own health has been tolerable most of the time this winter, so that I have been able to do something almost every day, but I am so slow and so forgetful that there is not much dependence upon me. I suppose that Edward expects to be married in April. * * * Oh, how I wish I could see you and all your children! How do you get along with all your family? You know not how much I think of you, and wish you were where we could see you and assist you some. * * * May the Lord direct and bless and prosper you, give you all health and strength, sustain you by His grace, enable you at all times to put your trust in Him, carry you all mercifully through all the changing scenes of this mortal life, make you all useful while you live, and prepare us all for the enjoyment of Himself in that world where separations are unknown. "Commit thy way unto the Lord and He shall direct thy paths." * * * I have not been from home but once this winter; then to uncle Alson's. The John Brown executed in Virginia was a son of uncle Owen Brown, consequently my first cousin. This I have never been ashamed to own to any body. He died a martyr to the cause of freedom, and though I would not approve of his course, I think it will be overruled for the advancement of that cause. * * *

You see my sheet is full, so I must close, bidding you all an affectionate good bye.

Your mother
BARBOUR.

To her Brother Luther and Wife.

CANTON CENTER, *May* 13, 1860.

My very dear Brother and Sister,

It is a good while since we have had a letter from you, and I know it is a long time since I have written to you. Poor health must be my excuse. I suppose you know that for more than three years my health (not firm before) has been poor. Be assured that though I have not written often to you, you have not been forgotten, but you have had my sympathies and prayers. I have, in one way and another, heard something of your trials, though, of course, but very little, and did I know all I should be but a poor counselor. We read in the Holy Word, that "man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward," and do we not see this verified continually in this world? Various are the ways in which our Heavenly Father sees fit to try His believing children, but O! how comforting to know that every thing is ordered in infinite wisdom, and that "our light afflictions, which are but for a moment, will work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." I firmly believe that all the minutest circumstances of our lives are known to our Heavenly Father, and ordered in Infinite wisdom, and it is to me a source of great comfort that this is so. I have been carried through long and distressing sickness since I last saw you, and, contrary to the expectations of all my friends, have been brought back from the borders of the grave, and still live to praise God in the land of the living. O! what shall I render to the Lord for all His goodness? You would probably like to know how well I am. I am able to be about and do light work, and hope I am in some measure useful in my family. I have, undoubtedly, disease about my lungs and heart, which makes it quite necessary that I should be very careful about exposure and overdoing. I have kept myself at home almost entirely through the winter and spring. I have been to church once this spring, and hope to be able to go more when the weather becomes settled. I have not been able to go but little for more than three years. * * * In regard to religion, it is, I believe, a very stupid time in all this region. Mr. Fisk

is our minister,—a very good man, but not Mr. Burt. This we could not expect, at least I never expected to find one that would fill his place, with me. It is very fatiguing for me to write, and I must draw to a close. I hope you will both write soon. That you may be guided by Heavenly wisdom, that you may enjoy the peace of God which passeth understanding, that your last days may be your best days, is the prayer of

Your affectionate sister,
NAOMI BARBOUR.

TO HER DAUGHTER.—CANTON CENTER, *October* 4, 1860.

My dear Pluma,

* * * My health is better than it was last year, so that I work, I suppose, about as many hours as the law would require, but I am so slow that it takes me a great while to do a little. * * * We have a good many apples this year, and Edward is paring to-day; has pared twenty bushels, and expects to dry more,—any thing to keep them from the still. * * * We milk four cows this year,—have made forty cheeses save one, and a good deal of butter; are making now about two pounds a day. * * * You do not know how much I think about you all, and how much I want to see you. Should you live to have children so far from you, you might know. Kiss all the dear children for me; tell them grandma loves them very much, wants them all to be good children, obedient to their parents, kind to each other, and to love the dear Savior who died on the cross, that we all may be saved. We are all now in the enjoyment of tolerable health; your father grows old, but yet labors very hard. We all unite in much love to you all. May God bless you all. Good bye. This from your

MOTHER.

CANTON CENTER, *October* 18, 1860.

My dear Brother and Sister Webster,

As we have not yet been able to visit you as we had hoped to do, I will write you a few lines, that you may know that I have not forgotten you. * * * I feel desirous to visit you this Fall if it is best, but do not mean to set my heart too much upon any thing of the kind, as all things here are so uncertain. We are all going down the hill of life, and of us it must soon be said, "they are

gone." O, may we be enabled so to live, that we may be prepared for the summons of death, however soon or sudden it may come. With much love to you all, I am as ever,

Your affectionate sister,

NAOMI.

TO HER BROTHER HEMAN.—CANTON CENTER, *December* 26, 1860.

My dear Brother,

We received yours' of the 12th in due season, for which we thank you, and as you wished to hear from our friends here, I will tell you what I know of them. * * * We have abundant cause for gratitude to our Heavenly Father for the comfortable health we are permitted to enjoy. My own health, I think, is better than it was last year, at least I am sure I have rather more strength, but I have to be very careful about exposure,—keep at home very closely. * * * We had a very pleasant family gathering here Thanksgiving day,—twenty-six in number of children and grandchildren—all being present excepting Heman's youngest child, and Pluma and her family, who, as you know, are in Iowa. I felt that it was probably the last general meeting we ever should enjoy,—so many together. * * * You speak of the alarming condition of our country; it is truly so, and were it not that "the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth," we might well give up in despair, but we know that "He can make the wrath of man to praise Him, and the remainder of wrath He can restrain." There is all our hope. * * * It is gratifying to learn that a day of fasting is appointed for our whole nation. Should that day be observed as it ought to be, who can tell but the Lord may look upon us in mercy, —that we perish not as we justly deserve. I have so many to write about that I fear my letter will be tedious to read. * * *

Your affectionate sister,

NAOMI.

Rev. Dr. Heman Humphrey, my mother's oldest brother of full blood, (whom I greatly loved and venerated,) died in Pittsfield, Mass., in the early part of April, 1861, aged 82 years. The relations of these two —now united in heaven—were peculiarly affectionate and sympathetic while on earth. There was a striking

similarity in their characters. Rev. Dr. Todd, in his sermon preached at the funeral of Dr. Humphrey, very justly ascribed to him the following as characteristic virtues :—"integrity," "simplicity," "magnanimity," "humanity and benevolence," "humility," and "devoted and earnest piety,"—all of which were prominent features in my mother's character.

My cousin Sarah communicated to me some of the last words of her father, spoken during his final sickness, and written down immediately. I take the liberty of inserting them here.

Some of Dr. Humphrey's last words.

"Blessed be God for His favor to the greatest of sinners, through Jesus Christ, to whom be glory forever and ever." "In days past, truly what comforts and deliverances have there been." "Blessed be God for His eternal rest." "Glorious things! who could desire more? It doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we shall see Him as He is, and be forever with the Lord." "Worship Him! Glory inexpressible! Nothing but glory and happiness in the face of Jesus Christ." "A glimpse of that glory—how wonderful—and just upon the dying bed of the believer." "Everlasting happiness! I stand and contemplate this blessedness, and fill with rapture and love. O, Glory! O, Heaven! O, bliss!—abounding grace and mercy in Jesus Christ." "To love and serve God forever without an imperfection, how different from the imperfect service I have rendered here." Again he burst forth—"God help me to soar—to soar—to soar to glory, honor, and immortality forever." "Draw out my faith and love in far more rapturous strains." "Why should I linger any longer here, O Divine and

adorable Redeemer! Why linger any longer! What should keep me back, Divine and adorable Redeemer!"

To the widow of Dr. Humphrey.

Canton Center, *April* 26, 1861.

My dear Sister,

I did intend to write you a few lines of sisterly affection and sympathy soon after the death of our dearly beloved friend, but the situation of our family, together with my own want of strength, has hitherto prevented. * * * I write you at this time with feelings of sadness, mingled with thanksgiving and praise to "our God who doeth all things well,"—sadness, in view of the great loss which we have sustained in the death of our dearly beloved friend. Truly my heart is sad when I realize that we shall never more see his face here in the flesh,—shall never more enjoy those pleasant interviews which we have been permitted to enjoy, and which have been more and more precious from year to year, as we were advancing in life,—that we shall never more have the benefit of his counsels and his prayers. All these things have a tendency to make the heart sad. But there is another view of this subject upon which I love to dwell,—Thanksgiving to God for all the benefits which have come to his friends and the world, through the labors and prayers of his long and useful life. And shall we not all unite in praise to God for the comfortable assurance that we have that his work is done and well done?—that he is now in the immediate presence of God and the Lamb, to go no more out forever?—in that world where *sorrow and sickness and death and sin can never enter!*

Dear sister, I deeply sympathize with you in your sorrow, though not having known, from experience, I suppose I can not enter into the *depth* of your sorrow and loneliness, yet there is an Almighty Being who knows it all, and who is abundantly able and willing to supply all your needs. To Him and to the word of His grace I commit you, knowing that He will do more abundantly for you than I can ask or even think. You know the precious promise of God, and I doubt not He will help you to apply them to yourself, to your unspeakable comfort. If you are able to write I should be very glad to receive a letter from you, telling us more of the last days of our dear friend than we have heard, and also of your future prospects. * * * My family all unite with me in much love to you and

Sarah, and of your children as may be with you. I think you have the sympathies and prayers of all your friends here. That you may enjoy the presence and blessing of God, both now and forever, is the prayer of

Your affectionate sister,
NAOMI BARBOUR.

The sudden death of a very promising son of my brother Henry S., aged about four years, was the occasion of the following precious letter:—

CANTON CENTER, *May* 29, 1861.

My dear afflicted Children,

As I shall not be able to be with you at the funeral of the dear loved one, to mingle my tears and sympathies with you, perhaps it will not be unacceptable to receive from me a few words of condolence and consolation. I know your hearts must bleed and your tears must flow, but, my dear children, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away," and O, may you be enabled to say from your inmost souls, "Blessed be the name of the Lord." He has taken nothing but His own. Is it not matter of rejoicing that He gave you such a child, and that He continued him with you so long, giving you opportunity to pray for him and to instruct him, as his mind opened to receive instruction? And may we not believe that the blessed Jesus, who, when on earth, "took little children in His arms and blessed them," has taken dear little Eddie to be with Him forever, where there shall be no more pain, no more sickness nor death? We can know but little of the heavenly state, but I do not believe it is a state of inaction, but that disembodied spirits are in some way employed in praising and *serving* God. Perhaps he may be employed as a ministering spirit to you, his parents, as you travel along through this vale of tears. At any rate, we must believe that "God doeth all things well," and that "what we know not now we shall know hereafter." Your blessed Savior knows all your trials and the anguish of your hearts, and He will permit you to weep, but not to murmur. To God and to the word of His grace I commend you, and O, may you come out of this furnace of affliction as gold tried in the fire, and may you become more weaned from the world and more devoted to the service of Christ while you remain here on earth, and better prepared

for the enjoyments of Heaven. I pray that this death may be sanctified to us all. And, my dear children, that God will be with you while you follow to the grave your beloved one, go with you through life, and receive you to Himself at last, is the prayer of

Your affectionate mother,

N. Barbour.

To her Daughter.—Sabbath Eve, *November* 24, 1861.

My dear Pluma,

We have just received your welcome letter, and lest we should neglect answering it too long, we will try to write this evening. * * * We rejoice to hear of your good health, and hope and pray that it may be continued. O, what a blessing is health. Although I have reason to believe that I am not entirely free from disease, yet I have great cause for thankfulness, that I am permitted to enjoy such a comfortable degree of health, and that I can do so much for the comfort of my family. * * * We have made forty cheeses and two hundred pounds of butter, besides what butter we have eaten, and I have been able to do the greatest share of the work about making them. * * * I have spun several runs of stocking yarn, and have some more to spin. I think your father's health is better this year than it has been before for four years. Sylvester has left New Hartford, and is going to try his luck in Ansonia. He perhaps did as well in N. H., as anybody would, but business in his line is rather dull, and Stiles advised him to go to Ansonia, where they have no lawyer. It is quite a place of business, and we hope he will do well. He has gone to Hillsdale, N. Y., to spend Thanksgiving, where his wife and child are staying at present. Julia is now in Wolcottville, where she expects to spend the winter. Pamela is so lonely since Eddie's death, that she feels as if she could not stay alone when Stiles is gone. * * * Julia has had a very hard time for several months, and needs rest. Heman's family are pretty well, excepting Frances, and she is much better, so that she is able to ride abroad some. * * * What does Samuel say about the war? It is dreadful, but I do not know of any way but to prosecute it. O, may it soon come to an end, and may a lasting peace be established in *all* our land. * * * May the best of Heaven's blessings rest upon you all.

Your affectionate

Mother.

To her brother Luther and Wife.

Canton Center, *December* 16, 1861.

My dear Brother and Sister,

Your very kind letter of October 11th, containing your likenesses, came to us in due season, for which we sincerely thank you. * * * We are now in the enjoyment of very comfortable health; my own is, perhaps, as good as it has been for five or six years, and much better than anybody thought I could ever have. We have abundant cause for gratitude to our Heavenly Father for His innumerable blessings to us and ours. Our children have mostly left us. Julia spends most of her time in her brothers' families, where she is much wanted. Heman's wife has been sick for a long time, but is now able to be about. They had a daughter born in August, (the first they have ever had,) which lived to be five weeks old and died. The mother was very sick; for a long time her recovery was considered very doubtful. It is a great mercy to her family that her life was spared. Stiles' folks lost their youngest boy last summer, aged four years and a few months. Sylvester is now in Ansonia, Conn., where he hopes to settle. His wife is now at her father's, in Hillsdale, N. Y. They have a little daughter. Edward lives in the house with us. He is teaching this winter in our district. Eliza is now with us. She was married last September to Henry D. Sexton. They were engaged to be married—expected to be married next spring, if not before; but he enlisted to go into the army, and they thought it best to be married before he went. He is a pious young man, and we think no less of him for his being willing to fight for his country. He has been sick at the hospital, but has so far recovered as to be able to go into camp. She hears from him every week. He is at Annapolis, but it is expected, that they will soon be sent farther south. O, in what a condition is our country! This is such a state of things as we never expected to witness. I have, from the first, believed that the North would eventually triumph, because I feel that our cause is a righteous one, and we know that our God loves righteousness and hates iniquity. We know that as a nation and as individuals we are verily guilty, and justly deserve the judgments of God; but is it not so, that the very course the South was taking to perpetuate slavery, seems to be the very course which Providence seems to be using for its complete overthrow? May God hasten the time? * * * I think, dear sister, it must be a privilege

to have children on missionary ground. May they be very useful in bringing souls to Christ. Write to us as often as you can, your letters are valued. My family unite with me in much love to you, and I am, as ever,

Your affectionate sister,
NAOMI BARBOUR.

CHAPTER XXV.—THE LAST YEAR OF HER LIFE.

THE death of Henry D. Sexton, the husband of sister Eliza, is mentioned in the two letters next succeeding. He was a member of my family for several months next preceding his enlistment into the Federal army, and gave us abundant evidence that he was a true-hearted, conscientious, and strictly religious young man.

TO HER CHILDREN AT WOLCOTTVILLE.—*January* 9, 1862.

My dear Children,

It is my painful duty to address a few lines to you at this time, with feelings of sadness and mourning. Mr. Henry Sexton, the father of Eliza's husband, came here yesterday, bringing with him a telegraphic dispatch which he had received from Annapolis, dated Monday, January 6th, at 3.45 P. M., which read thus: "Your son is dying, and totally unconscious." This is all the intelligence we have received, and we are left for the present entirely to conjecture as to the cause. You probably heard that he was sick at the hospital at Annapolis some weeks ago, and recovered so far as to be in camp. Whether he had another attack of disease, or whether something else is the cause of his death, we have no means of knowing at present. But as Eliza has received a letter from him every week, and as none has come this week, we think that the probability is, that disease was the cause of his death. His parents have telegraphed to Annapolis to have his body sent to Windsor, if it can be, and they are hoping that it may be. Eliza is truly in great affliction. Will you not pray much for her, that she may be

sustained in this time of sore trial? She went home with her father Sexton. It was their wish that she should, and we all thought it might be best. Should the body be brought to Windsor, they will let us know; and the family, as many as can, will attend the funeral. Henry has always expressed a strong belief, both before he went, and in his letters which he has written to her, that he should live to return; but God's ways are not our ways. O may this affliction be sanctified to us all, for our everlasting good! We have all much cause for thankfulness that we are not left to mourn without hope. He was a professor of religion, and, I think, a Christian; his letters all breathe the spirit of religion. * * * It is getting late, and I must close with love to you all.

Your affectionate

MOTHER.

P. S.—Edward has got home, bringing a letter for Eliza, stating that Henry died Tuesday, and saying that he would be buried in Annapolis, as it would be impossible to send the body home. No particulars respecting his sickness are stated in the letter, which is from a fellow-soldier; but the writer says some one will write soon, giving particulars, and also that his effects would be sent to her by express. We shall no longer be in suspense. Henry D. Sexton is dead, and dear Eliza is a widow!

TO HER BROTHER'S WIDOW.—CANTON CENTER, *June* 15, 1862.

My dear sister Sophia,

I received your welcome letter last week, for which I thank you. * * * Eliza is teaching school in Windsor this summer. She was married last fall to Henry D. Sexton, a young man of promise, and one with whom we had been acquainted. When the services of so many were required to sustain the government and to put down rebellion, he enlisted into the army, no doubt from a sense of duty, and left his wife and friends to go and serve his country. He had strong hope that he might live to return, to enjoy the society of his wife and friends for many years to come; but Providence ordered it otherwise—and he is gone, never to return. He was taken with the lung fever some time in November, and was sick in the hospital at Annapolis for some time, but recovered so far as to go into camp for a few weeks, but was again very unwell, yet not so much so but what it was thought he might soon recover; and as his regiment was about to remove farther south, he went

aboard a hospital ship to go on with them. He was taken suddenly very sick, Sabbath night, and died the next Tuesday, January 7th. The physician called the disease congestion of the brain, and there was also a rupture of a bloodvessel a few hours before his death. It was a great trial to Eliza to have him go into the army, but she felt that if he thought it to be his duty to go, she ought not to object. She is indeed sorely afflicted; all her fond hopes for the future are suddenly blasted, and she is left a mourning widow. Henry was early, hopefully converted, and united with the church, and appeared to be a devoted Christian. Said one of his comrades, who was with him, and who wrote after his death, "None who knew Henry, could doubt his firm reliance upon Christ." O, what a comfort when our dear friends are taken from us, to feel that our loss is their everlasting gain! * * * O, when will this dreadful war come to an end! What a multitude of bereaved families in our country, in consequence of it!

My dear sister, I think often of you in your loneliness and bereavement; and O, how we miss those pleasant visits we used to enjoy with that beloved one who is gone! But it is such a consolation to feel that he is now free from all the sorrows of this life, and enjoying the full fruition of the heavenly world. If we are what we profess to be, we shall soon be there. We rejoice to hear that you are hoping to make us a visit this year; hope we shall not be disappointed. * * * I am, as ever,

Your affectionate sister,

NAOMI.

TO HER DAUGHTER.—CANTON CENTER, *June* 24, 1862.

My dear Pluma,

I feel every time we receive a letter from you, that I shall try to write at least a little to you in the next, but, for some reason, it has been a long time, I believe, since I have written to you. It is growing more and more of a task for me to write a letter. * * * I can assure you that none of your family are forgotten by your friends at home. We often speak of you, and long to see you, but if this can not be, it is a great comfort that we can communicate by writing; yet it is impossible for either of us to write all which the other would wish to know. * * * I think I have not felt quite as well during the spring and summer, thus far, as I did during the winter, but I have no reason to complain. Sylvester and

wife came here last Friday, and made us a short visit. I had never seen their child before; she is quite a promising little girl, nine months old. I have now seen all the grandchildren, excepting little Cora. O, how I wish I could see her, and all the rest of your family! Kiss them all for grandma. * * * Ellen is now beginning to play upon the melodeon. These instruments are almost as common as the old fashioned spinning-wheel used to be, but the music is not so pleasant to me as that is. * * * We have a young man preaching here whose name is Lyman. We have a meeting to-day to see about settling him; I hope we shall be able to do so. My sheet is full, and I must draw to a close, for I am very tired. And now, dear children and grandchildren, one and all, I bid you good-bye. May we all be enabled so to live, that we may glorify God here on earth, and be prepared to praise Him forever in Heaven. We all unite in much love to you all. Write as often as convenient—all of you that can. This scrawl from your affectionate mother,

NAOMI BARBOUR.

TO THE SAME.—CANTON CENTER, *September* 15, 1862.

My dear Pluma,

* * * You say you shall feel very anxious now to hear whether Henry Lane, Sylvester, or Edward is obliged to go into the army. Henry has a certificate of inability. * * * Edward got a certificate from the surgeon some weeks ago, that he was not a subject of military duty; but the urgent call for more troops made him very anxious to do something to put down the rebellion, and he enlisted among the nine months' men from this town. He went to Hartford with the company, but was not accepted. Heman, Stiles, and Sylvester are exempt on account of their office, [mother had been misinformed in regard to this matter,] beside Stiles is exempt on account of his lameness. Heman has dyspepsia, and his health is very poor. He went West on business, with the hope that his health might be benefited, which he thought was the case while he was gone; but Edward was there when he came home last Tuesday, and Wednesday he went up to his farm, and came home so ill as to be obliged to go to bed. I feel quite anxious about him. His son Heman is quite unwell with the same disease. * * * Emma thinks I am one of the most patriotic persons—believes I

would be willing all my friends should go into the army, (which, by the way, might not prove so upon trial.) Now, is it not strange that among all our sons, sons-in-law, and grandsons, not one is to be found to go for their country? Perry's age clears him, and if it did not, infirmity would; you know he has a bad limb which troubles him very much. Oliver was anxious to enlist at the first call for volunteers, but about that time his legs and feet (which, perhaps you remember, troubled him very much after his sickness,) began to swell and trouble him very much, so that it has become very difficult for him to walk. He has been to Sharon Springs for his health; I do not know whether he has returned. * * * We have been notified that there is to be a barrel sent to you, and we intend to send some things for your comfort. Now if there is any thing in particular that you wish us to send, let us know, and we will send it, if we can. We have been drying some whortleberries for you. There has been a great abundance of them this year, and I presume there are good hard ones now upon the bushes. Lucy picked good ones last week. We might have had a great many more if we had been able to pick them. We have an abundance of apples this year, also a good supply of plums. O, how we wish you could have all you want! We shall endeavor to send stockings and other articles that will be useful in your family. Cotton cloths are very high, so that we shall not be able to send all that we should be glad to. I hope you will get the barrel quicker than you did the other. Write as often as you can, and tell us what you can about your circumstances. Do you have preaching and Sabbath school, and are you able to attend church yourself? We all unite in much love to you all. You will see that this page is written in a trembling hand and great haste by

Your mother

BARBOUR.

The last time I saw my dear mother alive was in September, 1862, when she and my dear father made us a visit of a few days in Hartford. She then appeared to be in comfortable health, and rode with us about the city several times—visiting the soldiers' camp, the Retreat grounds, the Park, various manufacturing establishments,

and most places of special interest in and about the city. She remarked that she had, during that visit, seen more of Hartford than she had ever seen before, and evidently experienced much pleasure from our rides and social converse. When she left my house, on the 20th day of September, I had not the slightest thought that I was hearing and speaking last words to and from her. How often are we admonished of the uncertainty of future life and future opportunities, and yet how little practical or personal application we make of such lessons.

In one of our rides above mentioned, the horses became frightened, and for a few minutes could not be controlled, and we were apparently in danger of serious bodily injury; but while others were greatly agitated and alarmed, my mother was perfectly quiet and tranquil. She seemed, during the last years of her life, to lie passively in the hands of God, feeling no solicitude about herself. I do not believe any one ever did, or can, while in the mortal state, feel more perfect *trust* in an overruling Providence than she did. This feeling was expressed in her letters, but not so clearly as it was in her life and conversation. As will be supposed, her letters written after I last saw her, are exceedingly interesting and precious to me.

In a note to Eliza, dated October 2, 1862, she writes: "I am somewhat in a hurry about spinning, as we did not get our white rolls till Tuesday night. I had spun the mixed before." I was surprised when I read this. I had not supposed she engaged in such employment to the very last. There surely was no *necessity* for her laboring at all. Her husband and children would gladly have relieved her from all labor. But she would not have been contented to be idle for one hour, when she thought

herself able to work. She doubtless took especial delight in spinning, on account of old associations.

In her earnest activity in her sphere of labor to the very last of life, she was like her brother—Dr. Humphrey. He worked in his sphere with all the ardor and zeal of his vigorous manhood, until his final sickness, which was brief.

To her Brother's Widow.

Canton Center, *December* 14, 1862.

My dear sister Sophia,

We received your kind letter a few days ago, for which we thank you. I was very glad to hear of your health and comfort, also of the pleasant visits you had been permitted to make among your friends, although we much regretted that we could not have the privilege of a visit from you. I was very glad that you were permitted to see brother Alson and sister Hannah. I have often thought of you in your loneliness since the death of my dear brother. What a comfort it must be to you that you can have your dear Sarah with you; may the Lord reward her a thousand fold into her own bosom. I often look back to the time when I was having a family very fast, and my rebellious heart many times said, "I *can not* have it so;" but God, in infinite mercy, has brought me along, and I have as many times been caused to thank Him for so many precious children. In the sicknesses which I have so many times been led to pass through, I have often felt and said, "What should I do without them?" It is always *safe*, as well as *right*, to be satisfied with *all* the dispensations of our Heavenly Father. * * * My hand trembles very badly; but you will excuse bad writing and all blunders. My family unite with me in much love to you and Sarah. Accept this from

Your affectionate sister, Naomi.

The following letter to her brother in Ohio is probably her last writing, and I give it entire:

Canton Center, *December* 17, 1862.

My dear Brother and Sister,

Although I believe that I have written *to* you since I have received any letter *from* you, I will now undertake to write again.

Some time last year we received a letter from you, inclosing your own and sister's likenesses, which we were very glad to receive, and as soon as convenient, we had our own taken upon a plate and sent to you; since which time we have received no communication from you. Some time after that, Eliza wrote you a letter, giving you some account of her husband's death in the army, on board a hospital ship at Annapolis, Maryland. To this letter she has received no answer, so that we know not whether you ever received either that or mine. It is a task for me to write a letter at all; and as I have been hoping to receive one from you, which I should wish to answer, I have delayed writing, but I feel that this ought not so to be any longer. I have but one brother, and shall there be no correspondence between us? I received a letter from sister Sophia last summer, in which she states that she had lately heard from you. This is all which we have heard from you for a long time. If you or sister, or both of you, are able to write, will you not soon answer this? for I am anxious to hear from you. We are now in the enjoyment of about our usual health; that is, those of us here—Edward and family, my husband and myself. Julia's health has been poor for several months, but is now some better. She is at home with us. Her disease is an affection of the liver, and also scrofula. Eliza is teaching school in Windsor, near her father Sexton's, and boards with them this winter. She taught last summer in a district adjoining. Our children, in this region, are well. Pluma and her family are in Iowa; we hear from them frequently. Our brothers and sisters are also well, with the exception of Electa. She still remains in a measure helpless; that is, she can not walk without assistance, and her hands are so much paralyzed that she can not use them but very little. They are still living on their farm in Burlington. Harriet is with them, and manages to get along with their housework pretty comfortably. We were there a few weeks ago, and found them quite as comfortable as we expected; and Mr. Barbour was there last week; he said they were about so. James Humphrey, brother Heman's son, has assisted them some; says he means to assist them as his father would, if living. Sister Candace is spending the winter in Canton, mostly with Lucy, across the street here; her health is quite comfortable. The state of religion in this region is very low, though, in some places, there are hopeful appearances. About a year after the death of Mr. Burt, we settled a

Mr. Fisk, who preached for us about three years; but some of our most influential people became dissatisfied with him, and, of course, he must be dismissed. After he was dismissed, we hired one and another, until last Spring, when a Mr. Lyman, who had just finished his course of study at New Haven, was hired; and after preaching for six months, was ordained, in October, as our pastor. He appears to be a very good young man, and, we hope, may prove a long and lasting blessing to this people. We know that "Paul may plant and Apollos water, but God alone giveth increase."

O, in what a dreadful condition is our beloved country! When I think of it, I am so overwhelmed that I can not command my thoughts, much less can I write upon the subject. O, how many precious lives have been already sacrificed to put down this wicked rebellion, and the end is not yet! The future is all shrouded in gloom. Were it not that "the Lord God omnipotent reigneth," we must sink down in despair. I have never yet doubted the righteousness of our cause, and must still believe that it must eventually prevail. You know my views upon slavery, the cause of all this dreadful state of things; but are we innocent? Is it not evident that God has a controversy with the North as well as the South, and is it not likely that we are not suitably humbled under the mighty hand of God? A number of young men have gone from Canton, and are now in the army, and several have died by disease, or been killed in battle. Sarah, our adopted girl, had a brother in the battle of Antietam, whose name was in the list of killed in that battle. O, when will peace be restored!

It is now a pretty general time of health here, with few exceptions. The wife of Deacon Hosford, Mr. Barbour's sister, has lately had a paralytic shock, and now lies in a very critical condition. I shall expect a letter from you soon; don't let me be disappointed. My family, with sister Candace, unite with me in much love to you, and believe me

Your affectionate sister,

NAOMI BARBOUR.

CHAPTER XXVI.—HER LAST DAYS—HER DEATH.

My mother had prayed earnestly for another revival of God's work in the church and community with which she was connected, and there were already tokens of the coming of the Holy Spirit, indeed of His presence, to convict and to convert sinners. She had looked forward with interest to the "week of prayer,"—observed more or less throughout Christendom, with special reference to the world's conversion: that week had begun. It was the Sabbath, always strictly regarded by her as the Lord's day—the last of her earthly Sabbaths. According to her urgent request, she was left alone with Nellie, her granddaughter, about one year and a half old, while the other members of the family went to church. My sister Julia noticed a peculiarly holy and seraphic expression in the countenance of her mother, on their return from church. Doubtless her communion with her Savior was very intimate and very sweet during those hours of retirement. She remarked that she had been reading Dr. Hawes' sermon on the death of his daughter, and that she had enjoyed more comfort than she should have done if she had attended church with such a headache as she had suffered from. In the evening she urged all to go to meeting and leave her alone again, but the family were unwilling to leave her thus, and Emma, the youngest son's wife, remained with her. She was reading the Bible when Julia returned. Mother inquired particularly who were at the meeting, and learning that comparatively few church members were present, expressed her fears that the church were not awake.

On Monday she expressed a desire to go and sit by the

bedside of Mrs. Hosford, her sister-in-law, who was prostrated and helpless from a recent stroke of paralysis,—said she "might be useful in that way," but by advice of other members of the family did not go.

On Tuesday she commenced making an under-garment for her husband—said she ought to be able to finish it that day, but she feared she could not. Little Nellie solicited her grandmother's attention, and she laid aside her work to fondle and amuse the child, though she said, "I want to work, my dear, very much, but I will stop to please you." In the afternoon her sister Hannah and husband visited the family, and all concur in saying that mother was remarkably animated and talkative during the afternoon. Her brother and sister left about five o'clock, and she expressed to them the very great pleasure their visit had afforded her, and went out upon the verandah, continuing conversation while they were within hearing, saying at last, "give my love to the girls, and tell them to come up and see us." Julia went with her uncle and aunt, intending to remain at their house a day or two. Shortly afterward mother went across the street to brother Lane's house to borrow salt with which to "rub" some beef, preparatory to drying, and (Lucy says) appeared to be in haste. My father assisted her about the preparation of the meat, so that the part of the work which she did was light, and probably did not injure her: she chose to do what she did, although others could have done it just as well. When this work was finished, father went out, leaving mother in the back kitchen. Her adopted daughter, Sarah, assisted her in putting in its place a light table which had been used for the meat, and passed into the middle kitchen, and very soon after heard my mother groan two or three times. Sarah hastened to her, and found her

standing by the sink with a cloth in her hand with which she had wiped the table. Sarah asked her if she was sick. She said, with imperfect articulation, "I do n't know." Emma and Sarah assisted her to walk into her room, and father and Lucy were called. She was asked repeatedly about her feelings,—if she had ever felt so before, &c., and she replied to the questions with difficult and broken speech, to the effect that she could not describe her feelings. She heard some one proposing to send for Julia, and apparently began to express objections—articulating only the word "Julia," and suddenly became completely paralyzed, and never spoke or moved again. She continued to breathe with occasional convulsions, probably without consciousness, until eight o'clock Wednesday morning, January 7, 1863, when her soul was finally released from its decayed tenement, and was, as I believe, "carried by the angels into the bosom" of a circle of very eminent saints, close by her dear Savior.

It was about two o'clock of the afternoon of the same day, that a sealed message was placed in my hand as I was sitting in my office, and I broke the seal without anticipating any ungrateful intelligence—much less the horrible words which I found within—"Mother is dead —died in a fit—funeral on Friday." The anguish of that hour may be conceived by those only who have passed through such a trial. For one hour I walked to and fro in my room alone, under a load of agony such as I had never experienced before.

"My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed,
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son.
* * * * *
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss."

Some blessed spirit did come to me to assuage my grief, and to inspire a feeling of submission, and from that hour Christian faith and hope, which reach beyond the cold dark grave to the celestial world where my glorified mother will forever dwell, lifted and upheld my soul from those deep waters of affliction, which it seems to me would inevitably and irretrievably engulf one who suffers the loss of a wife or a mother, were it not for the revelations of that Gospel which "hath brought life and immortality to light."

All of her children were present at her funeral, except Pluma. Her four sons acted as bearers, thereby expressing their grateful love for her who oft had borne them in their hours and days of helplessness and distress. It seemed fitting that we should perform this service, and, although a very sad and painful one, it is now remembered by all of us with a mournful satis faction.

Our dear aged father was wonderfully sustained under the terrible stroke which cut through those strong cords by which God made of "twain one flesh," rending away one half his being. He anticipates "another mating," which shall never, never be dissolved.

Rev. Mr. Lyman, who had but recently become my mother's pastor, delivered a discourse on the occasion of the funeral, from which I am permitted to make ex tracts. His acquaintance with her was so brief that his knowledge of her character was mainly derived from the testimony of others. His description, however, is very just and accurate as far as it extends.

Extracts from the Funeral Sermon.

"The deceased was gifted, by nature, with more than ordinary powers of mind. She was characterized by a

large portion of natural good sense, and also by a strict conscientiousness and loyalty to the truth.

As a wife, she was kind, affectionate, faithful and frugal, "looking well to the affairs of her own household."

As the mother of a large family, she was loving, conscientiously attentive to both the temporal and spiritual wants of her family, prayerful, exemplary, and devoted to her children with no ordinary affection.

As a neighbor, she was kind, benevolent, sympathetic, and always ready to relieve distress when it was in her power to do so. All who knew her, we believe, learned to esteem her highly.

In July, 1817, according to our church records, she was received into the church in Canton, by letter. Since that time she has remained here, a consistent follower of Christ, till now God has called her to "come up higher."

In her religious experience, she sometimes was troubled by doubts—she feared that she might be deceived in regard to her real condition. But we think not. God, we think, answered her prayer with which she closed a written account of her conversion. [Mr. Lyman here quoted the prayer.] Judging by the fruit she bore, we think she was not deceived.

During the closing months of her life, she was more than usually interested in the religious prosperity of this community. She attended our religious meetings as often as she was able, and took much interest in their exercises. When her family returned from the meetings which she was unable to attend, the first thing of which she wished to hear was about the meeting. She longed to see Canton blessed with the Spirit of God. Like the faithful servant, she was interested in her Master's work, and watching for his appearing. And as the

thought came over her that she might be sick this season, she shrank from it, on account of the trouble which she might occasion others. *She had learned to think little of self.*

And during these months she had been heard to express the desire that she might be permitted to die during a time of religious interest in the community, and God granted her the prayer. For now the Lord is here. Some impenitent hearts are touched with a sense of sins; a few hope they have found Jesus; many Christians pray and feel more earnestly than they have for many months past. Now, while such was the condition of things here, suddenly, while some of her family were in the prayer-meeting, she was told that her Master called for her. In the early part of the evening of Tuesday last, she was taken with a fit of apoplexy. She at once sank into a state of unconsciousness, in which condition she remained till the following morning at eight o'clock, when God came to her relief, and her soul was permitted to soar to Him who gave it. In Heaven, amid the holy throng, far beyond the reach of all doubts, and above all fear, she shall forever be at rest, and enjoy full communion of spirit with God,—being "filled with the fullness of God." "*Blessed is that servant* whom the Lord, when he cometh, *shall find watching.*"

And you, my friends, to whom the Lord has come very near with his afflictive stroke, have many tokens of good which may be discovered—many strong grounds of support at this time of sorrow. She, whose mortal form, now cold in death, lies before you, was permitted to live almost three-score and ten years. During a large portion of those years, she has been a comfort to you, praying for and with you. God was very good to you in giving you so good a wife, mother and grandmother,

and in allowing you to enjoy her society for so many years. But "He who gave has taken away." The Master has called for her. It is true that she who has been taken can not come to you; but you may go to her. True, a breach has been made in your family, and a wound in your hearts, by this snapping of heart-strings. It is human to shiver at the pain occasioned by such an event. Nor is it possible to forget at once. The sense of desolation will sometimes be felt. Many times, as you move about your house, will you be reminded of her who is to be with you no more on the earth. For never again will these sons and daughters, and grandchildren, when they go to the old home, hear the glad welcome of the good mother and grandmother. The tears will start at the thought of this. Nor do we reproach you for them. The heart may find relief in them. Yet you can feel that you may mourn as for one who had hope. "The righteous hath hope in his death." She, the dear object of your affections, has gone, we think, to the heavenly mansions. Then, while you remember the departed with fond affection, let your sorrows and tears be attended with psalms and hymns of grateful praise."

CHAPTER XXVII.—TRIBUTES OF FRIENDS—HER CHARACTER.

For the purpose of showing the affectionate and respectful regard which Rev. Dr. Heman Humphrey and his children cherished for my dear mother, and as high testimony to her moral worth, I take the liberty to introduce here the following letter of sympathy written to my

father, shortly after his bereavement, by Rev. Dr. Edward P. Humphrey:

DANVILLE, KY., *January* 21, 1863.

My dear Uncle,

I have just read in a Hartford paper a notice of the sudden death of aunt Naomi. It has taken me by surprise, as indeed such events are so apt to do.

I have been taught by my venerable father to entertain the highest respect and affection for aunt Naomi; and my acquaintance with her, although I lament to say it was limited to a few brief visits, confirmed in me the estimate I had formed from father's opinion, of her sterling good sense, her unaffected piety, her noble, generous, and affectionate disposition.

This affliction in the family comes nearer to me personally, for the reason that the last time I saw my dear old father, he was in your house visiting your family; and now the brother and sister who loved each other so sincerely are together in the "saints' everlasting rest."

I beg to offer to you and to my cousins, your children, my sincere sympathy in this bereavement. May the Lord prepare us all to follow those who have gone before us, entering into the joy of the Lord.

With affectionate remembrance of all your family,

I am yours truly,

EDWARD P. HUMPHREY.

MR. HENRY BARBOUR.

Cousin Sarah, the youngest sister of the above, says in a letter to my brother, dated January 22, 1863:

"We feel that we are sharers in your loss. I have always enjoyed extremely every meeting with your dear mother, and have felt myself benefited as well as refreshed by her lovely and interesting character of mind, and her peaceful, trustful faith. Dear father and his dear sister, so peculiarly beloved by him, are together now. May we all be gathered with them in God's own time in the heavenly home."

From Rev. Warren C. Fiske, former pastor of the church in Canton:

Dear Sir,

I am happy to learn that you are about to publish a memorial of your deceased mother. She was a most worthy woman, and richly deserving to be remembered by her friends and revered by her children.

In the Fall of 1857, it was my privilege to make her acquaintance. She was then far advanced in life, and the bowed form and feeble step plainly indicated that her pilgrimage was fast drawing to a close. The sands of life had almost run. And yet, with all the feebleness of declining years, there was no perceptible decay in her mental powers. Her mind was vigorous and active. In this respect she bore a strong resemblance to her brother, the Rev. Dr. Humphrey, so long and widely known as president of the Amherst College. Like his, her piety was of an earnest, practical character. She sought not the praise that cometh from man, but the honor of God. It needed but a short acquaintance to discover that she was an humble and devoted follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. Life, with her, was a race to be run, a pilgrimage to another and a better country.

During the spring and summer of 1858 she was called to pass through a severe and protracted sickness. She was brought very low, even to the very borders of the grave; and suffered much from extreme debility. For several weeks she felt, as also did her friends, that she was approaching the solemn, silent shores of Eternity. The passage of the dark valley, so full of terror to most, had none for her. She was calm and resigned to the will of her Heavenly Father, and even spoke of her departure with great freedom and cheerfulness. She knew in whom she had put her trust, and firmly believed that He who had been her support in life would not leave her or forsake her in death. The lamp of faith burned brightly, and she looked forward with full assurance to the rest that remaineth for the people of God. There were many things to bind her to earth. She loved her companion, and her children, and the church of God, and desired their happiness and prosperity; but she loved her Savior more, and hence she desired to depart and be with Christ. But she was not impatient to be relieved, for she desired not her own will to be done, but the will of God. There was a sweet submission of spirit in her to all the providential government of her Master. Hence, amidst all her trials and sufferings she could say, "How

great is the goodness of God," "How multiplied his mercies," "He doeth all things well," &c.

I visited her, as her pastor, frequently during this long sickness and I do not remember that she was ever dejected or despondent. She was always cheerful and happy. It was good to be there, and behold the power of God's grace and the triumphs of faith. And now that she has passed away, how appropriate the language of sacred writ, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors: and their works do follow them."

April 25, 1864. W. C. Fiske.

H. H. Barbour, Esq.

From Mrs. Fiske, wife of the above:

East Haddam, *April* 29, 1864.

Dear Sir,

I am glad you are preparing reminiscences of your sainted mother for her children and grandchildren and large circle of friends.

I loved and revered your mother from my first acquaintance with her. I think I first saw her on a sick bed. She seemed then to be sinking in the arms of death, but was calm and peaceful, and perfectly resigned to the will of God. It was my privilege to visit her often during that long and painful illness, and always did I leave her sick room feeling that it was good to be there. God was pleased to answer prayer, and raise her from her low estate, and enable her again to be active in her family.

In health, as in sickness, she ever manifested the same unshaken faith and confidence in God. Religion was the great regulator of her life. She loved the cause of Christ and the souls of her fellow creatures, and in a special manner sought ever to cheer and comfort the heart of her pastor. Truly did her prayers and kind sympathy stay up his hands and encourage his soul, when ready to sink in hours of trial.

She rests from her labors and her memory is blessed. Her work is all done, and well done. She has exchanged the cross for the crown. May her children and grandchildren follow in her footsteps, and share with her the bliss of Heaven.

Truly yours,

H. H. Barbour, Esq. H. M. Fiske.

In a letter of sympathy to my sisters, dated January 15, 1863, Mrs. Fiske writes in reference to their deceased mother:

"I do believe that her prayer has been that she might go suddenly, and God has heard and answered it. She told me once that she expected to go suddenly—that she had a trouble of the heart. I have no doubt she suffered more bodily pain than any one knew of, for she would not disturb others with her complaints—so unselfish was her nature. She was one of the best of mothers, and truly a mother in Israel. For her we can not mourn; we mourn for ourselves and for the church of God. O, what a loss has your church sustained. Her prayers *prevailed* with God, and to her intercessions do I think you owe present prosperity, in a great measure. Who will arise to fill her place. *You* will miss her daily presence, her guidance, and her prayers. She has long been waiting to go—ready to depart and to be forever with the Lord, and yet was willing to stay, and do, and suffer all His righteous will till her Master called her home."

Dr. James O. Pond, of New York City, who was my mother's teacher for a brief period in 1813–14, writes to me in a note dated April 23, 1864: "I well recollect your mother, and although my acquaintance with her was brief, yet I was impressed with her ladylike demeanor and superior intellect."

The wife of Dr. Pond was a very intimate and dear friend of my mother in their youth, and a correspondent for several years. I presume she is the "friend" referred to in the experience on page 217, and that the meeting of youths mentioned on the same page is the same referred to by Mrs. Pond in the following letter:

New York, *April* 26, 1864.

Mr. Barbour.—Dear Sir,

A letter from you has carried me back to the days of my youth. Precious to me, indeed, is the recollection of those days and places when and where my young companions sought the Lord, and entered upon a religious life. One of this number was your dear

mother. In December, 1813, my own attention was directed to the concerns of my soul, and led, as I trust, by the enlightening and subduing influences of God's spirit, I submitted myself to Christ, and the following June made a public profession of my faith in Him. The question arose, how can I best honor Him in my intercourse with my young friends, few of whom had as yet given themselves to His service. I had before this been intimate with your mother, and probably had corresponded with her by letter. There were many letters of a religious character passed between us afterward, but I do not find one of them now in my possession, which I much regret. I think your mother obtained a hope in the revival of 1816. Miss Phebe Mills and myself resolved to hold a meeting for prayer and religious intercourse with our companions and others who might wish to attend. The meeting was held at the house of Miss M., and your mother was one of the attendants. I well remember her appearance as she sat before me. The question was asked, "My dear friends, one and all, do you *need* Christ? do any of you *feel* that you *need him?* If you do, *come*—now *venture upon him.*" Your mother complied with the exhortations, and soon after gave her heart to the Savior, and I thank God for the evidence she gave of her sincerity in the fruits of a holy life.

Respectfully yours,

PLUMA POND.

My sister Eliza has shown me a letter, written to her several years since, which is extremely interesting to me, because the facts therein stated illustrate so vividly my mother's love for the souls of her fellow-creatures and her fidelity to the benevolent impulses of her large heart. The writer—known as Lucinda Hazard—was the daughter of a black man and white woman living in Canton, and was reared in a family of white people residing in the neighborhood of my father. She was cast among those of a lighter color than her own, and my mother felt an obligation to labor for the spiritual welfare of this poor girl, and what she felt to be her duty she always performed. Through the kind aid of good men and women this girl was educated liberally, with a view to the mis-

sionary work in Africa, and subsequently went to Liberia to labor there as a Christian teacher. In the letter before mentioned, dated "Monrovia, March 7, 1859," she states that she was married to the Bishop (Burns) of the Methodist church at Monrovia, about two months before. She writes:

"I often think of you and your dear mother and sisters, brothers and father. When shall I see you again? Will it be this side of the grave? Perhaps so—some of you; still it is doubtful. But I know you are praying for me. O, how home and childhood scenes rush upon me at times. Well do I remember the time when your dear mother took me by the hand, and led me into her Sabbath-school class, and gave me a seat at her side, because some of the class did not want to sit beside a *black girl*." [She mentions that she was obliged, on account of the clamor that was raised by her presence, "to leave the school for a season," and continues:] "I now feel that these trials, though then I was but a child of seven or eight years old, had their influence on me for good. I shall always consider that your mother had much to do in forming my character for good. You, as a good daughter, always stood by my side, a friend. God will bless you for it. I bless you, far off in this heathen land." * * * "The missionary work is prospering in Africa. God loves His work, even here."

HER CHARACTER.

I feel a painful and oppressive sense of my incompetency to depict the best features of my mother's character. I wish I could do them justice, not for the purpose of showing my love and respect for her memory, but for the sake of the influence of such an example upon the living, and upon future generations.

Her character was remarkably symmetrical and well balanced, and yet there were several *projecting* and *salient* traits which seemed to give it peculiar force and beauty. Of these I shall mention, as most prominent and extraordinary, her *benevolence*, her *liberality* or *catholicism*, and her *conscientiousness*.

HER BENEVOLENCE.

Benevolence of heart, or well-wishing, is a very common, but, unless acted out, a very useless virtue, and is not incompatible with a selfish manner of life; there are many persons who have kind and sympathizing hearts—a tender regard for others' happiness, who never do much to promote the good of their fellow creatures—practically live for themselves. *Active* benevolence, or *beneficence*, is a meritorious and blessed virtue. It proceeds from a kind heart as the fountain or well-spring; uses the outward senses, aided by the judgment, to discover the opportunities and demands for its exercise; is propelled by energy and will, and sustained by faith in God, who provides the means and the ability to do good. These are all essential to effective benevolence. Some who have the requisite *love* lack one of the other requisites, some another, and some all. My mother possessed them all. She was always inquiring *how* she could do good, and when she saw the opportunity, was earnest and whole-hearted in doing it, and she believed that God would sustain and take care of her and hers while she did it, and afterward.

She performed her deeds of charity unostentatiously and quietly—never "to be seen of men."

Her philanthropy was expansive and universal—embracing the objects which she met in her daily walks, and extending across oceans and mountains to heathen lands—making no distinctions of color or caste—regarding the souls and the eternal welfare of men as well as their bodies and present happiness.

It was self-sacrificing. There are many persons who give large sums and gain much applause from their fellow-men for their deeds of charity, who have never made

the slightest sacrifice of personal ease, or pleasure, in giving. My mother *habitually* denied herself personal gratification that she might benefit others—not her own family merely, but others also, far and near. She gave of her substance, her time, and her strength, for God and humanity, in the spirit of the loving Mary, and the "poor widow," whose whole offerings Christ commended.

I will state but two facts to directly support this high eulogy upon her benevolence. Much corroboration and support can be found in her own writings and in the testimony of others, contained in this book.

Early in married life, because she had nothing else to give, she cast into the missionary box a pair of gold ear-rings which she had cherished as a keepsake. Men who saw them wondered, but never knew who put them there. Her husband never knew of this gift while she lived; her sister suspected and finally learned the truth, under a charge and promise of secresy.

There still lives a poor, half-witted vagrant, known as Hull Tuller, who, though a pauper of the town of Simsbury, chooses at times to wander about from house to house, sleeping in barns and out-houses, and feeding on such things as are given him. He has, I believe, regular circuits of perhaps twenty miles each, which he makes once in two, three, or four months. My father's house lies in one of these circuits, and had, for many years previous to my mother's death, been one of his "stopping-places," and always, when he came in cold weather, my mother prepared for him a bed by the kitchen fire—repeatedly against the remonstrances of her family. She did so a few weeks before her death. Shortly after her death he came into the neighborhood, and, being told that she had died, cried as if his heart would break, saying that he had lost his best friend, and immediately left

that neighborhood, and, I believe, has never visited it since. These simple, isolated facts, and the one stated in the letter of Mrs. Lucinda Burns, are presented here as characteristic of my dear mother's benevolence.

HER LIBERALITY OF SENTIMENT.

Although she held to her own opinions and principles with exceeding confidence and tenacity, she was not a bigot, or a fanatic, but was candid, charitable, and tolerant in reference to opposing sentiments. While she often wondered how good men could entertain opinions diametrically opposed to hers on questions involving, as she thought, fundamental moral principles, yet she seemed ever ready to concede that her opponents might be as honest and sincere as she was. How much trouble and discord, which destroy the peace and harmony of families, neighborhoods, communities, and churches, would be avoided, if all men and women were as large-hearted and catholic as my dear mother was!

HER CONSCIENTIOUSNESS.

I do not believe it is possible for any one to be more faithful to convictions of duty and principle than she was. No considerations of ease, or personal gratification, or gain, or advantage of any kind, or of personal danger or sacrifice, could make her deliberately swerve one hair-breadth from the line of duty as she understood it, and she was always very careful, candidly to inquire what was the line of duty before she acted. I know that this will seem to be a very extravagant claim for her, but the observation of my lifetime has convinced me that it is just, and I believe those who knew her well will concur in this unqualified statement.

There follow as necessary sequences from what I have stated, if true—and I do affirm—that my mother was

a kind neighbor, a lover of peace, a truth teller, no tattler or backbiter, no flatterer, not apt to be censorious, but inclined to make a generous allowance for the conduct of others which she could not approve.

She was meek and humble, and self-depreciating and diffident in her estimate of her usefulness and moral goodness, although she was independent and confident in her judgment and opinions, and fearless (yet unobtrusive) in the expression of them, and was also self-reliant, courageous, and resolute, to undertake and perform difficult tasks in her sphere of labor.

As will be seen in her letters, she took a lively interest in public affairs, and formed very decided opinions in regard to them, and yet was ardently devoted to her domestic relations and duties.

She had the qualities and capacity which fitted her to lead other minds, and impress herself upon other characters. She was providentially placed in a humble sphere; had her circumstances in life been otherwise, she might have made a wider and deeper impression upon the world; as they were, the amount of good which will finally result from her life, instructions, labors, and example, will, I fully believe, appear, from the disclosures of eternity, to have been very great—greater than that which has or shall result from the influence of many who have gained high celebrity, and received the plaudits of admiring multitudes.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—TRIBUTES OF HER CHILDREN.

By my particular request, each of my brothers and sisters has written in brief form, some special and per-

sonal recollections and impressions of our beloved mother. As I had limited them to a small space, they have experienced much embarrassment in choosing from their full hearts and minds the most suitable thoughts and feelings, to be embodied as their contributions to these memorials of their dearly beloved mother. These tributes have been written without concert or comparison of thoughts among the writers, and yet exhibit remarkable unity and agreement, as well as an interesting variety. I feel that they will add very much to the interest of this book with those for whom it is specially designed. I give these tributes below, omitting the introductory portions of some of them.

From Clarinda.

Truly may the children of such a mother as ours, "rise up and call her blessed." Although a fond and indulgent parent, she was not blind to our faults, but was ever on the alert to detect and reprove the wrong in us. She ever enjoined upon us honesty and truthfulness, even in the smallest matters. Well do I remember when a child of four years, of carrying home a small piece of fancy-colored paper, which I had taken from the teacher's table. When mother found I had taken it without liberty, she expressed great sorrow, and talked with me in such a manner that I felt that I had done a great wrong, and could hardly wait for the morning to come that I might return the paper to the place from which I had taken it.

We were by our mother's teachings early impressed with the feeling, that what she most desired for us was that we might be useful in the world—early choose Christ as our portion, and thus be fitted to fulfill life's mission.

I feel that much, under God, is owing to our dear mother's faithfulness, earnest prayers, and unwavering faith in God's promises, in that we may all of us hope that when called from this world, we may go to meet and unite with her in ascriptions of praise and honor to God and the Lamb forever and ever.

From Henry S.

One year ago to-day, she, who gave us birth; from whose breasts we were nourished; who tenderly protected and provided for us through all our childhood; prayed for us and with us; counseled, admonished and guided us; to whom we are indebted more than to any earthly friend for what we have been, and hope to be,—having lived almost her three-score years and ten, left this world of care, pain and sorrow, for that blessed home where the "weary are at rest."

Thoughts of her are crowding upon my mind, and I can hardly choose what to write. When I think of what related more especially to my experiences with her, I recall most vividly those days and months, when, at eight years of age, I was for a long time sick and lame, and she, though then having three, and part of the time four children younger than myself to take care of, seemed ever present with me by night and day, doing what she could to alleviate my sufferings, lifting, soothing and most tenderly watching over me.

How she could perform so much labor as she did in that winter of 1830 and 1831—indeed I may say from 1820 to 1840—seems a mystery.

Did you, dear brother, ever hear her complain of her labors? I never did. Did we ever fail to find everything we needed which she could supply ready to our

hand? If our clothes were laid off at night torn and worn, (and mine almost always were,) we always found them whole and sound in the morning. From early morning till far into the night she was ever busy. Still she read a good deal—the Bible most of all. Much of it she could repeat. She delighted to attend church and the prayer-meeting. Her strong desire and prayer was that her children might be found walking in the truth. After we were all of adult age I often heard her express her thankfulness that all her children were respectable; and most of all, that she could trust they were all Christians.

She was benevolent, and never sent the poor empty away, even though they might be undeserving. Her sympathies were always on the side of the unfortunate, the suffering and oppressed. She was always anxious to assist in taking care of the sick who were within her reach. I have known her watch with her sick neighbors when she was really sick herself.

In all her labors and sufferings through life, she was buoyed up by her Christian faith, else I believe she would have sunk long before.

I am glad you are going to publish, for the perusal of her children and grandchildren and near friends, some account of her life, with selections from her correspondence.—*January* 7, 1864.

From Lucy.

It seemed to me that she labored for the glory of God and the good of His creatures, regardless of self. I remember many times when she made great sacrifices of rest and personal comfort, that she might do "small acts," (as she called them,) to assist needy ones; and while she

cared for their temporal wants, she always, when an opportunity presented itself, directed them to the Author of both temporal and spiritual gifts. These unselfish feelings and solicitude for the comfort of others were exhibited by her even in her last moments of consciousness. Almost her last audible words were, as she addressed me, "it is hard for you to wait on me when you are so tired."

She was full of sympathy for those in affliction; and for those who were bowed down with grief on account of their sins, she always had a word which seemed just the one that was necessary to lead them to look to the only source of help which the sinner can ever resort to. If I have chosen Christ for my friend, I attribute the choice in a great measure to her advice and her prayers. She was the first person to whom I communicated my feelings,—when on the verge of despair, not daring to hope that my sins could be forgiven by my injured Savior. She spoke so calmly and gently, and seemed to lead me along as if directed by God; and such a prayer as she offered I wish every mother was able and disposed to offer for her sin-stricken child.

From Pluma.

In my estimation, our dear mother arrived as near perfection as human nature is capable of attaining. Perhaps she had faults, but if we were ever sensible of any, they are now lost to our recollection. Although many times brought apparently near the grave, the Lord in infinite mercy saw fit to spare her to rear a large family—to see them all come to years of maturity and settled in life. O, that I might set an example before my children as worthy of imitation as did she. She was

an every day Christian. I am confident that while she lived, her prayers daily ascended to the Throne of Grace in behalf of us, her children at the West. Were I as certain of entering Heaven as I am that she is now there, I should have no fears whatever with regard to my eternal welfare. May we all be so unspeakably happy as to meet her there, where parting is unknown.

From Julia.

She was a kind, patient, self-sacrificing, devoted mother —devoted to her family, but especially to her God.

I remember how she took great pains always to have something ready for us to eat after our long walk from school, and how, in cold weather, she was accustomed to wrap our almost frozen fingers in her warm apron. I think of one very cold night when there was much snow on the ground, how she met us three-fourths of a mile from home, with extra cloaks and mittens, and a warm cake for each, and how short the way seemed that night, with her to cheer us; how kindly she talked with us before we retired, telling us how thankful we should be to God for a good warm home, when there were so many without home and fire, who must suffer on that bitter cold night, and how earnestly she prayed that we might give our hearts to God. I think the remembrance of that night will remain with me while life lasts.

She truly loved her Bible. How often have I left her reading its precious truths when I retired for the night. She was so familiar with its pages that when any particular passage was spoken of, she would very readily refer us to the place where it might be found.

My mind dwells much upon the last few weeks of her life. She seemed to be preparing to leave the world—

very often intimated that she was doing her last work—often said, "If I should not be able to do this, will you," &c. She seemed, more than ever before, anxious to do something for the comfort of those about her, and to avoid "making trouble," (as she said) for others, and, too, she seemed, if possible, more earnest in her desires for the salvation of others. There was then a good deal of religious interest in the parish, and some poor sinners were inquiring what they must do to be saved. She always inquired with deep interest about the meetings, on our return.

She was in her last days deprived of the privilege of attending the meetings of God's children *here*, but now she continually enjoys communion with pure and sanctified spirits, redeemed and saved like herself by the blood and sufferings of that Jesus whom she loved and followed many years in this vale of tears. My dearest mother, we think of thy ransomed and glorified spirit as being in the presence of thy Savior, while thy poor worn body is sleeping in our quiet valley. How sad and lonely is our home without thy presence! How we miss thy gentle nursing in our days of pain and suffering! How we miss thy words of sympathy and comfort in our days of trial and affliction! but though we miss thee so sadly, we would not murmur, but say, "not my will but thine, O Lord, be done."

From Sylvester.

My mother was endowed by nature with much more than ordinary mental powers; and although she did not, when young, enjoy a tithe of the educational advantages which are common to all children and youth in these days, still her thirst for knowledge was so great, and her

frugality of time was such, that she had a well-stored and cultivated mind. She was especially a close student of the Bible. She made her biblical knowledge very useful to her children on Saturday evenings and Sabbath mornings, in assisting them in getting their Sunday-school lessons. So thorough was her knowledge of the Scriptures, that she could almost always tell readily where any particular passage could be found.

She was a woman of great energy and activity. I do not believe a woman ever lived who accomplished more work in a life of sixty-eight years than did she. Her devotion to her family was so complete that she cheerfully denied herself sleep and other comforts to promote their happiness and welfare. Her constitution was not strong, and her health was much of the time feeble, still she kept hard at work, often laboring while suffering severe pain. Her labors were more varied than those of the farmer's wife of to-day; besides the ordinary duties of such a station which she performed, she wove many thousand yards of linen and woolen cloth and carpets. I am amazed when I think of the vast amount of work which she accomplished in her life.

She was faithful in the training of her children; strictly impartial in her treatment of them,—even making no distinction between her own and the adopted child. Her consistent Christian example and pious instructions exerted great influence upon the minds and character of her children. She regarded the Sabbath, as the Scriptures declare it, to be holy time. She early taught our lips to utter prayers to Almighty God, and I presume no one of us can remember when he or she first entered the Sabbath-school.

But she confined not her sympathies and labors to her own family, although to them she devoted them chiefly;

she remembered and ministered to those without, so far as lay in her power, considering all men her brethren. She was especially the friend of the lowly and the friendless; none such ever went empty away from her door. Her large heart and liberal hand made no distinctions of color or caste. Her pecuniary benefactions have been rarely equaled by one of her limited means. She would always give something to every good cause which was presented to her notice. In order to do this, she practiced the strictest economy, and often denied herself common comforts, and toiled when exhausted nature pleaded for rest. She was not deterred from favoring any individual or cause by the odium which she might bring upon herself by doing what she felt to be duty—she considered all such matters as between herself and her God; if the object received His favor, and the action would be approved by Him, she regarded not the favor or frowns of the world; though very sensitive to opprobrium and censure, she could endure all these for her Master's sake.

My beloved mother! deeply I mourn thy loss; but I would not call thee back, for thou art now free from earth's toils and trials, and enjoying the bliss and rest of Heaven. Forever would I praise my God for giving me such a mother.

From Eliza.

There seems a sacredness even in the word "mother," and when I reflect upon *her* character and manner of life, as it was from my earliest recollection, I feel, as expressed to me by an aged friend and Christian brother soon after her death, that "*few* have such a mother to lose." Her life was devoted to God and her fellow-creatures.

Her earnest desire was to do all she could to render her family happy, not regarding any sacrifice of her own too great, which would promote our temporal welfare; and above all, she longed and labored and prayed for our conversion and salvation. How often did she pray *for* and *with* us when we were young—always appearing so earnest in her prayers; and as we grew up, and one after another professed hope in Christ, how would she rejoice,—yet with trembling, and with affectionate words of caution against building upon a false foundation. In my early life she was in the habit of gathering her children about her on Sabbath evenings, to talk to them about Jesus, to read to them from the blessed Bible, and to pray with them.

Not only was she interested in her family, but also in the cause of humanity generally. She was ever ready with her limited means to do something to alleviate the sufferings of the poor. Never, to my knowledge, was a poor beggar turned empty away from her door, and many a poor person could testify to her quiet acts of unsolicited charity. She was also ready to weep with those who wept, and to give a word of comfort and consolation to sorrowing hearts. Well do I remember how she said to me, when bowed down with grief on account of my dear husband's death, "If Henry could speak to you he would say, 'weep not for me; I am at rest;'" and how forcibly have these words come to me since her death. I know she too would say—"weep not for me; I am at rest." Yes, dearest mother, I know thou art at rest, and I would not call thee from thy glorious home, but rather strive to meet thee and other loved ones there where partings are unknown.

From Edward.

I have long regarded her as one of the most devoted of mothers,—she always manifested so deep an interest in the temporal, and especially in the *spiritual* welfare of her children. During our childhood we could carry all our troubles and disappointments to her, receiving a word to console and to cheer us; and she was always willing and prepared to advise us when her advice was sought. She was, in my opinion, eminently qualified to instruct and lead her children in the way to Heaven. This she did by example as well as by precept, and "though dead she yet speaketh" to them, and will speak to her posterity through ages to come.

Nor were her interest, or her efforts to do good, limited to her family circle; much good has she done, and will she continue to do by her undying influence, to those not connected to her by ties of consanguinity.

Her faith in Christ was firm and unwavering, and no one who knew her can doubt but that she was fully prepared for the summons which came so suddenly to call her from earth. O, that I might live so as to be worthy of such a mother, and leave to my children a memory as precious and sacred as hers is to us.

There are many recollections of my dear mother that crowd upon my mind as I attempt to make

My Closing Tribute.

I remember often kneeling by her side while she prayed, in my very early days. I remember her careful religious instruction of her children, especially and regularly on Sabbath afternoons. I remember how she

taught us, by precept and example, to read the Bible—she would read it *for hours*, on Saturday evenings and Sabbath days—her mind completely absorbed in it and abstracted from every thing else, as she pored over its sacred pages; it never became an old book to her. I remember her strict observance of Holy time, and her strict rules in respect to it for her children. I remember the great interest she manifested in reference to Sabbath-schools, which began, as appears by her letter on page 226, when this blessed institution was first organized in her town, in 1819, and continued as long as she lived. For more than thirty years—probably for about forty years—she was *always in the Sabbath-school*, (which was held at noon,) either as a teacher or scholar, when she was at church, except in a few instances, when, from weakness, she was obliged to go to a neighboring house for rest during the intermission of church services. Such an example has had a great influence on her children, who are all now, (except, perhaps, one sister at the West, whose circumstances may not permit,) actively engaged in Sabbath-schools. Waiving modesty, I will venture to say in proof of the good effect of such an example, that all her sons are now, or have been, superintendents of Sabbath-schools. I remember her last words whispered in my ear amid sobs and kisses, when I was leaving the parental roof at the age of twenty years to go to the "Far West;" they were earnest words of entreaty, that I would *read my Bible, pray daily*, and *follow Jesus*. I remember finding, some weeks after my arrival in Indianapolis, similar words inscribed by her hand on a slip of paper, which was wrapped in a new garment: I remember how those words were repeated in every letter I received from her afterward: I remember how I was conscious all the while that her

prayers were continually ascending to God on my behalf: and when I remember these things, I am constrained to ascribe to their influence, under God, any reformation of heart and life which I have experienced. What would have become of me if she had died when I was a child! I tremble when I think to what depths of sin and degradation I might have gone!—and then I bless God with all my heart that I was born of such a mother, and that she was spared to counsel and pray for me so long!

GENEALOGY.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

The preparation of the genealogical notes with which I shall conclude this work, has cost me far more labor than has the preparation of the preceding memorials. My researches and my discoveries in relation to the ancestry of my beloved wife and mother have extended far beyond my anticipations. Having begun, I found it very difficult to stop; and I stopped, not because I had reached any limit of the field of exploration, but because I could not devote more time to it, consistently with other purposes; and I shall be obliged in this part of my book to condense and curtail very considerably the results of my investigations, particularly in reference to collateral relatives. Having traced the line of descent of one of the subjects of the foregoing memoirs to a particular Puritan emigrant, I was led to follow other lines of descent from the same common ancestor down to living persons of my acquaintance, and to distinguished individuals of intermediate generations. Some of the results of these traces I shall give, not only because some of my readers will be pleased to know of such collateral relationships, but also to furnish data by the aid of which other connections can be traced by the curious or interested. I shall also give the intermarriages with the daughters of the Puritan ancestors of my wife and mother, as far as ascertained.

I shall first give brief accounts of the first settlements of those towns in Connecticut, and of some in Massachusetts, in which the ancestors of my wife and mother were concerned.

HISTORY OF EARLY EMIGRATIONS AND SETTLEMENTS.

The first English settlement in New England was made at Plymouth, Mass., in 1620. Tradition says, and all genealogists concede the probability, that Peter Brown, one of the 101 who came in the Mayflower, was father of Peter Brown, of Windsor, who certainly was my mother's ancestor. Settlements were begun at Salem, 1628; Charlestown, 1629; Boston, Dorchester, Roxbury and Watertown, 1630, and Cambridge, 1631. The first settlers of Wethersfield, in 1635, were principally from Watertown, those of Hartford from Cambridge, (then called Newtown,) and those of Windsor from Dorchester.

SETTLEMENT OF WINDSOR, CONN.

Early in 1629 a company was formed, mostly of residents of the counties of Dorsetshire, Devonshire, and Somersetshire, England, for the purpose of establishing a new colony under the Massachusetts Bay charter. On the 20th March, 1630, this company of 140 persons embarked in the "Mary and John," and on Sunday, May 30, the ship was anchored on the New England coast. They landed and made their first settlement at Dorchester Neck, now called South Boston. They suffered much for a few months after their arrival from scarcity of food.

In 1631, an Indian sachem from Connecticut River visited Plymouth and Boston, (actuated, probably, by a desire for protection against the Pequot tribe,) and urged the colonists there to make settlements on that river. Governor Winslow, of Plymouth, was induced to visit this country, and returned with very favorable reports. The Plymouth people formed a trading company, and fitted out a bark, which sailed under the charge of Captain Holmes, in October, 1633, having on board the materials for a house, destined for the Connecticut River, above Hartford. When Captain Holmes arrived opposite what is now called Dutch Point, in Hartford, he was ordered to stop by a company of Dutchmen, who had bought a little spot of

land of the Pequots, to whom it did not belong, and had built a small fort there; but disregarding their orders and their guns, he passed on and put up his trading-house at Windsor, near the mouth of the Farmington river. Holmes seems to have abandoned the trading post before June, 1635, when a pioneer corps belonging to a Dorchester company came and encamped at the mouth of the Farmington. About the same time, came another company directly from England, under Mr. Francis Stiles, and they landed a mile or two above, near the Ellsworth house. During that year other parties came from Dorchester and located in the same neighborhood. History does not record the names of those who came in that year (1635.) In consequence of insufficient shelter and scarcity of provisions, many of these determined to go down the river to reach a vessel which the Dorchester people had sent around by water with supplies, and which was supposed to be fast in the ice below. About seventy, of all ages and sexes, started about the first of December in search of their vessel, probably intending to winter on board. Day after day they toiled on through the snow and storms, hoping at every turn of the stream to discover the object of their search. Their sufferings must have been terrible, and can be better imagined than described. At last, when they had reached a point in the river about twenty miles from its mouth, they came upon a vessel which had started up the river on a trading expedition, and had become entangled and fastened in the ice, on board of which they went; and, in the good providence of God, a storm of rain soon came on and released the vessel, and favoring winds soon bore them to the Massachusetts shore. "Otherwise," says Governor Winthrop, "they had all perished with famine, as some did." A party of thirteen attempted to return from Windsor by land. One was drowned, and the rest would have perished, "but that by God's providence they lighted upon an Indian wigwam." Those who remained on the Connecticut River suffered much during this unusually severe winter. Early in the spring of 1636, the survivors, who had returned from

Windsor, with others, including Rev. Mr. Warham, their pastor, left Dorchester, taking with them their cattle, furniture, and other personal effects, and passing through the wilderness to Windsor, there resumed and permanently established their settlement, and organized themselves into a community under ecclesiastical and municipal regulations, which have been substantially continued to the present day. Seven of my mother's male ancestors, came as heads of families to Windsor, in 1635 or '36, viz., Matthew Grant, Dea. John Moore, John Drake, Thomas Holcomb, Begat Eggleston, Jona. Gillette, and John Hoskins, and eight more came within twenty-five years afterward.

SETTLEMENT OF HARTFORD.

In 1632, a large party of dissenters from the Established Church emigrated from county Essex, England, and commenced a settlement at Cambridge, Mass.; and in 1633, Rev. Mr. Hooker, who had been pastor of a church to which many of these emigrants belonged in England, and who had fled to Holland in 1630 to escape fines and imprisonment on account of his religious action, came over by invitation, and became the pastor of the church in Cambridge. In June, 1636, Mr. Hooker and his assistant, Rev. Mr. Stone; his ruling elder, William Goodwin, and about one hundred others, including women and children, removed from Cambridge with their domestic animals, household, mechanical and farming utensils, and furniture, by a journey of two weeks through the trackless wilderness, to the settlement which had been begun by a few families from Cambridge in the previous year, on the spot where the beautiful city of Hartford now stands. An Indian village, called Suckiage, was on this spot, and a considerable tract of land was cleared about it. Mr. Stone and Elder Goodwin, on behalf of one hundred of the settlers, bought of Sequassen, chief of the tribe, all the land lying between Windsor and Wethers field, extending from the river about six miles west. Most of this land was divided among one hundred proprietors, in proportion, I suppose, to the amounts paid by each toward the

purchase price. A part was held as a common field for pasturage. Each proprietor had a house lot and a farm lot; each house lot contained about two acres; some appear, by the map of the lots which was made a few years ago, to have been considerably larger. Of these one hundred proprietors who received lots in the original distribution, eight were ancestors of my wife, viz., William Goodwin, John Webster, John White, John Pratt, Thomas Bull, Samuel Greenhill, Richard Lyman, and Richard Church. Besides these, John Crow and John Marsh, also ancestors of my wife, took lots, soon after the distribution, which had been first assigned to others. Thomas Scott, an ancestor of my mother, was one of the original proprietors. To about forty other persons lots were granted by votes of the original proprietors, to hold "by the courtesy of the town," "with liberty to fetch wood and keep cows or swine on the common." Of this number were Thomas Bunce, an ancestor of my wife, and Thomas Bliss, an ancestor of my mother. Accessions to the population of Hartford frequently occurred by arrivals from England and Massachusetts. Within the next twenty years after 1636, several more of the male ancestors of my wife came and settled in Hartford, viz., John Watson, John Merrill, John Shepard, Thomas and Isaac Graves. Nicholas Worthington came to Hartford before 1668. There are probably very few persons, even of those who were born in Hartford, who can trace their descent from so large a number of the early settlers of the town. Of those who removed to Hadley, as hereinafter stated, some returned, and some descendants of the others finally settled here. In 1637 occurred the Pequot war, and in 1675–6, King Philip's war, in which several of my wife's and mother's ancestors were actively engaged. The history of the settlement of Hartford and Windsor is accessible to all, and, therefore, a more extended account here is unnecessary.

SETTLEMENT OF HADLEY, MASS.

Rev. Mr. Hooker died in 1647, and Mr. Stone became sole

pastor of the Hartford flock. Mr. Goodwin continued to be the ruling elder of the church. In 1655, differences arose in the church in regard to the administration of church rites and the government of the church, the doctrines and practices of Mr. Stone being regarded by Elder Goodwin and many others as contrary to the strict principles of congregationalism. The same questions troubled the Wethersfield church, a majority of which, with their pastor, Mr. Russel, agreed with Elder Goodwin's opinions, while in Hartford a large majority of the church sustained Mr. Stone. I can not give the points involved in this controversy, much less discuss the merits of it, but must refer the reader to Trumbull's History of Connecticut, Vol. I, for full particulars. The difficulty was so serious that the general court or legislature repeatedly interfered to effect a reconciliation, but without any abiding success.

Chiefly in consequence of these unhappy divisions in the Hartford and Wethersfield churches, in regard to doctrines and practice, on the 18th day of April, 1659, sixty heads of families—about forty belonging to Hartford, and twenty to Wethersfield—met at Goodman Ward's house, in Hartford, and signed an agreement to remove up the river about forty miles, to territory which had, through the agency of Elder Goodwin and others, been secured for the company, since called Hadley, and which embraced the present towns of Hadley, South Hadley, Hatfield, Amherst, and Granby. Seven of my wife's ancestors signed the agreement, and removed accordingly in that year, viz., John Webster, William Goodwin, John Crow, John White, John Marsh, and Richard Church, of Hartford, and Thomas Wells, of Wethersfield. Thomas Coleman, of Wethersfield, also signed the agreement and removed—whose wife (widow Frances Wells) was the mother of Thomas Wells, an ancestor of my wife. Thomas Graves and Nicholas Worthington, also ancestors of my wife, removed to Hadley soon after 1659. Governor Webster and Elder Goodwin were leaders in this movement; and thus my wife's ancestors bore an important part in the first settlement of these Massachusetts towns, as

they had in the settlement of Hartford. Each of them have numerous descendants in those towns. It is shown by the genealogical notes appended to Judd's History of Hadley, recently published, that a *very large* proportion of the present inhabitants of those towns are among these descendants, and related to my wife within the seventh degree. Those notes, collected by my old academical associate, Hon. L. M. Boltwood, of Amherst, are wonderfully full; and not only give evidence of very diligent and careful research on his part, but also of very complete records of marriages and births in those towns from the beginning—a matter in which Hartford is most shamefully and provokingly deficient. It is greatly to be lamented that the early fathers of Hartford had so little providence and forethought for future generations. My ancestor, *Matthew Grant*, of Windsor, seems to have believed that other generations of men would follow him who would feel interested in knowing something of their progenitors, for he made many *unofficial* records, besides such as he made as town clerk and church clerk, which are now very valuable.

SETTLEMENT OF SIMSBURY, CONN.

The general court, in 1647, directed the purchase of the territory first called Simsbury, lying west and north-west of Windsor, and embracing the present towns of Simsbury, Granby, East Granby, and part of Canton, but nothing was done under that order. Individuals made purchases as early as 1648, and from time to time thereafter, until 1680, when a formal deed was made by the Indians to a town committee. Michael Humphrey, an ancestor of my mother, and John Griffin, began the collection and manufacture of tar and turpentine there in 1643. Some lands were cultivated from 1653 to 1664, and from 1664 to 1669 some permanent settlements were made. John Drake, Jr., and Michael Humphrey were among the first landholders, and, with Thomas Eggleston, were probably inhabitants of the plantation as early as 1669. The Indian

troubles of 1675–6 broke up the settlement, and the inhabitants fled to Windsor and Hartford, leaving their property to be destroyed and carried off by the savages. About forty dwelling-houses were burned on the 26th March, 1676, by the Indians under the lead, as was supposed, of King Philip. After the close of the war the first settlers generally returned, and others were added to their number; but they lived in constant fear, and often suffered from the depredations of the Indians for more than thirty years after. Fortifications were erected and garrisons maintained much of that time, by order of the general court. John Higley was captain in charge of the public soldiers for a season.

The first settlers of Simsbury had church difficulties for many years, growing out of the location of a meeting-house, which finally led to the formation of new societies in Granby and East Granby, and to the settlement of West Simsbury, now called Canton. One or two families located in the latter place in 1737, and about twenty families a few years afterward.

SETTLEMENT OF COLCHESTER, CONN.

The settlement of Colchester began about 1701. The center of the town is about twenty-five miles south-east of Hartford. Five of my wife's ancestors were early settlers there, viz., William Worthington, Daniel Jones, William Clark, Captain James Newton, and Noah Welles. Probably the father of Mary Gillett was an early settler there. A large proportion of the inhabitants are descendants of these, and thus related to my wife.

SETTLEMENT OF BARKHAMSTED, CONN.

Barkhamsted was granted to Capt. Thomas Moore, a descendant of Deacon John Moore, and other persons of Windsor, in 1732. Pelatiah Allyn, of Windsor, was the first person who settled there, in 1746. The next settler there was Israel Jones, in 1759. Joseph Shepard, a descendant of John Shepard of

Hartford, was an early settler. The progress of the settlement was slow. In 1771 there were but twenty families in the limits of the town. It was incorporated in 1779. My wife's grandfather, John Merrill, owned land in the town at the time of its incorporation. Rev. Ozias Eels was the first minister—ordained in 1787.

SETTLEMENT OF NEW HARTFORD, CONN.

The first settlers were from Hartford, about 1733. Among them were several descendants of my wife's Hartford ancestors, viz., John, Cyprian and Zachariah Watson, Noah Merrill, Rev. Jonathan Marsh, and Daniel Shepard. Of her ancestors, John and Samuel Merrill and Zebulon Shepard settled there before 1750. Rev. Jonathan Marsh was the first minister—ordained 1739, and continued there in the ministry between fifty-four and fifty-five years.

SETTLEMENT OF BURLINGTON, CONN.

It was incorporated in 1806, having been previously within the limits of Bristol. It was formerly known as West Britain. A family of Pettibones, from Simsbury, descendants of John Pettibone and Sarah Eggleston, his wife, who was a daughter of my mother's ancestor, Begat Eggleston of Windsor, first settled in the north part of Burlington. My mother's father removed there in 1785. Rev. Jonathan Miller was the first minister, and preached there about forty years.

KINDRED—LINEAL AND COLLATERAL—DEGREES OF, HOW RECKONED.

"Consanguinity, or kindred, is either lineal or collateral. Lineal consanguinity is that which subsists between persons, one of whom is descended in a direct line from the other," as between parent and child, grandparent and grandchild, great grandparent and great grandchild, and so on. "Every generation in this lineal, direct, consanguinity, constitutes a different degree, reckoning either upward or downward." Take, for illustration, my grandfather, Solomon Humphrey; his

father, Solomon Humphrey 1st, is related to him in the first degree, his grandfather, Jonathan Humphrey, in the second, his great grandfather, Samuel Humphrey, in the third, and so on upward; his children are related to him in the first degree, (the same as his father,) his grandchildren in the second, his great grandchildren in the third, &c.

"Collateral kinsmen are such as lineally spring from one and the same ancestor, who is called the common ancestor, or stock, from whence these relations are branched out." To illustrate—Solomon Humphrey had two daughters, Naomi and Hannah, who have each a numerous issue; both these issues are lineally descended from Solomon Humphrey as their common ancestor, and they are collateral kinsmen to each other, because they are all descended from this common ancestor, and all have a portion of his blood in their veins, which denominates them *consanguineous.* To ascertain the degree of relationship, or kindred, between collateral relatives, "we begin at the common ancestor and reckon downward; and in whatsoever degree the two persons, or the most remote of them, is distant from the common ancestor, that is the degree in which they are related to each other." Thus my mother and her sister Hannah are related in the first degree; for from their father to each of them is counted only one, my aunt Hannah and my mother's children are related in the second degree, because in reckoning from Solomon Humphrey, the common ancestor, downward, my mother is counted one and her children two—they are more remotely descended from the common ancestor than their aunt, and the rule is to count to the most remote of the descendants whose degree of relationship we would ascertain. But my aunt Hannah's children and my mother's children are also related in the second degree, because they are all descendants in the second degree from the common ancestor. Brothers, then, are related in the first degree, cousins in the second degree, uncles and nephews, also, in the second degree, second cousins in the third degree, &c.

To express this in other words: the descendants of a com-

mon ancestor are related to each other in the same degree that each is related to that ancestor, if both are of the same degree; if not, they are related to each other in the degree in which the one who is farthest removed from the nearest common ancestor is related to that ancestor.

GENERAL REMARKS.

There is a popular error in regard to this matter of genealogy and relationship, which is this: that a descendant coming wholly through the male line, and preserving the *name* of the ancestor, has more of the blood, or is more nearly related to that ancestor, than a descendant of the same degree who comes, in whole or in part, through the female line, and has lost the *name* of the ancestor. The truth is, that all descendants of equal degree are equally related to their common ancestor; there is no more admixture of other bloods or natures in one case than in another, provided there has been no intermarriage of intermediate descendants; each of the descendants of the third degree from a common ancestor, (second cousins to each other,) unites seven other bloods with that of the common ancestor,—of those of the fourth degree each unites fifteen other bloods, of those of the fifth degree each unites thirty-one other bloods, and of the sixth degree each unites sixty-three other bloods with that of the common ancestor. Everybody has sixty-four ancestors of the sixth degree,—thirty-two males and thirty-two females—provided there has been no intermarriage of relatives in the lines of ancestry, for five preceding generations. There will generally be found to have been such intermarriages of ancestors during five successive generations. It will be found so in each of the genealogies of my wife and mother. To illustrate the effect of such occurrences, take the case of Thomas Holcomb, ancestor in the fifth degree of my mother. If there had been no intermarriage of relations in the line of my mother's ancestry subsequent to Thomas Holcomb, thirty-one other bloods would have been united in my mother's person with that of Thomas Holcomb;

but by such intermarriages she became descendant in the sixth degree of Thomas Holcomb in two other ways, by each of which she gets $\frac{1}{64}$, and therefore has in the aggregate $\frac{1}{16}$ *Thomas Holcomb blood*,—the same proportion which third cousins have of common blood. In the same way she got increased proportions of Drake, Higley, Moore, Chapin, and Bliss blood; and in the same way my wife had double parts of Merrill, Jordan, and Watson bloods.

By the aid of these explanations a calculation may be readily made of the proportion of the blood of a particular ancestor, which a particular descendant has: if of the sixth degree, he has $\frac{1}{64}$; if of the fifth degree, $\frac{1}{32}$; if of the fourth degree, $\frac{1}{16}$; if of the third degree, $\frac{1}{8}$; if of the second degree, $\frac{1}{4}$; if of the first degree, $\frac{1}{2}$,—that is, children, (who are of the first degree of descent from their parents,) have half father and half mother blood; grandchildren, being of the second degree of descent from their grandparents, have one-fourth of the blood of each of their four grandparents, and so on.

These explanations show the folly of ancestral pride as it often exists. The descendant of the sixth degree of some great man, possessing as he does $\frac{1}{64}$ part only of the blood or nature of such ancestor, surely has little reason for putting on lofty airs, or boasting because of his noble blood, for if descent confers merit, and a man is to be estimated according to his *blood*, it is necessary to know all the lines of descent, and all the ingredients of that blood, in order to estimate correctly—the other sixty-three parts may be of a very different character.

There is another interesting and important consideration connected with this matter of genealogy and blood relationships. I have stated an arithmetical and certain rule by which to calculate degrees of kindred and community of blood, being the same rules which the law defines for the inheritance of property; but the observation of everybody will gain abundant evidence, that blood, or nature, or moral and physical qualities, are not transmitted according to any such rule, or according to any

fixed rule, so far as human reason or observation can discover. In every family of children we see a difference in moral, mental and physical constitution; one child is most like the father, and another is most like the mother in one or all of these respects; and frequently we see one who is quite unlike either father or mother, and when we extend our observation to remoter descendants, we find often still less resemblances among those of the same degree. If critical in our observations, we shall find in some instances a striking moral or physical resemblance to a remote ancestor—a prominent development of some peculiarity of body, mind or disposition which characterized a remote ancestor, which did not appear in the intermediate ancestors, being modified perhaps by other qualities which the later descendant does not possess. Qualities of mind and of temper and disposition certainly do modify each other in their outward manifestations and tendencies. The same mental and moral qualities which constitute the martyr spirit, enter into the spirit of bigotry and intolerance, and the man who will die rather than yield his rights of conscience and religious freedom, might, under some circumstances, become a bigoted and intolerant persecutor. The courage, the strength of will, the tenacity of faith and principle which sustain the martyr at the stake, may be possessed in equal degree by the executioner. The modifying qualities in such a case are benevolence and liberality of sentiment, or *catholicism*. But I have proceeded far enough for my present purpose, in this curious subject, and have shown, I think, that no one is to be estimated at all by any single line of ancestry, nor by his ancestral name, although the exhibition of *all* the lines of ancestry for several generations is interesting and important in illustrating and bringing out the mental and moral character of the individual subject of a memoir. I have pursued the genealogical researches concerning my wife and mother, partly for these objects, and for the purpose of tracing as far as I could, their peculiarities, and ascertaining from what lines of ancestry they derived them, and also because such genealogical

facts will be considered valuable by many living relatives and by posterity.

The foregoing thoughts are very crude, but I shall hardly take time to revise and perfect them; they will probably be considered *suggestive*, if not intrinsically sound and valuable.

EXPLANATION OF CHARACTERS, ABBREVIATIONS, &c.

Hfd. Hartford.
m. married.
dau. daughter, or daughter of.
d. died.
s. son, or son of.
grd. grand.
gr. grd. great grand.
o placed after a figure denotes degree—thus, 5 o should be read fifth degree.

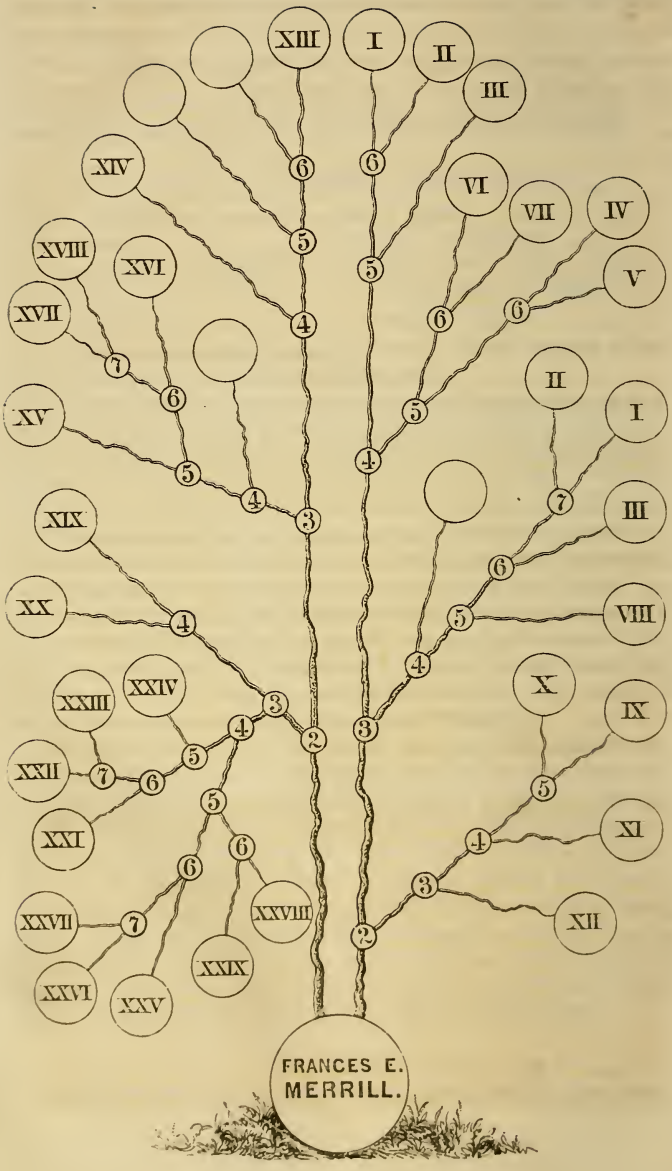
The * after a name denotes that the person was an ancestor of my wife, or my mother—the context will show which.

The numerals after names denote the degree of descent from a given ancestor. Where these occur after the names of collateral relatives they show the degree of descent of such persons from the nearest common ancestor of themselves and my mother or wife; thus, "Joseph Trumbull;"[4] the figure denotes that Joseph Trumbull was descended in the fourth degree from the nearest common ancestor of himself and my mother, and the context shows that that ancestor was John Higley, and by looking at my mother's line of descent from John Higley, *her* degree of descent can be ascertained, and thus the degree of consanguinity between Joseph Trumbull and my mother, can, by the rule before given, be determined. It will be found that she is fourth in descent in one way and fifth in another from John Higley, and therefore third cousin in one way and fourth in another, to Gov. Joseph Trumbull.

LINES OF DESCENT are shown by placing the name of the remote ancestor first, in capital letters, followed by the name of his son or daughter, and figure 1, grandson or granddaughter, and figure 2, and so on down in regular succession to the person whose descent is traced, whose name is placed last and in smaller capitals; thus, JOHN HIGLEY, Brewster Higley,[1] Naomi Higley,[2] Solomon Humphrey,[3] NAOMI HUMPHREY.[4] John Higley is the remote ancestor; Brewster Higley is his son, Naomi Higley is daughter of Brewster, Solomon Humphrey is son of Naomi Higley, and Naomi Humphrey is daughter of Solomon, and of the fourth degree of descent from John Higley. In several instances there will be found to be more lines of descent than one from the same ancestor.

THE DIAGRAMS,

Looked at in connection with the "LINES OF DESCENT," will show pretty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XXV
FRANCES E.
MERRILL.

clearly the entire genealogies of the subjects of the foregoing memoirs respectively so far as I have ascertained them. The perpendicular line and its branches on the right hand represent the paternal (or father's) ancestry, and those on the left hand the maternal (or mother's) ancestry. The Roman numerals at the head of each line represent the name of such line. At every point of junction of one line, or branch, with another, a female ancestor of the shorter line is married to a male ancestor of the longer, whereby the union of two branches is formed; the figure at the point of junction denotes the degree of descent of my wife, or my mother from that union—thus, in the diagram of my wife's genealogy, I is the Merrill line, IX the Shepard branch, and XII the Blanchard branch. A male ancestor of the Shepard branch married a female ancestor of the Blanchard branch, three degrees above my wife, and subsequently a male ancestor of the Merrill line married a female ancestor of the Shepard branch, two degrees above my wife.

NAMES OF THE LINES AND BRANCHES IN THE DIAGRAM OF FRANCES E. MERRILL—*the right hand figures and characters denote the degree of my wife's descent from those lines and branches respectively.*

I. MERRILL, 1° & 3°.	XI. SCOTT, 4°.	XXI. JONES, 3°.
II. JORDAN, 6° & 7°.	XII. BLANCHARD, 3°.	XXII. TREADWAY, 6°.
III. WATSON, 5° & 6°.	XIII. NEWTON, 1°.	XXIII. HOWE, 7°.
IV. MARSH, 4°.	XIV. BUTLER, 4°.	XXIV. BARNES, 5°.
V. WEBSTER, 6°.	XV. WELLS, 3°.	XXV. WORTHINGTON, 4°.
VI. LYMAN, 5°.	XVI. WHITE, 5°.	
VII. FORD, 6°.	XVII. CROW, 6°.	XXVI. BUNCE, 6°.
VIII. PRATT, 5°.	XVIII. GOODWIN, 7°.	XXVII. BULL, 7°.
IX. SHEPARD, 2°.	XIX. CLARK, 2°.	XXVIII. GRAVES, 5°.
X. GREENHILL, 5°.	XX. GILLETT, 4°.	XXIX. CHURCH, 6°.

The JORDAN branch, II., runs into the MERRILL line, I., six degrees above my wife; the WATSON branch, III., runs into the MERRILL line at the fifth degree; the MARSH branch, IV., combined with the WEBSTER branch, V., and the double branches, LYMAN, VI., and FORD, VII., runs into the MERRILL line at the fourth degree; a second branch of the MERRILL stock, combined with the single branches, JORDAN, II., WATSON, III., and PRATT, VIII., runs into the main MERRILL line at the third degree; the SHEPARD branch, IX., combined with the single branches GREENHILL, X., SCOTT, XI., and BLANCHARD XII., runs into the MERRILL line at the second degree.

The BUTLER branch, XIV., runs into the NEWTON line, XIII., at the fourth degree; the WELLS branch, XV., combined with the triple branch,

WHITE, XVI., CROW, XVII., and GOODWIN, XVIII, runs into the NEWTON line at the third degree; the CLARK branch, XIX., combined with the single branch, GILLETT, XX., and the ninefold branch, JONES, XXI.—which last is made up of the double branches, TREADWAY, XXII., and HOWE, XXIII., the single branch, BARNES, XXIV., and the quintuple branch, WORTHINGTON, XXV., BUNCE, XXVI., BULL, XXVII., GRAVES, XXVIII., and CHURCH, XXIX—runs into the NEWTON line at the second degree.

The names of the branches in the diagram not numbered have not been ascertained by me.

MY WIFE'S LINES OF DESCENT.

PATERNAL LINES.

I. NATHANIEL MERRILL, John,[1] John 2nd,[2] John 3d,[3] Samuel,[4] John 4th,[5] Merlin,[6] FRANCES E. MERRILL.[7]

2nd. NATHANIEL MERRILL, John,[1] Daniel,[2] Jonathan,[3] Mary,[4] John 4th,[5] Merlin,[6] FRANCES E. MERRILL.[7]

II. SUSANNAH JORDAN, John Merrill,[1] John 2nd,[2] John 3rd,[3] Samuel,[4] John 4th,[5] Merlin,[6] FRANCES E. MERRILL.[7]

2nd. SUSANNAH JORDAN, John Merrill,[1] Daniel,[2] Jonathan, Mary,[4] John 4th,[5] Merlin,[6] FRANCES E. MERRILL.[7]

III. JOHN WATSON, Sarah Watson,[1] John Merrill 2nd,[2] John 3rd,[3] Samuel,[4] John 4th,[5] Merlin,[6] FRANCES E. MERRILL.[7]

2nd. JOHN WATSON, Sarah Watson,[1] Daniel Merrill,[2] Jonathan,[3] Mary,[4] John 4th,[5], Merlin,[6] FRANCES E. MERRILL.[7]

IV. JOHN MARSH, John Marsh 2nd,[1] Sarah Marsh,[2] John Merrill 3rd,[3] Samuel,[4] John 4th,[5] Merlin,[6] FRANCES E. MERRILL.[7]

V. Gov. JOHN WEBSTER, Ann Webster,[1] John Marsh 2nd,[2] Sarah Marsh,[3] John Merrill 3rd,[4] Samuel,[5] John 4th,[6] Merlin,[7] FRANCES E. MERRILL.[8]

VI. RICHARD LYMAN, Sr., Richard Lyman, Jr.,[1] Sarah Lyman,[2] Sarah Marsh,[3] John Merrill 3rd,[4] Samuel,[5] John 4th,[6] Merlin,[7] FRANCES E. MERRILL.[8]

VII. THOMAS FORD, Hepzibah Ford,[1] Sarah Lyman,[2] Sarah Marsh,[3] John Merrill 3rd,[4] Samuel,[5] John 4th,[6] Merlin,[7] FRANCES E. MERRILL.[8]

VIII. JOHN PRATT, John Pratt, Jr.,[1] Susannah Pratt,[2] Jonathan Merrill,[3] Mary,[4] John, 4th,[5] Merlin,[6] FRANCES E. MERRILL.[7]

IX. EDWARD SHEPARD, John Shepard,[1] Thomas Shepard,[2] Zebulon Shepard,[3] Elizabeth Shepard,[4] Merlin Merrill,[5] FRANCES E. MERRILL.[6]

X. SAMUEL GREENHILL, Rebecca Greenhill,[1] Thomas Shepard,[3] Zebulon Shepard,[3] Elizabeth Shepard,[4] Merlin Merrill,[5] FRANCES E. MERRILL.[6]

XI. SUSANNAH SCOTT, Zebulon Shepard,[1] Elizabeth Shepard,[2] Merlin Merrill,[3] FRANCES E. MERRILL.[4]

XII. RICHARD BLANCHARD, (probably,) William Blanchard,[1] (probably,) William Blanchard, Jr.,[2] (probably,) Elizabeth Blanchard,[3] Elizabeth Shepard,[4] Merlin Merrill,[5] FRANCES E. MERRILL.[6]

MATERNAL LINES.

XIII. JAMES NEWTON, Israel Newton,[1] Israel Newton 2nd,[2] Israel Newton 3rd,[3] Wealthy Newton,[4] Clarissa Newton,[5] FRANCES E. MERRILL.[6]

XIV. ABIGAIL BUTLER, Israel Newton, 2nd,[1] Israel Newton, 3rd,[2] Clarissa Newton,[3] FRANCES E. MERRILL.[4]

XV. THOMAS WELLS, Noah Wells,[1] Noah Wells, Jr.,[2] Jerusha Wells,[3] Israel Newton, 3rd,[4] Clarissa Newton,[5] FRANCES E. MERRILL.[6]

XVI. ELDER JOHN WHITE, Daniel White,[1] Mary White,[2] Noah Wells,[3] Jerusha Wells,[4] Israel Newton, 3rd,[5] Clarissa Newton,[6] FRANCES E. MERRILL.[7]

XVII. JOHN CROW, Sarah Crow.[1] Mary White,[2] Noah Wells,[3] Jerusha Wells,[4] Israel Newton, 3rd,[5] Clarissa Newton,[6] FRANCES E. MERRILL.[7]

XVIII. ELDER WILLIAM GOODWIN, Elizabeth Goodwin,[1] Sarah Crow,[2] Mary White,[3] Noah Wells,[4] Jerusha Wells,[5] Israel Newton, 3rd,[6] Clarissa Newton,[7] FRANCES E. MERRILL.[8]

XIX. WILLIAM CLARK, Nathaniel Clark,[1] Wealthy Clark,[2] Clarissa Newton,[3] FRANCES E. MERRILL.[4]

XX. JONATHAN GILLETT, (probably,) Josiah Gillett,[1] (probably,) Josiah Gillett,[2] (probably,) Mary (?) Gillett,[3] Nathaniel Clark,[4] Wealthy Clark,[5] Clarissa Newton,[6] FRANCES E. MERRILL.[7]

XXI. LEWIS JONES, Josiah Jones,[1] Josiah Jones, Jr.,[2] Daniel Jones,[3] Elizabeth Jones,[4] Wealthy Clark,[5] Clarissa Newton,[6] FRANCES E. MERRILL.[7]

XXII. NATHANIEL TREADWAY, Lydia Treadway,[1] Josiah Jones, Jr.,[2] Daniel Jones,[3] Elizabeth Jones,[4] Wealthy Clark,[5] Clarissa Newton,[6] FRANCES E. MERRILL.[7]

XXIII. ELDER EDWARD HOWE, Sufferance Howe,[1] Lydia Treadway,[2] Josiah Jones,[3] Daniel Jones,[4] Elizabeth Jones,[5] Wealthy Clark,[6] Clarissa Newton,[7] FRANCES E. MERRILL.[8]

XXIV. ABIGAIL BARNES, Daniel Jones,[1] Elizabeth Jones,[2] Wealthy Clark,[3] Clarissa Newton,[4] FRANCES E. MERRILL.[5]

XXV. NICHOLAS WORTHINGTON, William Worthington,[1] Mary Worthington,[2] Elizabeth Jones,[3] Wealthy Clark,[4] Clarissa Newton,[5] FRANCES E. MERRILL.[6]

XXVI. THOMAS BUNCE Sarah Bunce,[1] William Worthington,[2] Mary

Worthington,[3] Elizabeth Jones,[4] Wealthy Clark,[5] Clarissa Newton,[6] Frances E. Merrill.[7]

XXVII. THOMAS BULL, Susannah Bull,[1] Sarah Bunce,[2] William Worthington,[3] Mary Worthington,[4] Elizabeth Jones,[5] Wealthy Clark,[6] Clarissa Newton,[7] Frances E. Merrill.[8]

XXVIII. THOMAS GRAVES, Isaac Graves,[1] Mehitable Graves,[2] Mary Worthington,[3] Elizabeth Jones,[4] Wealthy Clark,[5] Clarissa Newton,[6] Frances E. Merrill.[7]

XXIX. RICHARD CHURCH, Mary Church,[1] Mehitable Graves,[2] Mary Worthington,[3] Elizabeth Jones,[4] Wealthy Clark,[5] Clarissa Newton,[6] Frances E. Merrill.[7]

SOME ACCOUNT OF MY WIFE'S ANCESTORS AND THEIR DESCENDANTS.

I. NATHANIEL MERRILL* *and his descendants.*

Nathaniel * and his brother John were at Newbury, Mass., before 1640. The wife of Nathaniel* was Susannah Jordan.* They had a daughter, Susannah, and five sons—Nathaniel, Abraham, Daniel, and Abel, who remained at Newbury and had families, and John,* who removed to Hartford before 1657, and lived on the south side of Elm street, second lot west from corner of Main. John, the brother of Nathaniel,* had no sons. Jeremiah Merrill of Boston is mentioned as early as 1652, who had a son Jeremiah, but no further trace of that family is found. I also see the name of Thomas Merrill in a list of marriages in Hartford about 1655, but do not find his name, or that of any descendant of his, in the Hartford records. I conclude that all the Merrills of Hartford and Litchfield counties are descendants of John * of Hartford, son of Nathaniel * the emigrant.

John,* of Hartford, married Sarah,* daughter of John Watson, 1658, and they had eight sons and three daughters, all of whom settled in Hartford and West Hartford, and were living at the death of their father, July 18, 1712. He is named "Dea. John Merrill" in the Probate Records. The names of his sons were Nathaniel, (incompetent,) John,* Abraham, Dan-

iel,* Wilterton, Abel, Isaac, and Jacob. Abraham was deacon of the West Hartford church; he died in 1747, leaving sons —Abraham of Hartford and Joseph of New Hartford, and five daughters. John 2d* is called "Lieut. John Merrill;" he married Sarah,* daughter of John Marsh,* 1694, and died, 1748, leaving sons John 3d,* and Ebenezer of New Hartford, and Aaron, Cyprian, Benjamin, Caleb, and Nathaniel, of Hartford. Abel died 1757, leaving sons Abel, Nehemiah, and Elijah of New Hartford, and Thomas of Hartford, and three daughters. Wilterton died 1755, leaving sons Samuel and Gideon, and one daughter. Isaac died 1742, leaving son Isaac. Jacob had a son Joshua. Daniel* is called "Deacon Daniel Merrill" in the Probate records; he married Susannah,* daughter of John Pratt,* and died 1750, leaving sons Hezekiah of Hartford, Moses of Farmington, now West Hartford, Israel of West Hartford, and Jonathan* of New Hartford, now Canton. Each of the sons of Deacon John,* except Nathaniel, left large estates. Deacon Daniel,* by his will, gave to his son Jonathan* his "negro girl Phebe," and to Israel he gave his negro Peter. According to Hinman, John Marsh, Esq., married "Peter and Phebe, slaves," in 1740,—perhaps the same mentioned in Deacon Daniel Merrill's will. I mention the bequests of slaves both as matters of history, and also to show that good men think and act very differently under different lights and circumstances; the consideration of which truth should inspire *charity*, when we sit in judgment on our fellow-men in the forum of conscience. John 3d* joined the church in West Hartford, 1719, removed to New Hartford before 1748, and died there 1762, leaving wife Lydia, (her family name not found,) sons John and Samuel,* and two daughters, Lydia and "Hannah Miller," mentioned in his will. Samuel,* son of John 3d, was baptized June 25, 1732, at West Hartford; he lived near the east end of the bridge in the north village of New Hartford—married his second cousin, Mary Merrill,* daughter of Jonathan,* son of Dea. Daniel.* She was baptized June 11, 1736, at West

Hartford. Jonathan* removed from West Hartford about 1739, and lived on the place now occupied by Mr. Pike, near the west district school-house in Canton. The family name of his wife not found; she "owned the covenant" in West Hartford, 1729. He died in 1788, leaving sons Jonathan, Jr., —whose daughter Abi was my father's mother,—William and George—William was ancestor of the Merrills now of Canton.

Samuel* and Mary Merrill,* before-named, had two sons, Samuel and John 4th,* and one daughter, Polly, who married Chauncey Mix of New Hartford. Samuel, Jr., removed to New York, and afterward to Illinois. I know nothing of his family. Samuel,* Sen., died in 1798, and Mary,* his wife, died about 1814. John Merrill,* 4th, my wife's grandfather, lived in Barkhamsted; was a revolutionary soldier, a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1818, captain of militia, and for many years representative, town clerk, and acting magistrate; his wife was Elizabeth Shepard,* daughter of Zebulon, by whom he had four sons: George, Merlin,* Samuel, and John, and four daughters,—Elizabeth, wife of Marquis Jones, Sarah, wife of John Munson, Sylvia, wife of Peter Merritt, and Clarinda, wife of Matthew Allyn. John 4th, died April 1, 1848.

The Merrills were prominent among the first settlers of West Hartford. I find by the records of the church of that place, that sixty-four of the name have belonged to that church—more than of any other name—the Seymours are next—fifty-six—all probably related to the Merrills as descendants of John Watson.*

Of the daughters of Dea. John Merrill* 1st, of Hartford, one married

Kellogg, Samuel, 1687, and had sons—Samuel,[2] Abraham,[2] John,[2] Isaac,[2] Jacob,[2] Benjamin,[2] Joseph,[2] and Daniel.[2] Samuel[2] settled in Colchester. Isaac[2] was gr. grd. father of the late Isaac[5] and George C.[5] Kellogg of New Hfd. Joseph[2] was gr. grd. father of the late Samuel[5] and William[5] Kellogg of E. Hfd.

TURNER, John, m. another dau. of Dea. John,—descendants not traced Of the daus. of Deacon Daniel Merrill,* one is called in his will Susannah Steel, and one Rachael Shepard; their husbands not ascertained.

SEYMOUR, Thomas, m. Hepzibah,[1] dau. Dea. Daniel Merrill; gr. grd. parents of Gov. Thomas H. Seymour[4] of Hartford, and Hon. David L.[4] of Troy, N. Y.

WOODERIDGE, Rev. Dr. John, of Hadley, m. dau.[4] of Thomas Y. Seymour, grd. s. Thomas and Hepzibah.

JOHNSON, Nathan, of Hfd., m. dau.[3] Dr. Hez. Merrill, first cashier of the Hartford Bank, s. Hez. s. Dea. Daniel.

PORTER, Deacon Noah, of Farmington, m. Rachael,[2] dau. of Moses,[1] s. Dea. Daniel Merrill; parents of Rev. Dr. Noah Porter,[3] of Farmington.

HUMPHREY, Rev. Dr. Heman, my mother's brother, m. Sophia,[3] dau. Dea. Noah and Rachel Porter.

BRONSON, Oliver, of Guilford, Conn., afterward of Canton and Simsbury, and last of Cazenova, N. Y., m. Sarah,[2] dau. Wm.[1] and grd. dau. Jonathan Merrill, Sen.,* of Canton. Their son, Oliver C.,[3] formerly Chief Justice of N. Y. Supreme Court, lately died in N. Y.

SEDGWICK, Ebenezer, of Hfd., m. 1720 Prudence,[2] dau. Dea. Abraham[1] Merrill, s. Dea. John.*

ENSIGN, John, Jr., of Salisbury, m. 1746 Mary,[3] dau. Eben. and Prudence Sedgwick.

CHURCH, Nathaniel, m. Molly,[5] dau. John Ensign, s. John and Mary preceding; these were parents of Samuel Church,[6] late Chief Justice of Conn.

II. Of SUSANNAH JORDAN'S* ancestry or collaterals, nothing is known. She was the only wife of NATHANIEL MERRILL,* the emigrant, and, therefore, an ancestor of all his descendants above shown.

III. JOHN WATSON* *and his descendants.*

He was in Hartford as early as 1644; lived on the east side of Main, south of Charter street, having bought the south part of the Wyllys or Charter Oak lot; he died here before 1651, leaving widow Margaret, who died 1683, son John, and two daughters. His son's descendants were early settlers in West Hartford and New Hartford. His daughter Sarah* married Deacon John Merrill.* His daughter Mary married about 1655,

Seymour, John, who was the son of Richard Seymour, the emigrant.

Richard Seymour had several sons, but I believe John was the only one who settled in Hfd. One (Thomas) settled in Norwalk, and one (Richard) in Farmington. Several of the descendants of John Seymour and Mary Watson were among the early settlers of New Hfd., Winchester and Litchfield. Thomas Seymour, who m. Hepzibah, dau. Dea. Daniel Merrill,* was a son of John and Mary. All of that connection were, of course, descended from John Watson.* I have traced in addition to those mentioned under the Merrill genealogy, the following as descendants of John and Mary Seymour, and through them of John Watson.* Harvey and Horace Seymour of Hfd., and Mason and Horace of W. Hfd, 5 ○, and Gov. Horatio Seymour of N. Y., Judge O. S. Seymour of Litchfield, Charles Seymour and his sisters, Mrs. Calvin Day and Mrs. Russell G. Talcott of Hfd., and his brother, Prof. N. P. Seymour of Hudson College, Ohio, 6 ○ from John Watson.* These are also descendants in the same degree from Gov. John Webster,* John Seymour, Jr., grd. son of John Watson, having m. Elizabeth Webster, grd. dau. Gov. John Webster.

IV. JOHN MARSH* *and his descendants.*

He was from Braintree, Essex county, England. Came to Hartford, 1636, with Ann, his wife, and his father-in-law, John Webster;* had a house lot on the north corner of Temple and Front street; removed with Gov. Webster to Hadley, Mass., 1659, where his wife Ann died in 1662, and in 1664 he married Hepzibah,* widow of Richard Lyman,* and afterward removed to North Hampton and again to Hartford, and died June, 1668; had sons Joseph, John,* Samuel of Hatfield, and Jonathan and Daniel of Hadley.

John, Jr.,* settled in Hartford, and married Sarah,* daughter of Richard* and Hepzibah Lyman,* 1666; they had sons John, Jonathan, Nathaniel, and Joseph, and several daughters. His daughter Sarah married John Merrill 2d.* The sons all have military titles given them in the Probate records.

Rev. Jona. Marsh,[2] of Windsor, was son of Jonathan,[1] of Hadley; Rev. Jonathan Marsh[3] of New Hfd. was son of Rev. Jonathan[2] of Windsor, Rev. Joseph Marsh[2] of Braintree, Mass., was son of Daniel,[1] of Hadley. Rev. Elisha Marsh,[3] of Westminster, was grd. s. of Daniel.[1] Dr. Perez Marsh,[3] of Pittsfield, was grd. s. of Daniel.[1]

Other intermarriages with female descendants.—Richard Billings, Hatfield, 1703; Samuel Cook, Hadley, 1698; Wm. Dickinson, Hadley, about 1703; Ebenezer Eastman, Amherst, 1772; Dr. Waitstill Hastings, Hatfield, 1736; Thomas Hastings, Amherst, about 1769: Elijah Hastings, Amherst, 1782; Elisha Smith, Amherst, 1782.

V. GOV. JOHN WEBSTER* *and his descendants.*

According to family tradition, John Webster was from county Warwick, England. He came with his wife Agnes and several children to Hartford in 1636—was many years a magistrate, one year deputy governor, and one year (1656) governor of the Connecticut Colony. His house lot was on the east side of Governor street, third lot south from Charter street. Connecticut historians speak well of him. He seems to have been decidedly religious. He, with Elder Goodwin and others, was a leader in the emigration to Hadley in 1659. He was honored with the appointment of magistrate by the Massachusetts General Court in 1660, and died April 5, 1661, at Hadley, as I suppose, though a note in Trumbull's History speaks of his body lying at Hartford with those of other worthies, without monuments. He had sons—Matthew of Farmington, Robert of Hartford, Thomas of Northfield, Mass., and William of Hadley. His daughter Ann * married John Marsh.*

The celebrated Dr. Noah Webster,[5] author of the Dictionary and other books; born in W. Hfd.; was s. of Noah,[4] s. of Daniel,[3] s. of John,[2] s. of Robert,[1] s. of Gov. John.*

Graves, John. of Hfd., m. Susannah,[1] dau. Robert.

Seymour, John, Jr., of Hfd., m. 1693, Elizabeth, another dau.

Mygatt, Joseph, of Hfd., m. Sarah, another dau.

King, Thomas, of Hfd., m. Mary, another dau.

Henderson, James, of Hfd., m. 1701 Mehitabel,[2] dau. John and Susannah Graves.

Dudley, Ebenezer, of Guilford, m. Elizabeth Graves,[2] another dau.

VI. RICHARD LYMAN, Sen.,* AND RICHARD LYMAN, Jr.,* *and their descendants.*

Richard 1st * was born at High Ongar, England, and baptized there October 30, 1580; he came with Eliot, in the Lyon,

1631, and first settled at Roxbury with his wife Sarah* and children,—Phillis, who married William Hills, Richard, Jr.,* baptized February 24, 1618, Sarah, John, and Robert; Richard, Sen., was an original proprietor of Hartford, where he removed with the first emigration, "and suffered greatly in the loss of his cattle." He lived on the south side of Buckingham, about midway between Main and Washington streets. He died in 1640, and his wife shortly after. His will is in Trumbull's Collection of Records, Vol. I. pp. 442–3.

Richard, Jr., married Hepzibah,* daughter of Thomas Ford,* of Windsor, and lived in Windsor till 1655, when he removed to North Hampton and died June 3, 1662. His widow married John Marsh, 1st.* His sons were Richard, 3d, Thomas, and John. I suppose all the Lymans of New England to be descended from Richard, 1st,* as no other emigrant is mentioned in genealogical works. Sarah,* daughter of Richard, Jr.,* married John Marsh, Jr.,* of Hartford, 1666.

Pomroy, Josiah, of Westfield, afterward of Lebanon, Conn., m. Hepzibah, dau. of Richard, Jr.*

Pomroy, Joshua, of North Hampton, m. Elizabeth, another dau.

Pomroy, Joseph, of Westfield, m. Hannah, another dau.

VII. THOMAS FORD* *and his descendants.*

He came from England to Dorchester, in the Mary and John, in 1630, bringing with him several daughters, among them Hepzibah,* who married Richard Lyman, Jr.* He removed to Windsor in 1636, where he was representative several years. His wife died in 1643, and he married in 1644 Ann, widow of Thomas Scott, an ancestor of my mother, and removed in old age to North Hampton, where he died November 9, 1676.

Clap, Roger, of Dorchester, m. 1633 Joanna, dau. Thomas Ford.* They had son, Preserved, of North Hampton, who m. dau. of Benj. Newberry, 2d, of Windsor, from whom are descended (it is said) most of the name in Conn.

Cooke, Aaron, m. another dau.—had sons Aaron and Moses, and grd. s. Aaron, who lived in Hfd.

Newberry, Thomas, of Windsor, m. Ann, another dau.

VIII. JOHN PRATT* *and his descendants.*

He came from county Essex, (probably Braintree,) England, in 1632, as is supposed, with Rev. Mr. Hooker; probably lived at Cambridge, and removed with the latter to Hartford in 1636. It is certain he was an original proprietor of Hartford in 1637. He owned two house lots on Main street, extending from Asylum street north to the Melodeon building; from him Pratt street takes its name. He was a representative at the first General Court, and for several years; was early constable and selectman; he had sons, John* and Daniel, but no daughters. He died 1655. His sons, John* and Daniel, settled in Hartford. Susannah,* daughter of John, Jr.,* married, 1698, Dea. Daniel Merrill.* John, Jr., died 1690, leaving sons, John, Joseph, and Jonathan; he had two wives—one, Hannah, daughter of James Boosy, of Wethersfield, probably the mother of Susannah;* his second wife was Hepzibah. Daniel* died 1691, leaving one son, Daniel.

GOODWIN, Nath'l, m. Elizabeth, dau. Daniel Pratt, ancestors of James M. Goodwin, Esq.,[6] of Hfd.

EGGLESTON, Nath'l, of Hfd, m. Abigail Goodwin,[4] gr. dau. of the preceding. These were parents of J. G. Eggleston,[5] and the mother of Mrs. Jos. Carnes,[6] of Hfd, and grd. parents of Rev. Nath'l H. Eggleston,[6] of Stockbridge, Mass., who are also descended from Ozias Goodwin, brother of Elder William.

SKINNER, John, m. Rachael,[2] dau. Daniel Pratt.

PHELPS, Timothy, of Windsor, m. 1690, Sarah,[1] dau. John Pratt, Jr.*

PORTER, Isaac, of Windsor, m. Sarah,[2] dau. John Pratt,[1] 3rd, son John Jr.*

TALCOTT, Jos., s. Gov. T., m., 1727, Esther,[2] sister of Sarah, preceding.

SHELDON, Dea. Isaac, m., 1717, Elizabeth,[3] dau. Daniel Pratt, Jr.[2]

DRAKE, Samuel, m. Martha,[3] dau. Wm. Pratt,[2] son John, 3rd.

SLOAN, Thomas, m. Susanna,[3] another dau.

WEBSTER, Matthew, m. Mabel,[3] another dau.

IX. EDWARD* *and* JOHN* SHEPARD *and their descendants.*

Edward brought from England, before 1643, his wife Violet, and children, John,* Elizabeth, Abigail, and Deborah; lived at Cambridge, and died there about 1674. John Shepard* re

moved to Hartford, and married Rebecca,* daughter of Samuel Greenhill,* 1649. They had sons, Dea. John, Samuel, and Thomas,* of Hartford, and Edward, of Middletown. Thomas Shepard* married Susannah Scott,* 1695, and had Thomas, Ebenezer, Daniel, and Zebulon,* and died about 1743. His son Zebulon,* born in 1705, lived in New Hartford; his wife's name was Elizabeth Blanchard,* daughter of William, Jr.* Zebulon enlisted as a soldier in the French war, April, 1762; made his will of that date; was in the expedition to Havana, and died there in the military service before December 15, 1762, when his will was proved, by which he gave all his estate to his wife—leaving sons, Ebenezer, of Bloomfield, grandfather of D. A. Shepard,[3] of Hartford; Zebulon,[1] of Norfolk; Phineas,[1] of Ohio City, now Cleveland, Ohio; William, and Peletiah, and daughter Elizabeth,* who married John Merrill,* and was my wife's grandmother. She died April, 1823.

Charles Shepard, Esq., of Hartford, formerly of Newtown, is a descendant in the 5th degree from John,* first mentioned. I suppose all of the name about Hartford are his descendants. The early Shepards were many of them coopers by trade, and gave name to the street on which they lived, "Cooper Lane," now called Lafayette street.

POND, Daniel, of Dedham, Mass., m. Abigail, dau. of Edward Shepard, 1st.*

FAIRBANKS, Jona., of Dedham, m. another dau.

BIGELOW, Jonathan, of Hartford, m. Rebecca, dau. John Shepard,* 1st; they had Jonathan[2] and John.[2]

STEDMAN, John, of Hartford, m. Violet, another dau.; they had John,[2] Thomas,[2] Robert,[2] and Samuel.[2]

GOODWIN, William, of Hartford, m. Elizabeth,[1] another dau.; gr. grd. parents of Allyn[2] and Moses.[3] Maj. Horace[4] (died May 14, 1864.) and Allyn Goodwin,[4] of Hfd, are sons of Allyn.[3]

WHITE, Jacob, of Middletown, m. Deborah,[1] another dau.

BUTLER, Thos., of Hfd, m. 1691, Abigail, another dau.; they had sons, Isaac,[2] Daniel,[2] Elisha,[2] and Thomas.[2]

ENSIGN, Thos., of Hfd, m. Hannah, another dau.

BARNARD, Capt. John, of Hfd, m. Hannah Bigelow,[4] dau. Jonathan,[3] s. Jonathan,[2] s. Jonathan Bigelow and Rebecca Shepard,[1] dau. John Shepard;* Hon. Henry Barnard,[6] LL. D., of Hfd, is grd. s. Capt. John Barnard and Hannah Bigelow.

WOODBRIDGE, Ward, (lately deceased,) of Hfd, m. Hannah Bigelow,[5] dau. Timothy,[4] s. Timothy,[3] s. Jonathan,[2] s. Jonathan and Rebecca.[1]

OLMSTED, Aaron, of E. Hfd, m. Mary Bigelow, sister of Hannah preceding.

CALDWELL, James, m., 1755, Abigail,[4] dau. Timothy Bigelow, Sen.[3]

OLCOTT, Jonathan, m., 1753, Anne,[4] another dau.

FLAGG, Dr. Sam'l, of E. Hfd, m., 1737, Martha, another dau.

Richard Bigelow,[6] of N. Y. city, who m., 1823, dau. Dea. Normand Smith, of Hfd, and John,[6] of North Hampton, are s. John,[5] s. John,[4] s. Timothy, Sen.[3]

X. SAMUEL GREENHILL* *and his descendants.*

He came to Cambridge in May, 1634; had lived at Staplehurst, county Kent, England, and removed to Hartford in 1635, and died there soon after, leaving widow Rebecca and two children—Thomas, who died unmarried, and thus the name became extinct, and Rebecca,* who married John Shepard,* 1649. His widow married Jeremy Adams, of Hartford, and had children by him.

Samuel Greenhill's house lot was on the west side of Main, embracing all between Elm and Buckingham streets.

XI. SUSANNAH SCOTT*

Was the wife of Thomas Shepard.* Of her ancestry or collateral relatives nothing has been ascertained.

XII. RICHARD BLANCHARD,* *and his descendants.*

He was of East Hartford in 1680; died 1691, leaving all his property to his son William,* who was born 1773. William,* son of Richard,* conveyed his property to his son William, Jr.,* 1720, describing himself, in his deed, as of Providence, R. I. A William Blanchard married Sarah Cowles, 1718—probably William, Jr.* Elizabeth,* daughter of William Blanchard, Jr., was baptized in the First Church, Hartford, 1723, and joined the West Hartford church, 1741; the wife of William Blanchard, probably mother of Elizabeth,* joined the same church the same day. One William Blanchard, of Hartford or West Hartford, died 1750, probably father of Elizabeth. Elizabeth* married Zebulon

Shepard,* February 9, 1745. Her grandsons, George and Merlin* Merrill, tell me that she was converted in a barn in West Hartford, under the preaching of Whitfield. By the death of her husband, about 1762, (in the French war,) she was left with the care of six children, the eldest but seventeen. She died at the house of her son-in-law, John Merrill,* in Barkhamsted, about 1804.

[My traces in regard to the ancestry of Elizabeth Blanchard are not quite as satisfactory as in other cases—possibly may have confounded persons of the same name, though I have no special reason to suspect it.]

XIII. CAPTAIN JAMES NEWTON * *and his descendants.*

Charles M. Taintor, Esq., in his preface to his transcript of the Town Records of Colchester, which has just come to my notice, (May 4, 1864,) mentions James and Israel Newton among the first settlers of that town, as having removed from "Kingstown in Narragansett." This gives a clue for traces of their antecedents, but I have not time to pursue them now. Capt. James Newton* appears by the aforesaid Records to have been a prominent man among the early settlers of Colchester. He was one of the selectmen most of the time from 1714 to 1725, and was often on important committees. The first mention of his name is in 1713. His children, so far as ascertained, were Alice, born 1686, James, Jr., 1690, Ann, 1692, and Israel,* 1694. He died at Colchester, February 18, 1735. James, Jr., was the great grandfather of the mother of William N. Matson,[5] Esq., of Hartford, and has descendants of his name now living in Colchester. Israel, 1st,* was selectman in 1729. He was a major in the expedition to Cape Breton, and died there in 1645. His wife was Abigail Butler.* He had son Asahel, baptized October 22, 1732, and Israel, 2d;* he had several daughters, one of whom married Pierpont Bacon, the founder of the Bacon Academy at Colchester. Salmon Lyman, Esq., of Manchester, who married a descendant of Israel, 2d,* writes me in regard to him: "he was a large

landholder—his farm was one mile square, and lay on the north-east side of Colchester, near Newton's Pond; he at one time owned eleven slaves and fourteen riding horses, (no wagons then;) did not labor himself; he died about 1808–9, aged seventy one years." He must have died earlier or older. He married Jerusha,* daughter of Lieut. Noah Wells,* in 1754, and had son Israel, 3d,* baptized June 6, 1756, son Noah, and nine daughters. It appears by the Colchester church records that his children were all baptized, either under the half-way covenant, or by virtue of his church membership. Israel, 3d,* my wife's grandfather, married Wealthy Clark,* daughter of Nathaniel Clark* and Elizabeth Jones;* lived in Colchester a few years after marriage, and removed to Shelburne, Mass., and subsequently to New Hartford, Conn., where he died August, 1803. He had three sons, neither of whom married; Francis, the eldest, is still living; two daughters are now living in Barkhamsted—Betsey and Caroline, who married a Ransom; his youngest daughter, Clarissa, was my wife's mother. Noah, brother of Israel, 3d,* had two sons, Rev. Alfred Newton,[2] a Presbyterian clergyman of Norwalk, Ohio, and Lieut. Noah, U. S. A., who died in Texas. I learn from various sources that the Newtons have been highly respectable, from the beginning of their settlement in Colchester.

KELLOGG, Jonathan. m. 1710, Ann, dau. Capt. James Newton.*

TOWNSEND, Jonathan, of Hebron, m. dau. Israel Newton, 2d.*

BISSEL, Leverett, of Manchester, m. another dau.

JONES, Amos, m. another dau.—parents of Mrs. Salmon Lyman[2] of Manchester.

JONES, Daniel, of Salem, Conn., m. another dau.—they have several children;[2] three at Montrose, Penn.

BRIDGES, Samuel, m. another dau.—parents of the widow of Rev. Lyman Strong of Colchester.

XIV. ABIGAIL BUTLER,*

The wife of Israel Newton, 1st.* I have been unable to trace her origin.

XV. WIDOW FRANCES* AND THOMAS WELLS,* *and their descendants.*

Mrs. Frances Wells, with her children, Thomas,* John, and Mary, came to Wethersfield about 1652, and removed from there to Hadley, 1659. Thomas* died in Hadley, 1670, leaving son Thomas, (whose children were killed by Indians in 1693 at Deerfield,) Jonathan of Deerfield, and Samuel and Ebenezer of Hatfield, John, Daniel, and Noah.* Noah* married Mary,* daughter of Daniel White,* and removed to Colchester with the first settlers there; he had sons John, Jonathan, Samuel, and Noah, Jr.,* and died 1712. Noah, Jr.,* was born 1686, settled in Colchester, and died there in 1753; he had a son, Amos, baptized in 1738, and daughter Jerusha,* baptized 1733, who married Israel Newton, 2d.*

GILBERT, Jonathan, of Hfd., m. for second wife Mary Wells,[1] dau. Widow Frances,* and they had sons Thomas, Nathaniel, Samuel of Colchester, and Ebenezer.

BELDING, Stephen, of Hatfield, m. 1682, Mary, dau. Thomas Wells.*

BELCHER, Andrew, m. Sarah,[2] dau. Jona. and Mary Gilbert; their s. Jonathan Belcher[3] was Governor of Massachusetts, and afterward of New Jersey, where he died 1757; his s. Jonathan Belcher, Jr.,[4] was Chief Justice in the Province of Nova Scotia.

ROSSITER, John, of Killingworth, m. Mary,[2] sister of Sarah preceding; one s. John.[3]

HOLTON, Samuel, of North Hampton, m. Mary,[2] widow of John Rossiter.

RICHARDSON, Jonathan, m. Lydia,[2] another dau. Jona. and Mary Gilbert.

DICKINSON, Charles, m. Esther,[2] another dau.

MARSHFIELD, Josiah, m. Rachael, another dau.

FOOTE, Josiah, of Colchester, m. 1712, Sarah,[1] dau. Noah Wells, 1st.*

Their descendants are extensively traced in the Foote Genealogy, by Nathaniel Goodwin. I have room for but a small portion of his traces. The sons of Josiah and Sarah Foote were Josiah[2] and Habakuk[2] of Colchester, Jonathan,[2] of Saybrook, John,[2] of Hebron, and Noah,[2] of Columbia. Their grandsons of the name of Foote were Jonathan,[3] Fenner,[3] David,[3] and Asahel, of Lee, Mass., Dr. Solomon,[3] of Rutland, Vt., John,[3] of Hfd., Joseph,[3] of Essex, and Hiram S.[3] of Hebron; their gr. grd. s. of the name of Foote were, Elisha,[4] Alvan,[4] and Lyman,[4] of Lee, Charles,[4] of Wellington, Ohio, and Asahel,[4] of Williamstown, Mass.,—third cousins to my wife's mother.

Of the daughters of Josiah and Sarah Foote, Josiah Treadway of Colchester m. Eunice;[2] Jonas Wyles of Colchester m. Mary;[2] Cullick Ely of Lyme m. Sarah,[2] and Daniel Isham m. Catharine.[2]

Of the granddaughters of Josiah and Sarah Foote. Samuel Bancroft, of South Windsor, m. Jerusha,[3] Jesse Clark, of Lee, m. Sarah.[3] William Hall, of Groton, m. Eunice,[3] John Bulkley, of Colchester, m. Theodocia.[3] Aaron Buckland, of E. Hfd., m. Theodocia, widow of John Buckley; William Hewlett, of Richmond, Va., m. Polly.[3]

Great granddaughters of Josiah and Sarah Foote.—Capt. Owen Tudor, of South Windsor, Isaac Bassett, of Lee, George W. Lay, of Batavia, N. Y., formerly U. S. Charge to Sweden, James M. Goodwin, of Hfd., George Beach, late of Hfd., and James O. Gorman, of Frankfort, Ky., each m. a third cousin of my wife's mother, of the third generation from Josiah and Sarah Foote.

XVI. ELDER JOHN WHITE* *and his descendants.*

He came from county Essex, England, in company with Elder William Goodwin, John Pratt, and others, in 1632, and first lived at Cambridge, then called Newtown, and removed to Hartford in 1636. His house lot was on the east side of Governor street, and north side of Charter street; he is said to have been "in good repute" at Hartford; removed with Elder Goodwin and others to Hadley in 1659, where he was a representative; removed back to Hartford about 1670; was an elder in the South Church, formed 1670, and died here 1683; he had sons Nathaniel, of Middletown, John, of Hatfield, (who married Sarah, daughter of Thomas Bunce,*) Daniel,* of Hadley, who married, 1661, Sarah,* daughter of John Crow,* and Jacob, of Hartford, who married Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Bunce.* Mary,* daughter of Daniel White and Sarah Crow, married Noah Wells, 1st,* about 1685. Daniel* died 1713, and Sarah,* his wife, 1719.

GILBERT, Jonathan, of Hfd., m. Mary,[1] dau. John White;* had son Jona. of Middletown.

TAYLOR, Stephen, of Hatfield, m. Sarah, another dau.; son Stephen of Colchester.

HINSDALE, Barnabas, of Hatfield, m. Sarah,[1] above, (2d husband;) sons Barnabas[2] and Isaac,[2] settled in Hartford.

Hall, Samuel, of Middletown, m. 1691, Sarah Hinsdale,[2] dau. Barnabas and Sarah.

Clark, John, of Middletown, m. Elizabeth[2] White, dau. of Nathaniel, of Middletown.[1]

Smith, John, of Haddam, m. Sarah, another dau.

Loomis, Dea. Samuel, of Colchester, m. 1688, Elizabeth,[1] dau. Daniel White.*

Loomis, Thomas, of Hatfield, m. Sarah,[1] another dau.

Ellsworth, John, of Ellington, Conn., m. 1696, Esther,[1] another dau.

Bissel, Jeremiah, of Windsor, m. 1705, Mehitabel,[1] another dau.

Dickinson, Dea. Nathaniel, of Hatfield, m. Hannah,[1] another dau.—had son Jonathan,[2] of Amherst, who had sons Simeon,[3] Noah,[3] and Jonathan.[3]

Hitchcock, Rev. Edward, D. D., late Pres. Amherst College, m. 1821, Orra White,[6]—of the 6th degree from Elder John White.*

Other intermarriages with female descendants.—Dea. Samuel Montague, Sunderland, 1716; Stephen Montague, Hadley, 1801; John Alvord, 1734; Wm. Eastman, Greenfield, 1744; Elisha Hubbard, Williamsburgh, 1780.

XVII. JOHN CROW* *and his descendants.*

He came to Hartford in 1636, and married Elizabeth, the only child of Elder Goodwin; he is said to have been respectable and very wealthy; he lived some time in East Hartford, and in 1659 removed with his father-in-law to Hadley—subsequently returned to Hartford or East Hartford, and died in 1686. His sons, Daniel and Nathaniel C., settled at East Hartford, and Samuel at Hadley, and John, Jr., "was a wealthy West India merchant, and had an establishment at Fairfield." Hinman says, "John Crow's daughters married into the best families, but his sons did not do as well." The sons of rich men rarely "do well" in *these* days. Sarah,* daughter of John Crow,* married Daniel White.*

Hamlin, Hon. Giles, of Middletown, m. Esther,[1] dau. John Crow, 1655. Hon. John Hamlin,[2] Judge of the Sup. Court of Conn. was son of these.

Dickinson, Thomas, of Wethersfield, m. 1667, Hannah,[1] another dau.

Partridge, Col. Samuel, of Hatfield, m. 1668, Mehitabel,[1] another dau.

Coleman, Noah, of Hadley, m. Mary,[1] another dau., 1666.

Gaylord, William, of Hadley, m. Ruth,[1] another dau., 1671.

Dwight, Josiah, m. Mary[2] Partridge, dau. Col. Samuel and Mehitabel.

DWIGHT, Nathaniel, m. Mehitabel,[2] another dau. They had son Timothy,[3] who had son Timothy[4] who had Rev. Dr. Timothy Dwight,[5] inaugurated President of Yale College 1795, Theodore Dwight,[5] formerly of Hfd., and Dr. Nathaniel Dwight.[5]

PORTER, Jonathan Edwards, of Hadley, m. 1793, Fidelia, sister of Pres. Dwight.

KENT, Samuel, of Suffield, m. 1722, Abia,[3] dau. of Nathaniel and Mehitabel Dwight.

BURBANK, Abraham, of Suffield, m. Mehitabel,[3] another dau.

CALDWELL, Abel, of North Hampton, m. Anna,[3] another dau.

LYMAN. Gen. Phineas, of Suffield, m. Eleanor Dwight,[4] grd. dau. Nathaniel.

RUSSELL, Rev. Noadiah, of Middletown, m. 1690, Mary,[2] dau. Hon. Giles and Esther Hamlin. They had a son, Rev. William,[3] of Middletown. Hon. Edward A. Russell,[6] of Middletown, is gr. grd. son of Rev. William.

SOUTHMAYD, William, of Middletown, m. Esther,[2] dau. Hon. Giles Hamlin; they had a son, Rev. John Southmayd,[3] of Waterbury.

HOOKER, Samuel, of Hfd., son of Rev. Samuel of Farmington. m. 1687, Mabel,[2] another dau.; had sons Giles, Thomas, and William.

COWLES, Jonathan, of Amherst, m. 1732, a descendant of John Crow.

XVIII. ELDER WILLIAM GOODWIN * *and his descendants.*

He came, as is supposed, from Braintree, county Essex, England, in the *Lyon*, in 1632, and lived at Cambridge till 1636. He was a representative to the first General Court of Massachusetts, and ruling elder of the church at Cambridge. He came to Hartford with Rev. Mr. Hooker in 1636, and was here ruling elder and a cordial co-worker with Mr. Hooker till his death in 1647,—but dissented from the views and practices of Rev. Mr. Stone, Mr. Hooker's successor, as before stated, and, in consequence of such differences, removed with a large number of the church to Hadley, where he was also a ruling elder. About 1670 he returned to Connecticut, and occupied his estate at Farmington, being an original proprietor of that town, as he was of Hartford and Hadley, and died at Farmington in 1673.

The office of ruling elder belongs to the Presbyterian order, and does not exist in Congregational churches now. Mr. Trumbull defines the powers and duties of that office as fol-

lows: "The business of the ruling elder was to assist the pastor in the government of the church. He was particularly set apart to watch over all its members; to prepare and bring forward all cases of discipline; to visit and pray with the sick, and in the absence of the pastor and teacher, to pray with the congregation, and expound the Scriptures." Elder Goodwin is highly commended by all historians of the early times, so far as I have seen. Gov. Winthrop of Massachusetts describes him as "a very reverend and godly man." He seems to have been remarkably conscientious, firm and energetic, as well as strictly pious, and wielded great influence in every community in which he lived. It will be seen that several of my wife's ancestors of his day sympathized with him, and removed with him to Hadley. His house lot in Hartford was on the east side of Main street, next north of Little River; Mr. Stone's lot adjoined Mr. Goodwin's on the east, and Mr. Hooker's was east of Mr. Stone's, on the east corner of Prospect and Arch streets.

Elder Goodwin's only child, Elizabeth,* married John Crow,* to whom he left his large estate. Mr. Hinman says Mr. Goodwin's nearest descendants—sons of John Crow—did not inherit the virtues of the elder; perhaps these virtues were transmitted through the female descendants. I find the lines of descent from John Crow's daughters illustrated by Christian and other noble qualities.

Elder Goodwin was brother of Ozias Goodwin of Hartford, from whom, probably, descended all of the name in Hartford and Litchfield counties, all of whose descendants are of course related to the descendants of William as common descendants of the parents of William and Ozias.

HART, Josiah, of Farmington, m. 1738, Lois[4] Goodwin, 4th in descent from the ancestor of William and Ozias—dau. of Nathaniel, s. of Nathaniel, s. of Ozias.

SEYMOUR, Moses, of Litchfield, m. 1738, Rachel,[4] sister of Lois; these were grandparents of Judge Seymour,[7] of Litchfield, and Gov. Seymour,[7] of New York, who are first cousins.

MCLEAN, Dr. John, m. Dorothy,[5] dau. of Daniel,[4] son of Nathaniel,[3] grd. son of Ozias.[1]

Nathaniel Goodwin,[6] the genealogist, whose "Notes" have aided me much, is of 5 ○ from Ozias.[1] My friend, Major Horace Goodwin,[8] who has just died, is of 7 ○ from Ozias; he is also of 5 ○ from John Marsh,* through Rev. Jona. of Windsor; also of 4 ○ from John Shepard.*

XIX. WILLIAM CLARK* *and his descendants.*

My wife's maternal grandmother, Wealthy,* wife of Israel Newton 3rd,* was daughter of Nathaniel Clark,* and I am informed by intelligent correspondents in Colchester that the father of Nathaniel* was William Clark, but of the antecedents of the latter I can get no trace. He lived in Colchester, and had, besides Nathaniel,* sons, William and John. John removed to Susquehanna, Penn. William 2nd lived in Colchester, and had sons, Russel[2] and Parsons,[2] of New Haven; also William,[2] John,[2] and Ransom,[2] of whom I know nothing after their baptism. Nathaniel* lived in Colchester; married Elizabeth Jones,* October 25, 1757, and they had sons, Gurdon and Nathaniel, who settled in Colchester and had families, and daughters, Molly, Wealthy,* and Lucretia. Dr. Dickinson,[3] of Rockville, late of Willington, is grandson of Nathaniel, Jr.[1] My wife's great grandfather, Nathaniel Clark,* was most scrupulously and strictly religious in his life—was remarkably exact in the observance of the Sabbath, and constant in his attendance on public worship. He brought up his five children, who were early deprived of a mother's care, in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord." I have not ascertained the date of his death. One of his daughters married Elijah Alvord, of Greenfield, Mass., and had a numerous family. His daughter Wealthy* was born April 10, 1763, and died in New Hartford, December 27, 1851. As stated on the 18th page of the memoir of my wife, Wealthy (Clark) Newton* was a devotedly pious woman—always cheerful and hopeful. She said to an aged neighbor just before her death, "we shall be angels soon."

XX. MARY GILLETT.*

My correspondents in Colchester inform me that the family name of the wife of William Clark was Gillett, and that her

Christian name was Mary, but do not give the name of her father. Jonathan Gillett, of Windsor, a Puritan emigrant, and an ancestor of my mother, had a son, Josiah, who removed to Colchester with his son Josiah, Jr., and from them are descended the Gilletts of Colchester. Probably the wife of William Clark* was a daughter of Josiah, Jr.—she may have been granddaughter. I believe my wife and my mother were both descendants of Jonathan Gillett, one of the first settlers of Windsor. I can not now devote the time to those researches that would be required to verify this supposition.

XXI. LEWIS JONES* *and his descendants.*

Lewis Jones* is first mentioned at Roxbury, Mass., about 1640, when his name appears as a member of church. At what time he came from England is unknown. He afterwards settled at Watertown, Mass., where he died, 1684. His will is given in Goodwin's Notes, and expresses pious sentiments. His wife was Ann, who died 1680, and the inscription on her gravestone indicates that she was regarded by survivors as eminently pious. Their daughter Lydia married, 1656, Jonathan Whitney, of Watertown, and these had eleven children. Josiah Jones,* son of Lewis,* married, 1667, Lydia,* daughter of Nathaniel Treadway*—held municipal, military, and church offices —died at Watertown 1714. His children were Josiah,* Mary, Nathaniel, Samuel, James, Sarah, Ann, John, and Isaac.

Josiah Jones, Jr.,* married Abigail Barnes,* of Marlborough, Mass. Of him nothing has been ascertained, except that he lived and died at Watertown, and had children, Daniel,* Abigail, Josiah 3rd, William, and Elisha.

Josiah 3d settled in Stockbridge, Mass.; m. Anna Brown, 1724, and had children, Josiah,[2] Micah,[2] Anna,[2] (m. Oliver Warner, of Alford, Mass.,) Keziah,[2] (m. Mr. Kellogg, of Egremont,) Abigail,[2] (m. Josiah Warren,) and Elijah.[2] William,[1] settled in Lunenburg, Mass., and had children, William,[2] Enos,[2] Josiah,[2] Samuel,[2] Sarah,[2] Abigail,[2] Hannah,[2] and Silence.[2] Elisha[1] settled in Weston, Mass., and had 15 children, and died at Boston, 1775. His children were Nathan,[2] Elisha,[2] Israel,[2] Daniel,[2] Elias,[2] Josiah,[2] Silas,[2] Mary,[2] Ephraim,[2] Simeon,[2] Stephen,[2] Jonas,[2] Philemore,[2] Charles,[2] and one

died young. Josiah,[2] s. of Josiah,[1] of Stockbridge, lived in S., and died there, 1795. He had children by Mabel Woodbridge, his wife, grd. dau. Rev. John Woodbridge, of West Springfield, Solomon,[3] Stephen W.,[3] Clarissa,[3] (m. Enos Boughton,) Elizabeth,[3] (m. Joel Bristol,) and Josiah,[3] (father of Miss Electa F. Jones,[4] "a well known antiquarian and genealogist,") Horatio,[3] Anna,[3] (m. Roswell Lombard,) William,[3] and Mary.[3]

WILLIAMS, Col. Ephraim, of Newton, Mass., afterwards of Stockbridge, m. Abigail,[1] dau. Josiah* and Abigail* Jones, 1719, and they had sons, Josiah[2] and Elijah.[2]

SARGEANT, Rev. John, m. Abigail,[2] dau. Col. Williams and wife Abigail, and they had sons, Dr. Erastus Sargeant,[3] and Rev. John Sargeant, preacher to the Stockbridge (N. Y.) Indians.

HOPKINS, Col. Mark, of Great Barrington, Mass., m. Electa Sargeant,[3] dau. Rev. John and Abigail,[2] and they had children, Louisa,[3] wife of Joseph Woodbridge, Esq., of Stockbridge, Archibald,[3] father of President Hopkins[4] of Williams College, and John,[3] of Stockbridge.

DWIGHT, Gen. Joseph, of Great Barrington, Mass., 1752, m. Abigail,[2] widow of Rev. John Sargeant above, and they had son, Henry W.,[3] who was father of Hon. Henry W. Dwight,[4] Rev. Edwin W. Dwight,[4] and Rev. Louis Dwight.[4]

SEDGWICK, Hon. Theodore, of Stockbridge, m. Pamela,[3] dau. Gen. Joseph and Abigail Dwight, and they had sons, Theodore,[4] Harry,[4] Robert,[4] and Charles,[4] noted lawyers of the present day, and Miss Catharine M.,[4] (the authoress,) Eliza,[4] and Frances.[4]

THAYER, Rev. Ezra, of Ware, Mass., m. Judith,[2] dau. Col. Ephraim and Abigail Williams, 1761.

WEST, Rev. Dr. Stephen, of Stockbridge, m. Elizabeth,[2] sister of Judith.

DANIEL JONES,* *of Colchester, and his descendants.*

He was the son of Josiah Jones, Jr,* and Abigail Barnes,* of Watertown; removed to Colchester before 1720, and married in that year, Mary,* daughter of William Worthington,* and died there 1740, aged 48. He had one son, Amasa, who died in Hartford, 1785, and who had sons, Daniel,[2] Amasa,[2] and Richard L.,[2] merchants of Hartford, Samuel P.,[2] of Orangeburgh, N. C., Epaphras,[2] of New Albany, Indiana, Willliam,[2] of East Hartford, and George.[2] Elizabeth Jones, my wife's great-grandmother, was a daughter of Daniel and Mary Jones, born September 24, 1738, married to Nathaniel Clark* October 25, 1757, and died April 16, 1773, leaving three daughters and

two sons, the eldest under fourteen years of age. The sons were Gurdon and Nathaniel, Jr. Wealthy,* my wife's grandmother, was ten years old at the death of her mother, Elizabeth (Jones) Clark.

CLARK, Nun, of Lyme, m. Ann, dau. Daniel* and Mary* Jones.

KELLOGG, Aaron, of Colchester, m. Rhoda,[2] dau. Amasa[2] Jones, Sen.

SELDEN, Chas., of Troy, N. Y., m. Abigail,[2] another dau.; these are parents of Hon. Dudley Selden.[3]

SHERMAN, Josiah, of Albany, N. Y., m. Hannah,[2] another dau.

SEYMOUR, Horace, of Lansingburgh, afterwards of N. Y. city, merchant, m. Hope,[2] another dau.

DAY, Rev. President Day, of Yale College, m. Olivia,[3] dau. Daniel Jones,[2] of Hartford, 1811.

DAY, Noble, of New Preston, Conn., m. Elizabeth,[3] another dau., 1805.

KING, Henry, of Westfield, Mass., m. Nancy,[3] another dau., 1804.

XXII. NATHANIEL TREADWAY* *and his descendants.*

He was a weaver; first mentioned at Sudbury 1640. He married Sufferance,* daughter of Edward Howe,* and removed to Watertown about 1645. He was repeatedly chosen selectman, and died 1689. This name is not common in New England, and all who bear it are probably descended from Nathaniel,* as he and his brother Josiah, who had no son, are the only persons of that name whose arrival is mentioned. Nathaniel* had sons, Jonathan,[1] of Sudbury, Josiah,[1] last of Charlestown, and James.[1] His daughter, Lydia,* married Josiah Jones, Sen.*

GODARD, Joseph, of Brookline, Mass., m. Deborah,[1] dau. Nathaniel Treadway,* and they had sons, Joseph,[2] James,[2] Robert,[2] and John.[2] A son of Joseph, Jr.,[2] (name not given,) removed to New London. James Godard,[2] of Brookline, had sons, James,[3] Thomas,[3] Joseph,[3] and William,[3] and daus. Robert[2] had Elisha[3] and Robert,[3] and daus. John,[2] first of Brookline and finally of Worcester, had John,[3] Samuel,[3] and Joseph.[3]

FISHER, John, of Medfield, m. for second wife Mary,[1] dau. Nathaniel* Treadway, and they had Jonathan.[2]

HAPGOOD, Shadrach, m. Elizabeth,[1] dau. Nathaniel Treadway,* and they had Nathaniel[2] and Thomas.[2]

WHITNEY, John, Framingham, m. 1688, Mary,[2] dau. S. & E. Hapgood, and they had son, James, and daus.

XIII. ELDER EDWARD HOWE* *and his descendants.*

He was at Watertown as early as 1634; was possessed of considerable estate, and had a land suit with one Dudley, of which Winthrop speaks, Volume II. page 51. He was a ruling elder in the church, and often selectman and representative; died June 24, 1644, without sons. His dau. Sufferance* married Nathaniel Treadway.*

STONE, John, of Sudbury and Cambridge, an elder in the church, m. Ann, dau. Elder Howe,* and they had sons, Daniel[2] and David,[2] of Sudbury, and Nathaniel,[2] of Cambridge.

BENT, John, of Marlborough, m. Ann,[2] dau. Elder Stone and his wife Ann.

HILL, Jacob, of Cambridge, m. Sarah,[2] another dau., and they had sons, Jacob,[3] Abraham,[3] John,[3] and Nathaniel.[3]

RICE, John, of Marlborough, m. Tabitha,[2] another dau., and they had sons, John,[3] Edward,[3] Moses,[3] and Aaron.[3]

BROWN, William, of Sudbury, m. Margaret,[2] another dau.

XXIV. ABIGAIL BARNES*

Was the wife of Josiah Jones, Jr.,* of whose ancestry nothing has been found.

XXV. NICHOLAS WORTHINGTON* *and his descendants.*

He is first mentioned in Hartford about 1668, when he married Sarah,* daughter of Thomas Bunce,* (widow of John White 2nd.) In 1677 (?) he removed to Hatfield, where he died September 6, 1683. William Worthington,* his son, lived in Hartford from 1695 to 1717, and owned lot on Main street, embracing Hungerford & Cone's block and Central Row, and extending south on Main street beyond Grove street. He married Mehitabel, daughter of Isaac Graves* (widow Morton.) In 1717 he removed to Colchester, and died there, May 22, 1753. He had sons, Rev. William of Saybrook, Daniel and Elijah of Colchester, and a daughter, Mary,* who married Daniel Jones.* Nicholas Worthington had, by a second wife, John, of Springfield, and Jonathan, of West Springfield.

ELIOT, Hon. Aaron, Killingworth, m. 1745, Mary,[2] dau. Rev. William[1]—5 sons, 3 daus.

GALE, Col. Samuel, m. Elizabeth,[2] another dau.—2 sons.

CHAUNCEY, Rev. Elnathan, (Durham,) m. Elizabeth, (widow of Col. Gale,) 3 sons, 1 dau.

FOWLER, Reuben R., Madison, Conn., m. Catharine,[3] dau. Rev. Chauncey and wife Elizabeth. Prof. Fowler,[4] of Amherst College, is son of these.

SMITH, Rev. Cotton Mather, of Sharon, Conn., m. Temperance,[2] dau. Rev. Wm. Worthington—parents of Gov. John Cotton Smith[3]—Judge Radcliff of Albany, N. Y., m. a dau.[3] Rev. Mr. Smith.

ELY, Col. John, of Saybrook, m. Sarah,[2] dau. Rev. Wm. Worthington.

ELIOT, William, m. a dau.[3] of the preceding.

HOPKINS, Michael, of Saybrook, m. Mehitabel,[2] dau. Rev. Wm. Worthington.[1]

HOPSON, Capt. John, of Colchester, m. 1759, Mary Worthington,[2] dau. Elijah,[1] before named.

BULKLEY, John, of Colchester, m. Judith,[2] sister of preceding.

NEWTON, Asa, of Colchester, m. Lydia Worthington,[3] dau. Elias, son of Daniel.

MATSON, William, of Lyme, m. Rhoda, dau. of preceding—Wm. N.[5] of Hfd. a son.

Descendants of Nicholas Worthington through his son John.

HOOKER, Rev. John, North Hampton, m. Sarah,[2] dau. John Worthington.

BLISS, Jonathan, (son, I presume, of Judge Daniel, named in my mother's genealogy,) of New Brunswick, N. S., m. 1790, Mary,[3] dau. Hon. John Worthington,[2] LL. D., son of John,[1] son of Nicholas.* Their son Henry[4] is a lawyer in London, and their son Wm. B.[4] is, or was recently Chief Justice Queen's Bench, N. S.

DWIGHT, Hon. Thomas, of Springfield, m. 1791, Hannah,[3] another dau.

AMES, Hon. Fisher, of Dedham, m. 1792, Frances,[3] another dau.

WILLIAMS, John, of Wethersfield, m. 1799, Sophia,[3] another dau.; sons, John W.[4] and Ezekiel S.[4]

HOWARD, John, of Springfield, m. 1818, Mary S.[4] dau. Thomas and Hannah Dwight.

HOWARD, Charles, m. 1824, Elizabeth, another dau.

SWIFT, Wm. H., Esq., m. 1844, Hannah,[5] dau. John and Mary[4] Howard.

XXVI. THOMAS BUNCE * *and his descendants.*

He came to Hartford in 1636, and was engaged in the Pequot war of 1639, with his father-in-law, Capt. Bull. He

possessed considerable estate, and died 1683. His daughter Sarah* married, first, John White, of Hatfield, and afterwards, Nicholas Worthington.* His only sons, John and Thomas, remained in Hartford. Their descendants are, some of them, in Hartford, and, so far as I know, quite respectable. Thomas Bunce* bought a lot of Thomas Root on North Main, near Pleasant street. He also owned a lot on or near the spot where Sharps' Rifle manufactory now stands.

MEEKINS, Thomas, of Hatfield, who was killed by Indians, 1675, m. Mary, dau. Thos. Bunce;* two sons John and Thomas.
JONES, Peletiah, m. Sarah,[2] daughter of Thos. and Mary Meekins.
LEWIS, James, Hfd, m. Mary,[2] another dau.
DICKINSON, Thos., Jr., m. Mehitable,[2] another dau.

XXVII. THOMAS BULL* *and his descendants.*

CAPT. THOMAS BULL came to New England in the Hopewell, 1635, and to Hartford very soon after; was an original proprietor, and owned a lot on the south side of Buckingham street, adjoining Richard Lyman.* He was much engaged in the early Indian wars, and was "a discreet and intrepid officer." His name is very honorably mentioned in Trumbull's History of Connecticut; died in 1684, aged 78. His daughter Susannah* married Thomas Bunce,* of Hartford. Capt. Bull's sons, Jonathan and Joseph, settled at Hartford, David at Saybrook, and Thomas at Farmington. Some of the descendants settled at Woodbury, Conn, and some at Sheffield, Mass.

HART, Rev. John, m., 1719, Sarah,[2] dau. Maj. Jonathan and grd. dau. Capt. Bull.*
WELLES, Jonathan, m., 1715, Ruth,[2] sister of Sarah.
BEACH, Rev., of New Jersey, m. Hannah,[3] dau. Dr. Jonathan,[2] s. Major Jonathan,[1] and grd. s. Capt. Bull.*
DODD, James, late of Hfd, m. Cornelia[4] first, and afterwards Eliz.,[4] daus. Judge Jonathan Bull,[3] s. Dr. Jonathan,[2] above.
PORTER, Timothy, m., 1697, Susannah,[2] dau, Thos.[1] and grd. dau. Capt. Bull.
HUNT, Josiah, m., 1714, Sarah,[2] sister of Susannah.

HOLCOMB, Joel, m. Sarah,[3] grd. dau. Thos.,[1] Jr., s. Capt. Bull.*

PORTER, Elijah, m., 1748, Thankful,[3] sister of Sarah.

LEE, Ebenezer, m., 1750, Abigail,[3] another sister.

LEWIS, Wm., m., 1758, Mary,[3] another sister.

OLMSTED, James, m. Mary,[2] dau. Jos.[1] and grd. dau. Capt. Bull.

SEYMOUR, Jonathan and Zebulon, m. daus.[3] Daniel,[2] brother of Mary, above.

TRACY, Hon. Uriah, U. S. Senator, m. Susan,[4] dau. Isaac,[3] s. Daniel,[2] above.

WOODBRIDGE, James R., of Hfd, m. 1807, Mary Bull,[5] of the 5th gen. from Capt. Bull.

SMITH, Solomon, m. Ursula, sister of Mary,[5] above—removed to Illinois.

DODD, Samuel, Hfd, m., 1823, Frances Bull,[6] of the 6th gen. from Capt. Thos.

GOODSELL, Penfield B., of Hfd, m. Eliza,[6] sister of Frances, above.

GOODWIN, Richard E., of Hfd, m., 1810, Ruth, sister of above.

HUNTINGTON, Francis J., of Hfd, m. Stella,[5] sister of the late John W. Bull,[5] Esq., of Hfd, of the 5th gen. from Capt. Thos.

XXVIII. THOMAS GRAVES* *and* ISAAC GRAVES,* *and their descendants.*

Thomas* was the father of Isaac;* both came from England, and were in Hartford before 1645—the first being then "an old man, and excused from training." He removed to Hatfield and died there, 1662. Isaac* married Mary,* daughter of Richard Church,* about 1645, and removed to Hatfield with his father. Isaac* was killed by the Indians, September 19, 1667; he had sons, Samuel,[1] John,[1] Isaac,[1] and Jonathan.[1] His daughter Elizabeth married Benj. Hastings, and they had a son Samuel,[2] who was taken prisoner in the assault on North Hampton, February 29, 1704, and carried to Canada, from whence he never returned. Mehitable,* daughter of Isaac, Sen,* married, first, a Morton, and second, William Worthington.*

Simeon Dickinson, 1756, John Nash, 1753, Jona. Moody, 1759, and Samuel Boltwood, 1778—all of Amherst—married each a descendant of Thomas Graves.*

XXIX. RICHARD CHURCH* *and his descendants.*

He was in Hartford in 1637; an original proprietor; his house lot was on the east side of North Main street, nearly opposite the head of Trumbull street. He removed to Hadley

with Elder Goodwin, and died there, December 16, 1667. He probably came to Hartford with a wife and four children; whether he had lived at any other place in this country before coming to Hartford is unknown. His children were, Edward, a deacon, who was of Hartford, Norwalk, New Haven, and finally of Hadley; John, who settled in Hartford; Samuel, of Hadley; and Mary,* who married Isaac Graves.* John's[1] son Richard[2] was first of Wethersfield, and then of Colchester. Samuel,[2] son of John,[1] settled at Hartford, and from him probably are descended those of the name now here. He was the great grandfather of the late Judge Church[5] and brothers.

SELDEN, Joseph, of Hadley, afterwards of Lyme, Conn., m., 1677, Rebecca,[2] dau. Dea. Edward Church, and had sons, Joseph[3] and Thomas,[3] of Hartford, and Samuel,[3] of Lyme. The wife of Gen. Cass was descended from these, as Hinman says.

WELLS, James, of Haddam, m. Rebecca,[3] dau. Joseph and Rebecca Selden.

SPENCER, Isaac, of Haddam, m. Mercy,[3] another dau.

CHAPMAN, Jabez, of Haddam, m. Esther,[3] another dau.

BRAINERD, Daniel, of Haddam, m. Hannah,[3] another dau.

SPENCER, Samuel, of Hfd, m. Hepzibah,[2] dau. Dea. Edward Church, in 1696, and they had sons Samuel, William, Edward, Caleb, and Philip.

SMITH, Dea. Samuel, of E. Hfd, m., 1684, Mary,[2] dau. Samuel Church, 1st.

Other intermarriages with female descendants.—Ebenezer Billings, Hatfield, 1691; Joseph Bodman, Hatfield, 1687; Nehemiah Dickinson, Hadley, about 1700; John Moody, Granby, Mass., 1733.

NAMES OF THE LINES AND BRANCHES IN THE DIAGRAM OF NAOMI HUMPHREY.

I. HUMPHREY, 1°.	X. LEETE, 5°.	XVIII. GILLETT, 5°.
II. GRANT, 5°.	XI. HIGLEY, 2° & 3°	XIX. LOOMIS, 4°.
III. CHAPIN, 6°.	XII. HOLCOMB, 3°,4° and 4°.	XX. SCOTT, 5°.
IV. MILLS, 4°.		XXI. EGGLESTON, 3°.
V. BUELL, 5°.	XIII. BLISS, 4° & 5°.	XXII. HOSKINS, 4°.
VI. RUGGLES, 3°.	XIV. CHAPIN, 5° & 6°.	XXIII. OWEN, 2°.
VII. DYER. 5°.	XV. DRAKE, 4° & 5°.	XXIV. WADE, 5°.
VIII. WOODBRIDGE, 4°.	XVI. MOORE, 5° & 6°.	XXV. ENO, 5°.
IX. DUDLEY, 6°	XVII. BROWN, 1°.	XXVI. BIDWELL, 6°.

The GRANT branch, II., combined with the CHAPIN branch, III., runs into the HUMPHREY line, I., at the fifth degree above my mother; the

Mills branch, IV., combined with the Buell branch, V., runs into the Humphrey line at the fourth degree; the Ruggles branch, VI., combined with the single branch, Dyer, VII., the triple branch, Woodbridge, VIII., Dudley, IX., and Leete, X., runs into the Humphrey line at the third degree; the Higley branch, XI., combined with the triple branch, Holcomb, XII., Bliss, XIII., and Chapin, XIV., and the double branch, Drake, XV., and Moore, XVI., runs into the Humphrey line at the second degree.

The Gillett branch, XVIII., runs into the Brown line, XVII., at the fifth degree; the Loomis branch, XIX., combined with the Scott branch, XX., runs into the Brown line at the fourth degree; the Eggleston branch, XXI., combined with the Hoskins branch, XXII., runs into the Brown line at the third degree; the Owen branch, XXIII., combined with the single branch, Wade, XXIV., the triple branch, Holcomb, XII., Eno, XXV., and Bidwell, XXVI., and the sextuple branch, Higley, XI., Holcomb, XII., Bliss, XIII., Chapin, XIV., Drake, XV., and Moore, XVI., runs into the Brown line at the second degree.

MY MOTHER'S LINES OF DESCENT.

PATERNAL LINES.

I. MICHAEL HUMPHREY, Samuel,[1] Jonathan,[2] Solomon,[3] Solomon, Jr.,[4] Naomi Humphrey.[5]

II. MATTHEW GRANT, Priscilla Grant,[1] Samuel Humphrey,[2] Jonathan,[3] Solomon,[4] Solomon, Jr.,[5] Naomi Humphrey.[6]

III. SUSANNAH CHAPIN, Priscilla Grant,[1] Samuel Humphrey,[2] Jonathan,[3] Solomon,[4] Solomon, Jr.,[5] Naomi Humphrey.[6]

IV. SIMON MILLS, Mary Mills,[1] Jonathan Humphrey,[2] Solomon,[3] Solomon, Jr.,[4] Naomi Humphrey.[5]

V. WILLIAM BUELL, Mary Buell,[1] Mary Mills,[2] Jonathan Humphrey,[3] Solomon,[4] Solomon, Jr.,[5] Naomi Humphrey.[6]

VI. JOHN RUGGLES, John Ruggles, Jr.,[1] Benjamin Ruggles,[2] Mercy Ruggles,[3] Solomon Humphrey,[4] Solomon, Jr.,[5] Naomi Humphrey.[6]

VII. SARAH DYER, Benjamin Ruggles,[1] Mercy Ruggles,[2] Solomon Humphrey,[3] Solomon, Jr ,[4] Naomi Humphrey.[5]

VIII. Rev. JOHN WOODBRIDGE, Rev. John Woodbridge, Jr.,[1] Mercy Woodbridge,[2] Mercy Ruggles,[3] Solomon Humphrey,[4] Solomon, Jr.,[5] Naomi Humphrey.[6]

IX. Gov. THOMAS DUDLEY, Mercy Dudley,[1] Rev. John Woodbridge, Jr.,[2] Mercy Woodbridge,[3] Mercy Ruggles,[4] Solomon Humphrey,[5] Solomon, Jr.,[6] Naomi Humphrey.[7]

X. Gov. WILLIAM LEETE, Abigail Leete,[1] Mercy Woodbridge,[2] Mercy Ruggles,[3] Solomon Humphrey,[4] Solomon, Jr.,[5] NAOMI HUMPHREY.[6]

XI. JOHN HIGLEY, Brewster Higley,[1] Naomi Higley,[2] Solomon Humphrey, Jr.,[3] NAOMI HUMPHREY.[4]

2nd: *Maternal.* JOHN HIGLEY, Brewster,[1] Hannah,[2] Hannah Owen,[3] Hannah Brown,[4] NAOMI HUMPHREY.[5]

XII. THOMAS HOLCOMB, Nathaniel Holcomb,[1] Esther Holcomb,[2] Naomi Higley,[3] Solomon Humphrey, Jr.,[4] NAOMI HUMPHREY.[5]

2nd: *Maternal.* THOMAS HOLCOMB, Nathaniel,[1] Esther,[2] Hannah Higley,[3] Hannah Owen,[4] Hannah Brown,[5] NAOMI HUMPHREY.[6]

3rd: *Maternal.* THOMAS HOLCOMB, Benajah Holcomb,[1] Sarah Holcomb,[2] Elijah Owen,[3] Hannah Owen,[4] Hannah Brown,[5] NAOMI HUMPHREY.[6]

XIII. THOMAS BLISS, Nathaniel Bliss,[1] Mary Bliss,[2] Esther Holcomb,[3] Naomi Higley,[4] Solomon Humphrey, Jr.,[5] NAOMI HUMPHREY.[6]

2nd: *Maternal.* THOMAS BLISS, Nathaniel Bliss,[1] Mary Bliss,[2] Esther Holcomb,[3] Hannah Higley,[4] Hannah Owen,[5] Hannah Brown,[6] NAOMI HUMPHREY.[7]

XIV. DEACON SAMUEL CHAPIN, Catharine Chapin,[1] Mary Bliss,[2] Esther Holcomb,[3] Naomi Higley,[4] Solomon Humphrey, Jr.,[5] NAOMI HUMPHREY.[6]

2nd: *Maternal.* SAMUEL CHAPIN, Catharine Chapin,[1] Mary Bliss,[2] Esther Holcomb,[3] Hannah Higley,[4] Hannah Owen,[5] Hannah Brown,[6] NAOMI HUMPHREY.[7]

XV. JOHN DRAKE, John Drake, Jr.,[1] Hannah Drake,[2] Brewster Higley,[3] Naomi Higley,[4] Solomon Humphrey, Jr.,[5] NAOMI HUMPHREY.[6]

2nd: *Maternal.* JOHN DRAKE, John, Jr.,[1] Hannah,[2] Brewster Higley,[3] Hannah Higley,[4] Hannah Owen,[5] Hannah Brown,[6] NAOMI HUMPHREY.[7]

XVI. DEACON JOHN MOORE, Hannah Moore,[1] Hannah Drake,[2] Brewster Higley,[3] Naomi Higley,[4] Solomon Humphrey, Jr.,[5] NAOMI HUMPHREY.[6]

2nd: *Maternal.* JOHN MOORE, Hannah Moore,[1] Hannah Drake,[2] Brewster Higley,[3] Hannah Higley,[4] Hannah Owen,[5] Hannah Brown,[6] NAOMI HUMPHREY.[7]

MATERNAL LINES.

XVII. PETER BROWN, of Plymouth, (probably,) Peter, Jr.,[1] John,[2] John 2nd,[3] John 3rd,[4] Hannah,[5] NAOMI HUMPHREY.[6]

XVIII. JONATHAN GILLETT, Mary Gillett,[1] John Brown,[2] John 2nd,[3] John 3rd,[4] Hannah,[5] NAOMI HUMPHREY.[6]

XIX. JOSEPH LOOMIS, John Loomis,[1] Elizabeth Loomis,[2] John Brown 2nd,[3] John 3rd,[4] Hannah,[5] NAOMI HUMPHREY.[6]

XX. THOMAS SCOTT, Elizabeth Scott,[1] Elizabeth Loomis,[2] John Brown, 2nd,[3] John 3d,[4] Hannah,[5] NAOMI HUMPHREY.[6]

XXI. BEGAT EGGLESTON, James,[1] Thomas,[2] and Mary;[3] John Brown 3d,[4] and Hannah,[5] NAOMI HUMPHREY.[6]

XXII. JOHN HOSKINS, (?) Anthony,[1] Grace,[2] Mary Eggleston,[3] John Brown 3rd,[4] Hannah,[5] NAOMI HUMPHREY.[6]

XXIII. JOHN OWEN, Isaac,[1] Elijah,[2] Hannah,[3] Hannah Brown,[4] NAOMI HUMPHREY.[5]

XXIV. REBECCA WADE, Isaac Owen,[1] Elijah,[2] Hannah,[3] Hannah Brown,[4] NAOMI HUMPHREY.[5]

XXV. JAMES ENO, Sarah Eno,[1] Sarah Holcomb,[2] Elijah Owen,[3] Hannah Owen,[4] Hannah Brown,[5] NAOMI HUMPHREY.[6]

XXVI. ANNA BIDWELL, Sarah Eno,[1] Sarah Holcomb,[2] Elijah Owen,[3] Hannah Owen,[4] Hannah Brown,[5] NAOMI HUMPHREY.[6]

SOME ACCOUNT OF MY MOTHER'S ANCESTORS AND THEIR DESCENDANTS.

I. MICHAEL HUMPHREY* *and his descendants.*

MICHAEL HUMPHREY came from England to Dorchester and prior to 1643 removed to Windsor. In 1647 he married Priscilla Grant,* daughter of Matthew. Previous to the settlement of Simsbury—as early as 1643—he was engaged with John Griffin in collecting and manufacturing turpentine and tar there; was an extensive trader or merchant in Windsor, receiving goods from his brother Samuel, in St. Malo. He removed to Simsbury among the very earliest settlers, and was there a leading man in municipal and ecclesiastical matters. He and James Eno * had a serious controversy with the Windsor church, because that body would not admit them as members, on the ground of their former connection with the established church in England, and denied baptism to their children, and also denied them any voice in the selection of a minister and other matters pertaining to the maintenance of public worship, and yet required them to pay taxes for the support of the ordinances of the church. With the light we have, we shall decide against them in part, and partly for them.

The church had a right to exclude them from all its privileges, unless they conformed to its rules of admission to membership; and the rule was right which required, as a condition precedent to church membership, a profession of *regeneration*, and which would not accept good moral character, a confession of faith in a creed, former baptism, or former connection with a church of different faith and order, one or all, as equivalent to such profession. My ancestors were wrong in asking for such concessions from the church, but they were right in protesting against being compelled to pay for what they could not enjoy, and in asking, that if compelled thus to pay, they might at least have a vote in relation to the *external* appointments and affairs relating to public worship. The controversy involved the same questions which had disturbed the Hartford and Wethersfield churches, and was brought before the Colonial Assembly, which recommended to the churches of the Colony to adopt the "Half-way Covenant," according to which, persons of good moral conduct and religious knowledge, might, on signifying their assent to that covenant, be admitted to certain church privileges. This was adopted by some of the churches, Windsor among them, and thus, I suppose, the controversy in that church ended.

Michael Humphrey* had sons—John and Lieut Samuel,* both of whom lived in Simsbury, were members of church, and active men in public affairs. Lieut. Samuel* married Mary,* daughter of Simon Mills;* died 1736, aged eighty years, leaving sons Samuel, 2d, Jonathan,* Charles, and Noah.

John, 1st, son of Michael, had sons Dea. John,[2] Thomas,[2] Nathaniel,[2] (who settled in Hfd., from whom, I suppose, are descended the Hartford familes of that name,) Samuel,[2] and Joseph;[2] Dea. John, 2d, had sons, John, 3d,[3] (father of Major Elihu,[4] who died in the Revolutionary war,) Dea. Michael,[3] (who settled in Norfolk, Conn., and has numerous descendants there,) Benajah,[3] and Rev. Daniel,[3] (who settled in Derby, Conn., father of the distinguished Gen. David Humphrey.[4])

The sons of Samuel, 2d, son of Lieut. Samuel,* were Samuel, 3d,[2] (father of Dea. Theophilus,[3]) Abel,[2] Ezekiel,[2] (father of Capt. Fred.,[3] who was father of Correll and others,[4]) Elijah,[2] David,[2] Issac,[2] Ashbel,[2] Thomas,[2]

Charles,[2] Noah,[2] and Daniel.[2] The sons of Charles, 1st,[1] son of Lieut. Samuel,* were Charles, 2d,[2] (grd. father of Charles 4th,[4] of Canton,) Abraham,[2] and Lot.[2] The sons of Noah, 1st, son of Lieut. Samuel,* were Noah, 2d,[2] Joel,[2] Asaph,[2] Martin,[2] Manna,[2] and Timothy.[2]

Jonathan Humphrey,* son of Lieut. Samuel,* married Mercy,* daughter of Rev. Benjamin Ruggles * of Suffield, and had sons, Jonathan, Jr., Oliver, and Solomon.* Jonathan, Jr.,[1] was a colonel in the Revolutionary war, and died in service, leaving son Jonathan, 3d.[2] Oliver[1] was an early settler in Canton, and a leading man in public affairs; he had sons Oliver, Jr.,[2] Erastus,[2] Reuben,[2] and Asher.[2] Solomon,* son of Jonathan, 1st,* also settled in Canton; married Naomi,* daughter of Brewster Higley,* and died in 1798, leaving sons Ruggles and Augustus, who had no children, and Solomon, Jr.,* my mother's father.

Dr. Hector,[3 4] Humphrey, late President of the College at Annapolis, Md., was son of George,[3] son of Ezekiel,[2] son of Samuel, 2d,[1] son of Lieut. Samuel.* His mother was dau. of Oliver Humphrey.[1]

*Daughters of Michael Humphrey.**

Burnham, Richard, of South Windsor, m. Sarah, 1680; sons Michael,[2] Charles,[2] and Richard.[2]

Graham, Benj. of Hfd. or Bloomfield, m. Abigail, 1684.

Bull, Joseph, of Hfd,, m. Hannah.

Lewis, John, of Windsor, m. Mary, 1675; had sons Samuel and John.

*Daughters of Lieut. Samuel Humphrey.**

Case, Bartholomew, m. Mary, 1699, gr. grd. parents of Col. Aurora,[4] of Simsbury, Ira,[4] Ruggles,[4] Levi,[4] &c., of Canton.

Collier, John, of Hfd., m. Elizabeth, 1705; had a son John and 4 daus.

Case, John, 2d, m. Abigail.

Barrour, Dr. Samuel, father of Giles, late of Canton, m. Tryphenia,[2] a dau. Samuel, 2d.[1]: m. 2d, Hannah,[2] dau. Noah.[1]

Daughters of Charles, son of Samuel, 1st.

Cornish, Elisha, m. Hepzibah,[2] 1740—sons James,[3] Elisha,[3] Charles,[3] and Giles.[3]

Case, Jeremiah, m Jude;[2] she afterward m. Jona. Case, Jr.

Humphrey, Benajah, m. Caroline;[2] she m. Sylvanus Case afterward.

Humphrey, Nathaniel, of Hfd., m. Moriah,[2] 1755.

Case, Jesse, grd. father of Newton,[4] of Hfd., m. Hannah,[2] dau. of Noah[1] Humphrey.

*Daughters of Jonathan Humphrey.**

Owen, John, Jr., m. Esther;[1] parents of Hannah,[2] wife of Jonathan Pettibone, and mother of John O. Pettibone, Esq., of Simsbury, to whom I am indebted for the Humphrey genealogy. He was 2d cousin to my mother in this line, 4th cousin in the line of John Owen,* and 5th cousin in the line of Begat Eggleston.* He was a classmate in college with Rev. Dr. Heman Humphrey.

Higley, John, m. Aphia,[1]—their grd. children were 2d cousins to mother in two ways, and 3d in another.

Foote, Capt. John, m. Roxana.[1] Dea. Lancel and Miles Foote, and Ephraim and Simeon Mills, of Canton, grandsons of these, were 2d cousins to mother in this line.

*Daughters of Oliver Humphrey, son of Jonathan.**

Case, Abraham, m. Sarah,[2]—she m. 2d, Rev. Abraham Fowler.

Barbour, Bildad, m. Lois.[2]

Mills, Gideon, Jr., m. Ruth,[2] and their dau. m. Owen Brown.

Humphrey, Col. George,[3] m. Rachel.[2]

Hallock, Rev. Jeremiah, the godly minister of Canton, m. Mercy.[2] Wm. H.,[3] Esq., is son.

Alford, Eber, m. Esther.

Bidwell, Thomas, father of Lucien,[3] late of Canton, m. Lavinia.[2]

Mills, Dea. Andrew, of Middlebury, Vt,, m. Naomi, dau. Solomon, 1st,* —had several children.

Wilcox, William, m. Lucy,[2] dau. John and Abigail[1] (Humphrey) Case—grd. parents of Loyal Wilcox,[4] formerly of Hfd.

Pinney, Jonathan, m. Lydia,[2] sister of Lucy; these are grd. parents of Rev. Norman Pinney,[4], the wife[4] of Rockwell Hoskins of Bloomfield, the wife[4] of Henry Winship of Hartford, the wife[4] of Joel Clark of Hartford, the wives[4] of H. H. Case, Virgil Adams, George Thompson, Joel H. and Henry Holcomb, and James O. Pinney.[4]

Cornish, Dea. Elisha, Jr., of Simsbury, m. Sarah,[3] dau. of John,[2] son of John and Abigail Case.

Hoskins, Asa, of Simsbury, m. Abigail,[3] sister of Sarah.

Case, Silas, of Canton, m. Mary,[3] sister of above; parents of Ruggles,[4] &c.
Barbour, Calvin, of Simsbury, m. Rowena,[5] dau. of Major Elihu Humphrey—parents of Dr. Lucius I.[6]

The descendants of Michael Humphrey* were numerous in the Revolutionary war, and several were prominent officers. Gen. David,[4] aid to General Washington, Major Elihu,[4] and Col. Jonathan[1] Humphrey, were brave officers; the two latter died in service. Oliver and Erastus Humphrey, and Carmi Higley, grandsons of Jonathan, 1st,* died in the Revolutionary army. Solomon, Jr.,* mother's father, was a revolutionary soldier, and drew a pension. Besides these, there were undoubtedly many others; for the Humphreys were brave and patriotic, and I have mentioned only such as have come to my notice without research.

There were certain peculiar characteristics which seem to have distinguished the Humphrey family for several generations, viz., amiability and gentleness of disposition, and ease, dignity, and urbanity of manners. Rev. Daniel Barbour, a revolutionary soldier, in a pamphlet published by him in 1827, describes his captain—Elihu Humphrey, afterward major—as "a well-bred gentlemen; his friendly turn of mind, with a sweetness of disposition, secured him the love of all good men. He, dying about the close of the year 1776, left as a legacy to his family a name whose reputation will not be forgotten during many generations." Of Jonathan Humphrey, Jr., then clerk, afterwards a colonel, he says: "he was a most charming companion. His social airs and pleasant countenance gained the affections and good wishes of all." I have mentioned these traits as belonging to my grandfather, Solomon Humphrey, Jr. His son, Rev. Dr. Heman Humphrey, everybody knows who ever enjoyed the high privilege of spending even an hour in his company, was the embodiment of every quality which constitutes a perfect gentleman. Deacon Seth Terry, of Hartford, says he never closed an interview with Dr. Humphrey without feeling that he was a better man than before, and he

told me that Mrs. Sigourney took my uncle as the original in drawing her description of a Christian gentleman. I have reason to doubt the correctness of Deacon Terry's impression in that regard, although Dr. Humphrey is well described in Mrs. Sigourney's portraiture. These peculiar traits were transmitted to his son, Rev. John Humphrey, former pastor at Charlestown, Mass., and Binghampton, N. Y., who died December 2, 1854. He was called "the apostle John" when in college, on account of his gentleness and goodness. There was and still is a peculiar cast of countenance, expressive of benignity and quietness, which is uniformly found in connection with these traits: it is the "Humphrey look." I find the "look," and disposition and manners in one of my brothers, and in one of my sons, and in several of the connection, removed several degrees from my mother's family. The evidence to me is, that these traits have run in the Humphreys at least from the first Samuel,* who married a daughter of Simon Mills; they may have been longer in the family. My grandfather Humphrey united the Humphrey, Grant, Buell, Mills, Ruggles, Dyer, Leete, Woodbridge, Dudley, Drake, Moore, Higley, Holcomb, Chapin, and Bliss bloods.

II. MATTHEW GRANT* *and his descendants.*

He came to Dorchester in the *Mary and John*, in 1630; supposed to have been from county Devon, England; removed to Windsor in 1635 or 1636; was town clerk for more than forty years, and principal surveyor for that region. He was an original, active, and leading member of Mr. Warham's church. He died December 16, 1681. His second wife was widow Susannah Rockwell, whose maiden name was Chapin, and these were the parents of Priscilla,* who married Michael Humphrey.* See p. 46

Stiles says in regard to his character, that "he was a pious, hard-working, conscientious Christian man, and a *model town clerk*." He seems to have been an original and extraordinary *character*. I observe he made frequent comments and ex-

planatory notes of his own on the official records, and in one instance he refused to make a record of the doings of a meeting, because he considered the doings irregular, and another person, favorable to the action, made the record. Nevertheless, he was retained in the register's office as long as he lived. On one occasion, when called as a witness in a trial, he spoke of his long and *faithful* services as public recorder; and again, in a deposition, he justifies his course as public and private surveyvor. I find no imputation of unfairness or dishonesty in any capacity in which he served; and he doubtless deserved the high commendation which Mr. Stiles bestowed. His manuscripts, official and unofficial, to be found in the town and state archives, in the hands of Mr. Hoadley, State librarian, and in the church records, are very interesting and valuable, as well as *characteristic.*

He had sons by his first wife—Josiah, Samuel, Tahan, and John,—half brothers of the wife of Michael Humphrey. Samuel settled in East Windsor, near the present site of the Theological Institute. Samuel's son, Josiah, settled in Stonington.

MATHER, Dr. Samuel, of Windsor, m. Abigail,[2] dau. of Samuel[1] Grant, 1st. They had Nathaniel,[3] who had Elijah,[4] who had Return Strong,[5] father of the late Wm. Mather,[6] of Hfd., and brothers and sister; these last are descendants in the 6th degree from John Owen,* through their mother. Dr. Samuel Mather had a son Samuel, who removed to North Hampton and afterward to Westfield, gr. grd. father of Dea. Roland[6] and Samuel, Mather,[6] of Hfd.

ALLYN, Alexander, m. Mary, another dau. of Samuel Grant; sons, Alexander, John, and William.

III. SUSANNAH CHAPIN,*

Who first married a Rockwell, was the second wife of Matthew Grant,* and mother of Priscilla,* wife of Michael Humphrey.* Of her antecedents no trace has been discovered; probably came to America with her first husband, Rockwell.

IV. SIMON MILLS* *and his descendants.*

He was born in Yorkshire, England; was at Windsor before

1660, where he married Mary,* daughter of William Buell,* and in 1669 removed to Simsbury (Weatogue;) had eleven children. His daughter Mary * married Samuel Humphrey.*

Dea. Joseph,[2] s. of John,[1] s. of Simon Mills,* settled in Canton; Ephraim,[3] s. of Joseph,[2] was father of Ephraim Mills,[4] Esq., (lately deceased,) and Simeon;[4] the latter are second cousins to my mother through their mother, as descendants of Michael Humphrey,* and fourth cousins, as descendants of Begat Eggleston.* Dea. Andrew,[3] Dea. Benjamin,[3] and Col. Amasa,[3] (father of Amasa[4] and Gardner,[4]) were sons of Joseph,[2] s. of John,[1] s. of Simon Mills.*

TULLER, Samuel, m. Sarah, dau. John Mills, s. Simon;* grd. parents of the late Rufus,[4] of Canton.

WILCOX, Charles, m. Thankful,[3] dau. Joseph Mills.[2]

HUMPHREY, Col. Arnold, m. Rosanna,[4] dau. Ephraim, 1st.[3]

GRISWOLD, Dr. C. G., of Canton, m. "Ruth,"[4] another dau.—2d, 3d and 4th cousin and intimate friend of my mother "Naomi."

WILCOX, Robert, m. Clemina,[4] gr. dau. Dea. Joseph Mills.

FOOTE, John, father of Miles and Dea. Lancel,[5] m. Lois,[4] dau. Dea. Benj. Mills.[3]

MERRILL, Daniel, m. Diadama,[4] dau. Col. Amasa Mills.[3]

STOCKWELL, David, m. Lucy,[4] another dau.

V. WILLIAM BUELL* *and his descendants.*

Stiles says of William Buell: "He was an early and respectable settler at Windsor, a joiner by trade; was in the first land division at Windsor." He married Mary—1640, and died November 23d, 1681. His daughter Mary * was wife of Simon Mills.*

Samuel, s. Wm. Buell,* settled at Killingworth, and Dea. John,[2] s. Samuel,[1] m. Mary Loomis, grd. dau. John Loomis,* and settled first at Lebanon, and afterward at Litchfield. Dr. Peter Buell,[4] of Sheffield, Mass., and afterward of Litchfield, is grd. s. John,[2] s. Samuel,[1] s. Wm. Buell.* Peter,[1] s. Wm. Buell,* settled at Simsbury.

PORTER, Nathaniel, Hezekiah, and Joseph, each m. dau.[2] of Samuel, s. of Wm. Buell.*

WELLES, Thomas, of Hadley, s. of Thomas, my wife's ancestor, m. 1672, Hepzibah, dau. of Wm. Buell.* The children of these were killed by the Indians at Deerfield in 1693.

VI. JOHN RUGGLES* *and his descendants.*

John Ruggles, Sen.,* was a shoemaker from Nazing, county Essex, England, about twenty miles from London; came with his wife Barbara and son John* (two years old) to Roxbury, in 1635. He was a representative three years, and died in 1663. John Ruggles, Jr.,* married Mary, daughter of John Gibson, of Cambridge, who died, and he married, second, Sarah Dyer,* of Weymouth, by whom he had one child, Benjamin,* and died, February 25, 1712. Rev. Benjamin Ruggles* was educated at Cambridge, and graduated at seventeen years of age, "and was thought an uncommon youth." He was ordained at Suffield, Conn., at the age of twenty-two, and died at Suffield when thirty-two years of age, September 7, 1708, leaving seven children. His wife Mercy,* daughter of Rev. John Woodbridge,* died about fifteen months before her husband, six days after the birth of the last of her seven children. How these young children were provided for after the death of their parents, I do not know. Their Heavenly Father knows, for He "took them up." Their names were Mercy,* Benjamin, Joseph, Abigail, Ruth, Apphia, and Tryphenia. Mercy* married Jonathan Humphrey.*

WOODBRIDGE, Rev. John, pastor of church in So. Hadley, Mass., m. Tryphenia Ruggles.

Dea. Joseph Ruggles[1] settled in Brookfield, Conn., and had fifteen children; sons, Benjamin,[2] Joseph,[2] Lazarus,[2] Timothy,[2] Ashbel,[2] and Samuel.[2] Samuel B. Ruggles,[4] now or formerly commissioner of the Erie Canal, N. Y., is grandson of Lazarus.[2] Rev. Samuel Ruggles,[3] of Fort Atkinson, Wis., formerly missionary to the Sandwich Islands, and Rev. Isaac W.,[3] formerly of Pontiac, Mich., were sons of Samuel.[2]

Of the daughters of Dea. Joseph Ruggles,[1] of Brookfield—
SMITH, David, m. Sarah.[2] WARNER, Oliver, m. Lois.[2]
BISHOP, John, m. Rachael.[2] BOSTWICK, Edmond, m. Mercy.[2]
BOSTWICK, Reuben, m. Mabel.[2] STARR, Jona., m. Lucy.[2]
PHELPS, Wm., m. Anna.[2] MERWIN, Nathan, m. Mary.[2]
SEGAR, Eli, m. Elizabeth.[2]

On the 16th September, 1858, by previous arrangement, a large assemblage of the sons and daughters of Suffield convened at Suffield on the occasion of placing a monument at the grave of Rev. BENJAMIN RUGGLES,* who died one hundred and fifty years before. Addresses and other commemorative services were had and delivered. One of the orators, H. A. Sykes, A. M., said of Rev. Mr. Ruggles—"His pilgrimage on earth was short, his years in the ministry few; yet if we measure his life and his ministry by the amount of usefulness and good accomplished, we are constrained to say of him that his was a long life, and his ministry full of years." He speaks especially of his *pacific* influence. The inscription on his monument expresses this tribute: "THE CHARACTER GIVEN IN THE RECORD OF THE PAST IS THAT OF A HUMBLE CHRISTIAN; A TRUE PEACEMAKER; AN EVANGELICAL PREACHER; AND A SUCCESSFUL PASTOR." "*The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.*"

VII. SARAH DYER* *of Weymouth, Mass.*

Of her nothing is known, except that she was the wife of John Ruggles, Jr.;* mother of Rev. Benjamin,* of Suffield; died, May 2, 1687.

VIII. REV. JOHN WOODBRIDGE* *and his descendants.*

He was son of Rev. John Woodbridge, of Wiltshire, England, and was descended from a line of ministers. He was born at Stanton, in Wiltshire, in 1613; came to New England in 1634, and settled at Newbury as a planter, and was the town clerk; but becoming a preacher, was ordained at Andover in 1645. He went to England in 1647; returned 1663, and after preaching a few years at Boston, retired from the ministry and took up his residence at Newbury; was elected an assistant in 1683 and 1684; acted as a magistrate till his death, which occurred at Newbury, March 17, 1695. He married Mercy,* daughter of Governor Dudley,* who was born 27th September, 1621, and died July 1st, 1691. They had twelve

children; John,* Benjamin and Timothy were clergymen; besides, he left four grandsons preparing for the ministry. His son John* graduated at Harvard College in 1664; began to preach at Killingworth, Conn., in 1666; was at Windsor about a year, in 1668–9; returned to Killingworth, and was ordained there, April 7, 1669, and continued there till about 1679, when he was settled at Wethersfield. He married, 1671, Abigail,* daughter of Governor Leete, and died 1690; had a son John,[1] who was the first minister at West Springfield; his grandson John[2] was settled at Poquonnoc, Windsor, and afterwards at South Hadley, being, it is said, the ninth John Woodbridge in the ministry, through as many successive generations; three grandsons of the latter were in the ministry,—Rev. Dr. John Woodbridge,[4] of Hadley, being one. Rev. Timothy,[1] minister at Hartford after 1685, was son of Rev. John,* of Newbury; Rev. Samuel,[2] first minister at East Hartford, was son of Rev. Timothy, of Hartford. Mercy,* daughter of Rev. John,* of Wethersfield, and Abigail Leete,* married Rev. Benj. Ruggles,* of Suffield, June 30, 1714. I find no other emigrant of the name of Woodbridge.

IX. GOV. THOMAS DUDLEY* *and his descendants.*

He was the only son of Capt. Roger Dudley,* who was killed in battle; was born at North Hampton, England, in 1577; commanded a company of volunteers under Henry IV. of France, at the seige of Amiens, in 1597. He came over in 1630 as Deputy Governor of the Massachusetts Bay colony, and was first at Newtown (Cambridge;) was, for a time, at Ipswich; had a mill at Watertown, and finally settled at Roxbury; was Deputy Governor thirteen years, and Governor four years, and died July 31, 1653. His wife Dorothy* died December 27, 1643. They had sons, Thomas, Samuel, Joseph, and Paul; his daughter Mercy* married Rev. John Woodbridge,* the emigrant, September 27, 1621.

In Eliot's N. E. Biographical Dict., Gov. Thomas Dudley is described as "upright and honest in his disposition, blunt in

his manners; he withstood magistrates and ministers when he thought them worthy of reproof;" was inclined to be overbearing and intolerant. His son Joseph was also Governor, and, in the opinion of historians, less bigoted than his father.

BRADSTREET, Gov. Simon, m. Ann,[1] dau. of Gov. Dudley,*—"a lady of literary powers."

DENISON, Gen. Daniel, m. Patience,[1] another dau.

WADE, Jonathan, of Medford, Mass., m. Deborah,[1] another dau.; had son Dudley.

HUBBARD, Richard, of Ipswich, m. Sarah,[2] dau. of Gov. Simon and Ann Bradstreet;[1] had sons Richard, Nathaniel, John, and Simon.

COTTON, Rev. John, of Yarmouth, m. Sarah,[3] dau. of Richard and Sarah Hubbard.

COTTON, Rev. Seaborn, m. Dorothy,[2] dau. of Gov. Bradstreet and his wife Ann.[1]

WADE, Maj. Nath'l, m. Mercy,[2] another dau.

ROGERS, John, President of Harvard College, m. Eliz.,[2] dau. of Gen. Denison and his wife Patience.

APPLETON, John, m. Eliz.,[3] dau. of John and Eliz. Rogers.

BERRY, Dr. John, m. another dau.

MARSTON, Benjamin, m. Patience,[3] another dau.

X. GOV. WILLIAM LEETE* *and his descendants.*

He came to New England in 1637, and settled at Guilford, Conn., as early as 1643; removed to Hartford, and died, April 16, 1683. He was an assistant in the New Haven colony from 1643 to 1657, and Governor of that colony four years—from 1661 to 1665. On the union of the New Haven and Connecticut colonies he became an assistant for four years, and from 1669 to 1676 he was Deputy Governor; and in that year, on the death of Governor Winthrop, he was chosen Governor, and annually reëlected afterwards, till his death in 1683. Eliot, in his N. E. Biographical Dict., on page 296, says of Governor Leete—"a rigid Puritan and stern Republican;" that he concealed and protected Whaley and Goffe, the regicides, and was not intimidated by the wrath of their pursuers. Dr. Trumbull, in his History of Connecticut, says of him: "he presided [as Governor] in times of the greatest difficulty, yet always

conducted with such integrity and wisdom as to meet the public approbation."

I find none but Governor Leete and his sons, of that name, early in the country, and presume he was ancestor of all here who now bear it; the name is not a common one. He had sons Andrew, William, and John, all of Guilford. Andrew was representative and assistant, and had sons William, Caleb, and Samuel. John, who is said to be the first English male child born in Guilford, had sons John, Joshua, Pelatiah, and Benjamin. William, representative, had only a daughter. Governor Leete's daughter Abigail * married, 1671, Rev. John Woodbridge.*

TROWBRIDGE, John, of New Haven, m. Ann,[1] dau. of Gov. Leete, 1683, and had son John.

COLLINS, Ebenezer, of New Haven, m. Ann,[1] widow of John Trowbridge, and had dau. Mehitable and one other.

HOOKER, James, m., 1691, Mary,[1] dau. of Wm. Leete, Jr.

COLLINS, John, of Branford, m., 1691, Ann,[2] dau. of John.[1] These were parents of Rev. Timothy Collins,[3] first settled minister of Litchfield, who had sons Oliver,[4] Cyprian,[4] of Goshen, Charles,[4] Lewis,[4] Ambrose,[4] and John;[4] his son Ambrose was a missionary among the Indians, and probably murdered by them.

BALDWIN, Isaac, of Litchfield, m. Ann,[4] dau. Rev. Timothy,[3] 1725.

WADHAMS, Abraham, David, and Moses, each m. daus.[5] of Cyprian Collins.[4]

BROOKS, Joseph, m. Amanda,[5] another dau.

TOWNER, Elijah, m. Luranda,[5] another dau.

NORTON, Alex., m. Rhoda,[5] another dau.

WALTER, Ethan, m. Ann,[6] dau. of Ambrose,[5] son of Cyprian[4] Collins.

CHAPIN, Amasa U., m. Freelove,[6] another dau.

SEDGWICK, Benj., of Cornwall, m. Olive,[6] dau. of Philo,[5] son of Cyprian,[4] son of Rev. Timothy,[3] son of John Collins and Ann Leete,[2] dau. of John Leete,[1] son of Gov. Wm. Leete.* Gen. John B. Sedgwick,[6] killed near Spottsylvania Court House, Va., May 10, 1864, and his brother Philo and sister Emily, were children of Benj. Sedgwick and Olive Collins.[5] Gen. Sedgwick was a worthy descendant of the worthy Gov. Leete.

BELL, Julius, of Cornwall, m. Betsy,[6] sister of Olive.

MILES, Wm., m. Harriet,[6] another sister.

HAMLIN, Philo, m. Betsy,[6] dau. of Cyprian Collins, Jr.[5]

XI. JOHN HIGLEY * *and his descendants.*

It is stated that he came from Frimley, in Surrey, a hamlet thirty miles from London. He was early at Windsor, where he married Hannah,* daughter of John Drake, Jr.* and Hannah Moore,* in 1671. In 1672 he was living on the east side of the Connecticut river. He was among the early settlers of that part of Simsbury now called Granby. He was many years a judge, justice of the peace, representative, and captain of militia. He was a large tax payer. It is apparent that he was a man of considerable mental ability and of respectable morals; in regard to his religious professions or character I find nothing. He had sons, John, Jonathan, Brewster,* and Nathaniel.

TRUMBULL, Joseph Trumbull, father of "Brother Jonathan," grd. father of the second Gov. Jonathan,[3] and gr. grd. father of the late Governor Joseph Trumbull[4] of Hfd, m. Hannah,[1] dau. of John Higley—a combination of the Moore, Drake, and Higley blood with the Trumbull.

CASE, Capt. Josiah, grd. father of Gen. Jarvis[3] Case, of Canton, m. Hester[1] Higley, dau. of Brewster.*

WILCOX, Amos, Jr., m. Anna,[2] dau. Josiah Case and Hester[1] Higley, 1772.

BARBOUR, John, of Canton, grd. father of Lucius,[4] of Hartford, m. Betty,[2] another dau.

CASE, Abel, Sen., of Canton, m. a dau.[2] of Brewster Higley[1], Jr., son of Brewster.*

HAMLIN, Jabez, m. a dau.[3] of Abel Case, Sen.

MILLS, Rev. Gideon, once pastor of Simsbury church, and afterwards of Canton, m. Elizabeth,[1] dau. of Brewster* 1st. Their son, Rev. Samuel,[2] formerly pastor of the church in Chester, Conn., was a Lieut. in the Revolutionary army, and was severely wounded and made prisoner. While a prisoner in Philadelphia, he became acquainted with Miss Sarah Gilpin, a lady of refinement and intelligence, a volunteer nurse, and subsequently married her, and they had eight children.

CURTIS, Gideon, m. dau. of Rev. Gideon and Elizabeth[1] Mills, and had several children.

MILLS, Jared, of Canton, m. dau.[2] of John Higley,[1] son of Brewster,* and they had Jared, Jr.,[3] Joel,[3] and the wife[3] of Frederick West.

BROWN, Owen, m. Ruth,[3] dau. of Gideon,[2] son of Rev. Gideon and Elizabeth[1] Mills—they were parents of John, of Kansas.

MILLS, Pelatiah Mills, of Bloomfield, m. Hannah,* dau. of Brewster Higley, 1st, and widow of Elijah Owen.* They were grd. parents of Elihu Mills.[2]

HUBBARD, ———, of Bloomfield, m. Susannah,[1] dau. of Pelatiah and Hannah* Mills. These had sons, John M.[2] and Joab,[2] father of Joab H.,[3] &c.

BARNETT, James, m. Patty Mills,[1] sister of Susannah.

XII. THOMAS HOLCOMB* *and his descendants.*

He came to Dorchester in 1633, and in 1636 removed with Rev. Mr. Warham to Windsor, and died 1657. Nothing has been discovered to indicate his character except the company he came to Windsor with, and the positions his children occupied after him, which were highly respectable. His sons were church members, and held various public trusts, and his daughters married into good families, and have been followed by trains of honorable descendants, as will be hereafter seen. His sons Joshua and Nathaniel* were among the earliest settlers at Simsbury; Benajah* remained in Windsor. It is believed that all who bear the name of Holcomb in this country, are descended from Thos. Holcomb through one of these three sons. The New England Genealogical Dictionary mentions no other of the name as coming into New England, and I have never seen, or heard, of one of the name who did not trace his descent from this stock. Mention is made of one John, at Springfield, but he is soon lost sight of; it is supposed he was the eldest son of Thomas.*

ELLSWORTH, Josias, m. Elizabeth, dau. of Thos. Holcomb*—these were gr. grd. parents of Oliver Ellsworth,[4] formerly Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the U. S., who was the father of Wm. W. Ellsworth,[5] formerly judge and governor of this state; line of descent from Thos. Holcomb: Elizabeth Holcomb,[1] Thomas Ellsworth,[2] William,[3] Oliver,[4] Wm. W.[5]

BISSEL, Samuel, m. Abigail, another dau. Ex-Gov. Clark Bissel was descended from Thos. Holcomb* by this line; Abigail Holcomb,[1] John Bissel,[2] Benjamin,[3] (of Lebanon,) Benjamin,[4] Joseph William,[5] Clark.[6]

GRISWOLD, George, m. Mary, another dau. Hon. John M. Niles, late U. S. Senator from Conn., was descended from Thos. Holcomb* by this line: Mary Holcomb,[1] Daniel,[2] Nathaniel,[3] and Naomi Griswold,[4] Naomi Marshall,[5] John M. Niles.[6]

BIRGE, Daniel, m. Deborah,[1] another dau.; their son, Daniel,[2] removed to Hebron, and had son, Jonathan,[3] who had son, Roswell,[4] who was father of my true friend, Hon. Alonzo W. Birge,[5] late of this city, and former treasurer of state—an honest, sagacious, and benevolent man. The descendants of Daniel 2nd are numerous in Hebron and vicinity. I notice the names of Burroughs, Holdridge, Root, and Sweetland, as having intermarried with his daus. and grd. daus.

HAYDEN, Samuel 1st, of Windsor, m. Anna,[1] dau. of Benajah Holcomb.* Their son Samuel 2nd[2] settled in Torringford, and had six sons, Augustin,[3] Moses,[3] (who moved to Conway, Mass.,) Samuel 3d,[3] Aaron,[3] Luke,[3] and Seth.[3] The late Luke,[4] of Barkhamsted, Cicero,[4] of Torringford, and other brothers, were sons of Augustin.[3] Nathaniel,[2] son of Samuel 1st, had sons, Nathaniel 2nd[3] and Levi.[3] Joseph[2] and Wm.,[2] sons of Samuel 1st and Anna, settled in Harwinton. My friend, H. Sidney Hayden[5] and his brothers are sons of Levi 2nd,[4] s. of Levi 1st,[3] s. Nathaniel,[2] s. Samuel Hayden 1st and Anna[1] Holcomb. Isaac S. Hayden,[5] of Hfd, was s. of Hezekiah,[4] s. of Levi 1st.[3]

PALMER, Joel, of Windsor, m. Anna,[3] dau. Nathaniel Hayden 1st;[2] these were grd. parents of Joel Palmer,[5] now of Windsor.

BARBOUR, Jerijah, m. Nancy,[4] dau. Nathaniel Hayden 2nd[3]—parents of N. H.[5] and John H.,[5] now of Windsor.

ELLSWORTH, Giles, of Windsor, m. Ellen,[4] dau. of Levi Hayden 1st.[3]

PEASE, Dr. John C., a classmate of the late President Humphrey, m. Naomi Niles,[6] sister of John M.; their son John R.,[7] of Hartford, wrote "The Cynosure," to be found in this book.

PEASE, Lorrain T., m. Sarah[5] sister of Naomi Marshall,[5] before mentioned; they were parents of E. M. Pease,[6] late governor of Texas.

MESSENGER, Joseph, m. Catharine, dau. Nathaniel Holcomb.*

ALFORD, Nathaniel, one of the first settlers of Canton, m. Experience,[3] dau. Joshua 2nd, s. Joshua Holcomb 1st; they had five daughters: Isabel m. John Hill; Susan m. Joseph Tiff; Luzia m. Solomon Thomas; Rhoda m. Philip Jarvis; Hannah m. Isaac Messenger, s. of Joseph Messenger and Catharine Holcomb. Isaac's sons were Simeon,[3] Reuben,[3] and Carmi.[3]

GRISWOLD, Samuel, Esq., of Windsor, m. for first wife Deborah,[1] dau. of Benajah Holcomb.* Their son Samuel[2] had son Jeremiah,[3] who settled in Canton, and dau. Delight,[3] who m. Elisha Case, of Canton.

BARBOUR, Samuel, m. Sarah, dau. of Nath'l Holcomb.* Their four sons, John,[2] (my father's[4] grd. father,) Thomas,[2] Samuel,[2] and Jonathan,[2] were among the first settlers of Canton. My father and mother were 3rd cousins in one way, 4th in another, and 5th in another; their children are descended from Thos. Holcomb in four ways.

XIII. THOMAS BLISS *and his descendants.*

He came to Hartford from Boston before 1639, when he and his son Thomas, Jr., owned land here, in the neighborhood of Grand street; Thomas, Sen.,* died soon after, leaving sons, Thomas, Nathaniel,* Lawrence and Samuel, and five daughters. Thomas, Jr., removed to Norwich, and had sons, Thomas 3rd [2] and Samuel [2]—the latter was great grandfather of the late Geo. Bliss,[5] sheriff of New London county. Margaret,* the widow of Thomas Bliss, Sen.,* was "a very capable and resolute woman," and about two years after the death of her husband removed with all her children except Thomas and Ann, wife of Robert Chapman, to Springfield, and died there in 1684. Nathaniel Bliss,* the second son, born in England, married 1646 Catharine,* daughter of Dea. Samuel Chapin;* lived and died in Springfield. His daughter Mary* married Nathaniel Holcomb.*

Samuel, (son of Nathaniel,*) of Longmeadow, Mass., was grd. father of Hon. John Bliss,[3] of Wilbraham, who d. 1784. Pelatiah,[2] s. of Lawrence Bliss,[1] had son, Pelatiah, Jr.,[3] who was grd. father of Rev. Seth Bliss,[5] of Boston. Thomas,[2] son of Samuel Bliss 1st, was father of Daniel,[3] of Concord, Mass, whose son, Daniel,[4] was a judge in New Brunswick and grd. s. John M. Bliss[5] was chief justice in that province. Ebenezer,[2] s. of Samuel Bliss 1st, was father of Hon. Moses,[3] grd. father of Hon. George,[4] LL. D., and gr. grd. father of Hon. George, Jr.,[5] of Springfield, Mass.

CHAPMAN, Hon. Robert, of Saybrook, a distinguished man, m. Ann,[1] dau. Thos. Bliss 1st.*

PARSONS, Joseph, Jr., of North Hampton, m. Mary,[1] another dau.

SCOTT, John, of Springfield, m. Sarah,[1] another dau.

MORGAN, Niles, of Springfield, m. Eliz.,[1] another dau.

WARRINER, James, of Springfield, m. Hannah,[3] dau. Samuel,[2] s. of Lawrence,[1] s. of Thos. 1st.*

COLTON, Capt. Thos., of Longmeadow, Mass., m. Hannah,[2] dau. Lawrence Bliss,[1] preceding; they had son Wm.,[3] who had Aaron,[4] who had Aaron,[5] father of Nathan[6] and Anson[6] Colton, of Hfd.

FOOTE, Nathaniel, successively of Hartford, Springfield, Stratford, Branford, and last of Wethersfield, m. Margaret,[1] dau. of Nathaniel Bliss 1st,* of Springfield, 1672.

This brings me into the "Foote genealogy," where I find so copious notes that I must abbreviate very much. One of the sons of Nathaniel Foote and Margaret Bliss was Josiah, of Colchester, who m. dau. of Noah Welles, an ancestor of my wife. All the descendants of Josiah Foote (see genealogy of my wife under Wells,) are also descendants of Nathaniel Bliss, and related to my mother; the degree of descent of each from Nathaniel Bliss is one greater than the degree of descent from Noah Wells. My mother was of the 5th and 6th degree from Nathaniel Bliss; my wife was of the 5th generation from Noah Wells 1st. The sons of Nathaniel and Margaret Foote were Nathaniel,[2] Ephraim,[2] Josiah,[2] and Joseph,[2] of Colchester; the daughters were Sarah,[2] who m. Thos. Olcott of Hfd 1691; Eliz.[2] m. Robert Turner, of Coventry; Mary[2] m. Daniel Rose, of Coventry in 1706, and Eunice[2] m. Michael Taintor, Jr., of Colchester, in 1712.

Of the 3rd generation from Nathaniel Foote and 4th from Nathaniel Bliss,* were the following, whose children were 4th and 5th cousins to mother: Ephraim Isham of Hfd, who d. 1838; Samuel Bridges, Jr., of Colchester, who m. sister of Israel Newton 3rd; Patience, wife of David Bigelow, of Glastenbury; Ann, wife of Joshua Bailey, of Chatham; Margaret, wife of Azariah Bigelow, of Colchester; Esther, wife of Caleb Gates, of East Haddam; Lucy, wife of Joseph Gates, of East Haddam; Mary, wife of Stephen Skinner, of Colchester; Elizabeth, wife of Rev. David Huntington, of Marlborough; Mary, wife of Nathaniel Otis, of Colchester; Martha, wife of John Barnes, last of Newburgh, N. Y.; Margaret, wife of Rev. Emmerson Foster, of Killingly; Ann, wife of Gen. Thompson J. Foote, of Williamstown, Mass.; Lois, wife of Dan. Worthington, of Lenox; Jerusha, wife of Joseph Johnson, of Colchester; Chloe, wife of Richard Mott, of Hudson, N. Y., afterwards of Sheffield, Mass.; Hannah, wife of Philip Warner, of Stafford; Mercy, wife of Jona. Porter, of Ellington; Lydia, wife of John Darrow of New Canaan, N. Y.; Grace, wife of James Williams, of East Hamilton, N. Y.; Sarah, wife of Wm. Dunham, of Middletown; Deborah, wife of Zelotes Bigelow, of Colchester; Tabitha, wife of Roswell Chamberlain, of Colchester; Ruhamah, wife of John Birge, of Hebron, and afterwards of Franklin, N. Y.; Ann, wife of Edmond Bridges, of Colchester; Hannah, wife of Gibbons Mather, of Colchester; Esther, wife of Ralph Taylor, of Colchester; Eunice, wife of Ezra Clark 2nd, of Colchester; Margaret, wife of Daniel Taylor, of Colchester; Olive, wife of Daniel Hubbard, and afterwards of Dr. Howell Rodgers, of Colchester.

Of the 4th generation from Nathaniel and Margaret Foote, 4th and 5th cousins to my mother, whose children are 5th and 6th cousins to my mother's children, through her, and 5th cousin through my father, I will mention a few: Rev. Henry Bigelow, a clergyman of Vermont, de-

ceased; Mary Skinner, wife of Gardner Mills, of Canton; Betsey, wife of Samuel Kellogg and Dr. Robert Foote, both of Lenox, Mass.; Hon. Elisha Foote, who was judge of court in Otsego County, N. Y.; Horace Foote, att'y, Cleveland, Ohio; Chas. Foote, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Sarah Dunham, wife of Wm. Southmayd, Jr., of Middletown; Rev. Calvin Foote, of West Granville, Mass.; Sally Clark, wife of Dr. Parsons, of Colchester; Dr. Dyer Foote, of Elmira, N. Y.; Rev. Adrian Foote, of Ohio; Mary Foote, wife, of Dea. Jos. Adams, of Sherburne, N. Y.; Isaac Foote, Jr., of Smyrna, N. Y.; Roxana Foote, first wife of Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher, (parents of Mrs. H. B. Stowe,[6] Rev. Henry Ward Beecher,[6] Mrs. Thomas C. Perkins,[6] Miss Catharine Beecher,[6] and others;) Geo. A. Foote, of Guilford, (father of the wife[6] of Col. Jos. R. Hawley, of Hfd,) and Adonijah Foote, of Springfield, Mass., who died 1825.

XIV. DEA. SAMUEL CHAPIN * *and his descendants.*

He came to Roxbury in 1638, and to Springfield in 1642; was one of the proprietors of Westfield in 1660; was possessed of large estate—"a deacon and man of distinction," and died, November 11, 1665; had sons Henry, Josiah, David, and Japhet. His daughter Catherine * married Nathaniel Bliss.*

THOMAS, Rowland, of Springfield, m. Sarah, dau. Dea. Chapin;* sons Joseph [2] and Benjamin.[2]

HITCHCOCK, Dea. John, of Springfield, m. Hannah,[1] another dau., and they had sons, John,[2] Samuel,[2] Luke,[2] Nathaniel,[2] and David.[2]

BAGG, John, m. Mercy,[2] dau. Thomas and Sarah Rowland.

Ebenezer,[2] son of Japhet,[1] son of Dea. Samuel,* settled at Enfield, Conn., and had eleven sons: Ebenezer[3] of Enfield, Moses,[3] Noah,[3] Seth,[3] Aaron,[3] and Elias,[3] of Somers, Reuben[3] and Charles,[3] of Salisbury, and David,[3] of New Hfd.; the proprietors[5] of the "Massasoit House," of Springfield, are sons of Samuel,[4] son of Seth.[3] Rev. Reuben,[4] of Somers, who died in 1834, was son of Seth.[3] Rev. Dr. A. B. Chapin,[4] of Glastenbury, was son of Seth.[3] Several of the sons of Moses[3] settled in Newport, N. H.,—one, Dr. Alonzo,[4] is, or was, missionary to the Sandwich Islands. Moses, Jr.,[4] has been Judge of the Circuit Court of Genessee county, N. Y., and Henry[4] is or was a lawyer in Baltimore.

XV. JOHN DRAKE * *and his descendants.*

He came with his brother Richard and sons Job, John,* and Jacob to Boston in 1630, probably in one of the fleet of vessels

which came with Gov. Winthrop. "The Drake family has been distinguished in England for ages by a long array of soldiers, navigators, clergymen, *martyrs*, and authors." John,* father of the emigrants John* and Richard, was one of the council of Plymouth, and a member of the company established by King James in 1606 for settling New England. Richard settled at Hampton, N. H. John,* the emigrant, and his family, were early at Windsor,—the date not given, but before 1639,—where his wife was admitted to the church. He was killed by being run over by his team and cart, August 17, 1659. John, Jr.,* who married Hannah, daughter of Deacon John Moore,* was one of the first settlers of Simsbury, and died there 1688, according to gravestones. Hannah,* daughter of John, Jr.,* married John Higley.*

"Job Drake" was a deacon of the old church, and "Job Drake" was an original deacon of the South Windsor church; John, Jr.,* had a brother, a son, and a nephew of that name. Nathaniel,[2] grandson of John, Jr.,* was a deacon of the old church. Nathaniel's[2] son Nathaniel,[3] was a Baptist deacon, and much persecuted (1763–7) for his religious opinions, and resistance to tyrannical exactions; was a long time in jail at Hartford for refusing to pay taxes for the support of the ruling denomination, exhibiting the martyr spirit which had characterized his ancestors. He was second cousin of my mother's grandmother Naomi, and great grandmother Hannah Higley. John, s. of John Drake, Jr.,* settled in Danbury.

Wolcott, Gov. Roger, m. Sarah,[3] dau. Job, 2d,[2] son Job, 1st,[1] son of John Drake, 1st.* Oliver Wolcott,[4] signer of the Declaration of Independence, and a governor of Connecticut, was son, and Oliver Wolcott, Jr.,[5] also governor of Connecticut for many years, was grandson of Gov. Roger and Sarah[3] Wolcott.

Newberry, Capt. Roger, m. Elizabeth,[4] dau. Gov. Roger and Sarah Wolcott, 1727. Gen. Roger Newberry,[5] of the Revolutionary army, was son of these. The late Frederick[6] and James Newberry, Esq.,[6] of Bloomfield, were sons of Thomas,[5] three years a soldier in the French war, and grd. sons of Capt. Roger and Elizabeth Newberry.

Olmsted, Ashbel, of East Hfd., m. Hannah,[4] dau. Capt. Roger Newberry.

Sargeant, John, of Windsor, m. Fanny,[6] dau. Gen. Roger Newberry.

Rowland, Rev. Henry, of Windsor, m. Elizabeth,[6] another dau.

SIMMONS, Dr. Abel, m. Rhoda,[6] another dau.

LOOMIS, Anson, of Windsor, lately deceased, m. Eunice,[7] dau. of preceding.

BARBOUR, John, late of Torringford, m. Mary,[6] dau. of Thomas[5] above.

BARBOUR, Charles, late of Onondaga, N. Y., m. Dolly,[6] sister of Mary.

COLT, Col. Anson, of Torringford, m. Mary Ann,[7] dau. John and Mary Barbour.

GRISWOLD, Thomas, m. 1681, Hester Drake,[2] dau. of Job[1], son of John * the emigrant.

GUNN, Daniel, of Westfield, Mass., m. Hester,[3] dau. of Thomas and Hester Griswold.

WOODBRIDGE, Haynes, of Simsbury, m. 1742, Elizabeth,[4] dau. of Esq. Samuel,[3] son of Thomas and Hester Griswold,—6 children.

CHAFFE, Dr. Hezekiah, m. Lydia,[4] (widow Phelps) sister of preceding; five children.

TYNG, Rev. Dr. Stephen H., of New York City, m. Anne D.,[6] dau. of Rev. Bishop Alexander Viets Griswold,[5] who was son of Elisha,[4] son of Esq. Samuel,[3] son of Thomas and Hester[2] (Drake) Griswold.

CASE, Elisha, m. Delight[5] Griswold, grd. dau. of Esq. Samuel; grd. parents of Lucius Barbour,[7] and the wife[7] of H. H. Bartlett of this city.

ROCKWELL, Joseph, m. 1694, Elizabeth[2] Drake, dau. Job,[1] son of John, Jr.* Their son Joseph,[3] was father of Samuel,[4] head of the firm of Samuel Rockwell & Sons of Colebrook; his sons were Dr. Samuel[5] of Sharon, Solomon[5] of Winsted, Timothy,[5] Reuben,[5] Alpha,[5] Martin,[5] and Francis,[5] of Colebrook.

HUNTINGTON, Jonathan, m. Elizabeth,[3] dau. Joseph and Elizabeth (Drake) Rockwell.

MARSHALL, Thomas, m. 1685 Mary,[2] dau. Job,[1] s. of John Drake, 1st.* Their children were Samuel,[3] Thomas,[3] Noah,[3] Rev. Daniel,[3] Rachael,[3] Catherine,[3] and Eunice.[3] Samuel had sons, Rev. Eliakim,[4] and Rev. Joseph.[4] Rev. Daniel[3] preached many years with great success in various Southern States, and died, in holy triumph, in Georgia, where it is said the children of his son, Rev. Abraham,[4] and other descendants, still live. A very interesting biography of this eminently godly man may be found in a note on page 695 of Stiles's History of Windsor.

ENO, Capt. Samuel, m. Eunice,[3] dau. of Thomas and Mary (Drake) Marshall; children, Samuel, Eliphalet, Daniel, Ashbel, Moses, and Eunice.

There seems to have been much of the *martyr* spirit in the early descendants of Thomas Marshall and Mary Drake. Rev. Mr. Chapman gives account of some of them in this wise: Eunice Marshall[3] (then the wife

of Capt. Eno,) "took upon herself to exhort and preach Baptist doctrines. She was ordered to desist, but not complying, was thrown into jail." Rev. Joseph,[4] before mentioned, "took upon himself to go about exhorting the people, without having received any license from the authorities. He was ordered to discontinue this practice, but he would exhort, whereupon he was fined; refusing to pay the fine, he was put in jail in Hartford and whipped. He still refused to pay the fine, and finally his neighbor, Mr. Hooker, paid it. Nevertheless he continued to exhort, and having afterward removed to Vermont, he died there in the work of the ministry." Of the Rev. Daniel before mentioned, Mr. Chapman states that he made himself odious to the Orthodox church in Windsor by preaching the Baptist doctrines, and at the death of his first wife, (who was Hannah Drake,) the pastor of the church refused to perform the usual funeral services, "leaving the reverend widower to bury his deceased spouse himself,"

The descendants of John Higley were all descendants of John Drake, Jr. and Lucy.

XVI. DEA. JOHN MOORE* *and his descendants.*

He came to Dorchester with Rev. Mr. Warham; a deacon of his church in 1630, and removed with him to Windsor in 1635. He was frequently juror and representative—"an excellent and reputable man in his day and generation," and died and was buried in Windsor, September, 1677. He had one son only—John, who settled in Windsor, and had sons, John, Thomas, Samuel, Nathaniel, Edward, Josiah, and Joseph; from these come all the Moores of this section, probably. His daughter Hannah * married John Drake, Jr.*

Bissel, Thomas, m. Abigail, dau. of Dea. Moore; * settled in E. Windsor; they had son Isaac, who settled in Litchfield, and was ancestor of the Bissels in that region. Thomas H. Bissell of Hfd. is of 6 ○ from Dea. Moore.*

Bissel, Nathaniel, m. Mindwell,[1] another dau. Dea. Moore.*

Loomis, Nathaniel, m. Elizabeth,[1] another dau.

Gaylord, Nathaniel, m. Abigail,[2] dau. Thomas and Abigail[1] Bissel.

Griswold, Samuel, Esq., of Windsor, m. for 2d wife Elizabeth,[3] dau. of preceding; these were grd. parents of Bishop Alexander Viets Griswold.[5]

Stoughton, John, of E. Windsor, m, Elizabeth,[2] dau. Thomas and Abigail Bissel.

Catlin, Thomas, of Litchfield, m. 1732, Abigail,[3] dau. Isaac Bissel.[2]

KILBOURNE, James, of Litchfield, m. 1733, Sarah,[3] another dau.

STONE, Col. Heber, of Litchfield, m. Sarah,[4] dau. Isaac Bissel, Jr.[3]

BISHOP, John, m. Olive,[4] another dau.

CULVER, Abner, m. Catharine,[5] dau. Calvin Bissel,[4] son of Isaac, 2d. (Luther Bissel,[5] brother of Catharine,[5] died at Wolcottville, 1858.)

PATTERSON, William, of Roxbury, m. Mary,[5] dau. of Archelaus,[4] late of Litchfield, son of Isaac, 2d.

KELLOGG, Ebenezer, of Avon, m. Molly,[4] dau. of Joel Bissel,[3] son of Isaac, 1st.[2]

MORGAN, John and Julius, of Kent, Conn., each m. dau.[5] of John[4] Bissel, son of Joel.[3]

WRIGHT, Jonathan, of Milton, Conn., m. Sarah,[4] dau Benj. Bissel,[3] son of Isaac, 1st.[2]

LANDON, John, of Litchfield, m. Abigail,[4] dau. Zebulon Bissel,[3] son of Isaac, 1st. (Zebulon, Jr.,[4] son of Zebulon Bissel, was father of John and Edward, lawyers in New York city. The Moore connection through Thomas and Nathaniel Bissel is very extensive, and I have facilities for tracing it, but have not room for more. It is an honorable connection so far as I have discovered.

DRAKE, Job, son of Job and Elizabeth Clark, m. Martha,[2] dau. John Moore, Jr.[1] The late Richard G.[5] Drake was of the 3d generation from these.

SKINNER, Isaac, m. Hannah,[3] dau. Capt. Thomas Moore,[2] son John, Jr.[1]

KELLOGG, Daniel, m. Deborah,[3] another dau.

WOODRUFF, James, m. Kezia,[3] another dau.

HAYDEN, Daniel, m. Esther,[3] dau. Samuel Moore,[2] son John, Jr.[1]

XVII. PETER BROWN* *and his descendants.*

It is supposed that Peter Brown, who came in the Mayflower, and landed December 22, 1620, at Plymouth, Mass., was the father of Peter,* who settled in Windsor, (Poquonnock) as early as 1658, and who died there March 9th, 1692, aged 60. The evidence of this connection has not quite satisfied my mind, but inasmuch as tradition and common opinion among genealogists favor the supposition, and nothing decidedly against it appears, I shall not reject it as baseless, but will admit its probability—no more. Peter* of Windsor was admitted to the church in 1662; had two grandsons, Daniel and Jonathan, in the French war, and a considerable number of

great grandsons in the Revolutionary war,—certainly Daniel, 2d, Ezra, and John.* Peter * married Mary,* daughter of Jona.* Gillett, 1658, and they had sons, Peter, John,* Jonathan, and Dea. Cornelius. Dea. Cornelius had Cornelius,[2] Titus,[2] and Aaron.[2] John, 1st,* married Elizabeth,* daughter of Dea. John Loomis,* 1691, and died 1728, and their sons were John, 2d,* Isaac, and Daniel. John, 2d,* married Mary Eggleston,* daughter of Thomas,* 1725, and died 1790; their sons were John, 3d,* and Ezra. John, 3d,* married Hannah Owen,* 1757. Their sons were Dea. John of New Hartford, Owen and Frederick of Ohio, and Abiel of Canton, and their daughters were Hannah,* married, 1778, Solomon Humphrey,* (parents of my mother,) Azubah, married Michael Barbour, Esther, married Timothy Case, Margery, married David Giddings, afterward, Prince Taylor; Lucinda married Russel Borden, Thede married William Merrill, and Roxy married Alex. Humphrey.

I know nothing of the living descendants of Peter Brown bearing the name, except of my mother's cousins and Nathan and Eli Brown, of Bloomfield. Nathan[3] is a son, and Eli[4] grandson of Zadoc[2] Brown and Ann Eggleston. Zadoc[2] was son of Daniel,[1] son of John, 1st.* The name is so common that it is very difficult to trace descents and connections.

John Brown, 3d,* removed from Bloomfield to Canton in 1755, and settled on the place now owned by his grandsons. He engaged in the Revolutionary struggle at its beginning as captain of a militia company, and died in New York, September 2d, 1776. Nothing appears against the character of the Brown ancestry, and there are evidences that it was quite respectable. My mother's uncles were much alike, and exhibited remarkable mental and moral qualities. Each was noted among his acquaintances for retentive memory and power of recollection of past events, tenacity of opinion and principle, originality and independence of thought, excessive jealousy and unyielding prejudices, deliberateness, pungency and pithiness of speech, and a remarkable power of sarcasm. In religion they were

thoroughly Calvinistic in creed, and punctilious and scrupulous in practice. One or more of them possessed the characteristic energy and fortitude of their mother. In them were united the Brown, Gillett, Loomis, Scott, Eggleston, Hoskins, Owen, Wade, Eno, Bidwell, Higley, Holcomb, Bliss, Chapin, Drake, and Moore bloods, and some of their distinguishing traits of character may be traced in several of these lines. Abiel Brown devoted a good deal of attention to genealogy, and published a book concerning the early settlers of Canton and their descendants, from which I have derived important aid in my researches, although I have discovered several errors in it.

Of my grandmother, Hannah (Brown) Humphrey, or of any of her sisters, I can not speak particularly. I believe that all, as well as the brothers, were worthy professors of religion. My grandmother died before I was five years old, and I remember but little of her.

XVIII. JONATHAN GILLETT* *and his descendants.*

He with his brother Nathan, came to Dorchester with Mr. Warham, in 1630, and to Windsor (probably) in 1636. He was admitted to the Windsor church, April 6, 1662. He was a constable; lived on the road to Poquonnock, just above the mill. All in this region bearing the name of Gillett are presumed to be descendants of either Jonathan* or Nathan; many of them are in Litchfield county—all quite respectable, I believe.

Jonathan* had Jonathan, Jr.,[1] who had Thomas,[2] who had Abel,[3] who had Dea. Abel,[4] who had Rev. Ashbel,[5] who had Hon. Francis,[6] of Hartford. Dr. Horace C. Gillett,[6] of South Windsor, is son of Horace,[5] of Torringford, son of Jabez,[4] son of John,[3] (and Elizabeth Drake,) son of Daniel,[2] (and Mary Eno,[2]) son of Cornelius, son of Jonathan.*

Bull, Isaac, of Hfd, m. Eunice,[3] dau. of Daniel,[2] son of Cornelius,[1] son of Jonathan.*

Filley, Samuel, m., 1663, Anna,[1] dau. of Jonathan Gillett.* Their son Jonathan[2] Filley m. Deborah Loomis,[2] grd. dau. of Dea. John.* They had Jonathan, Jr.,[3] and Nathaniel;[3] Nathaniel[3] m. Hannah Moore, 1737;

they had Oliver,[4] m. Tabitha Barbour, and they had Oliver,[5] m. Annis Humphrey, of Simsbury; and they had Oliver D.,[6] late Mayor of St. Louis; Jay H.,[6] of Bloomfield, and others.

XIX. JOSEPH LOOMIS* *and his descendants.*

Came from Bristol, England, and settled at Windsor about 1639; was admitted to the church, October 11, 1640; was frequently on important committees—appointments indicating the confidence of his fellow-citizens in his integrity and capacity. He had eleven children, several of whom were born in England. His sons Joseph and Nathaniel were engaged in King Philip's war. He died in 1658. Deacon John,* son of Joseph,* was born in England, and married Elizabeth,* daughter of Thomas Scott,* of Hartford, 1648. He died 1688, aged sixty-six; had numerous children; was ordained deacon in 1651. His daughter Elizabeth* married John Brown 1st,* 1692. The Loomis ancestry and connection are very respectable, generally exhibiting the best phases of Puritanic character. Their leading characteristics, as far as I can judge, have been, moderation in all things, sobriety, and stability. I have seen exceptional cases among the descendants, who combine other bloods with the Loomis blood; but it seems to me that those were Loomis traits originally, which have been remarkably preserved through successive generations.

ALLYN, Henry, of Windsor, m. Ann,[3] dau. of Benjamin,[2] and grd. dau. of Dea. John Loomis.* Henry Allyn, their grandson, died 1804.

SKINNER, John, m. Mary,[1] dau. of Joseph Loomis,* and had several children.

TUDOR, Owen, m. Mary, preceding, (widow of John Skinner;) they had Samuel,[2] father of Rev. Samuel,[3] father of Samuel,[4] father of the late Samuel[5] Tudor, of Hfd.

HILLYER, Andrew, father of Gen. Hillyer,[6] of Hfd, m. a dau.[5] of Dr. Elihu Tudor,[4] son of Rev. Samuel;[3] she died Jan., 1864, aged over 90.

HOADLEY, Wm. H., late of Hfd, m. a sister[6] of Gen. Hillyer—parents of Chas. J. Hoadley, Esq.,[7] State Librarian, to whose kind assistance in my genealogical researches I am much indebted, and who, I am happy to say, is my 6th cousin in at least three different ways.

COLT.—Mr. Hoadley informs me that an ancestor of the late Col. Sam. Colt and Judge Colt, of this city, m. a dau. of John Skinner and Mary Loomis, and that these gentlemen are thus descended from Joseph Loomis.*

XX. THOMAS SCOTT* *and his descendants.*

He came to Hartford (probably from Cambridge) in 1637, and was killed by the carelessness of John Ewe, November 7, 1644. He was an original proprietor of Hartford, and had lot on the south side of State street, extending from State House Square to Front street. He had son Thomas, who died unmarried; so that he has no descendants of the name. Elizabeth,* his daughter, married Dea. John Loomis,* 1649.

PORTER, Robert, of Farmington, m. Mary,[1] dau. of Thos. Scott; they had sons John,[2] Thomas,[2] Robert,[2] and Benjamin.[2] Thomas[2] had William,[3] Nathaniel,[3] Robert,[3] and Benjamin.[3] Robert 3rd[3] had Robert[4] and Dea. Noah,[4] father of Rev. Dr. Noah Porter,[5] of Farmington, who kindly furnished me the genealogy of his father. The widow of Rev. Dr. Humphrey is sister to Dr. Porter.

STANLY, John, of Farmington, m. Sarah[1] Scott, sister of Mary and Elizabeth, and they had sons John[2] and Timothy,[2] of Waterbury, Thomas[2] and Isaac.[2]

GAYLORD, Joseph, of Windsor, m. Sarah,[2] dau. of John and Sarah Stanley, and they had sons Joseph[3] and John.[3]

ANDREWS, Abraham and Thomas, each m. a dau.[2] of Robert and Mary Porter.

The daughters of Thomas Scott* married into families of the highest respectability, from which I conclude he was a respectable man; I have no other light in regard to his character.

XXI. BEGAT EGGLESTON* *and his descendants.*

He came from England to Dorchester in 1630, and to Windsor in 1636, and died in 1674, near one hundred years old. His wife, whom he brought from England, was Sarah Talcott; he had a second wife—name not given—probably late in life. He was an original member of Mr. Warham's church. His son James* was born in England; his wife was Hester,* who,

after the death of James, married James Eno,* and afterwards a Williams; the record of her death states that she was said to have been the first white female in Hartford. James* was in the Pequot war, and received therefor a grant of fifty acres of land; he died 1679. Thomas,* son of James, was born 1661; was a farmer; his wife was Grace Hoskins.* He died 1732. Each of these had numerous children: Mary,* daughter of Thomas,* married John Brown, 2nd.*

Rev. Ambrose Eggleston and Elijah Eggleston,[4] of Hartford, have prepared a very full genealogy of this worthy family, which I hope and presume, will be published. Mr. Stiles availed himself of the results of their researches, in giving copious notes in his Windsor book.

PETTIBONE, John, ancestor of all of the name in this region, m., 1644, Sarah, dau. of Begat Eggleston.*

PHELPS, Anson G., the benevolent merchant of New York, m. Olivia Eggleston, descendant in the 6th degree from Begat.*

WHAPLES, Nathan, of Hfd, m. Grace,[1] dau. of Thomas.*

LOOMIS, Ebenezer and Aaron, m. each a dau. of Thomas.*

PHELPS, Ebenezer, m. Mindwell, another dau.

MILLS, John, son of Simon,* m. Sarah,[2] dau. of John and Sarah Pettibone.

MARSH, Edward, m. a sister[4] of Elijah Eggleston, of Hfd.; Seth E.[5] and George,[5] of Hfd., are sons of Edward. They are also connected with the Drake line.

CASE, Titus, of Canton, m. Sarah Rebecca,[3] dau. of Thos. Eggleston[2] and Rebecca Drake.

PHELPS, David, of Simsbury, m., 1731, Abigail Pettibone, third in descent from John Pettibone and Sarah Eggleston; these were grand parents of Jeffrey O.,[6] Noah A.,[6] and Guy R. Phelps.[6] I have used here some facts drawn from the "History of Simsbury, Granby, and Canton," by Noah A. Phelps.[6]

SARAH TALCOTT,

Who came from England as the wife of Begat Eggleston, in 1630, was probably the mother of James Eggleston,* who was born in England. Begat may have had a former wife—the mother of James—and therefore I do not feel authorized to say *positively* that my mother is descended from a TALCOTT.

XXII. JOHN HOSKINS* *and his descendants.*

The History of Dorchester says that he "came to Dorchester in 1630." He appears to have been past the middle age of life on his arrival, and was denominated "Goodman," which term was applied only to respectable householders. He removed to Windsor, and was committee man to the General Court in 1637; he died 1648. Antony,* probably son of John Hoskins, married Isabel Brown,* July 16, 1656, and died January 4, 1707, leaving a large estate. He had lands at Simsbury and at Greenfield. He was a trooper in actual service in King Philip's war. His daughter Grace* married Thomas Eggleston.* Robert, son of Antony, moved to Simsbury.

THRALL, Thomas, m. Eliz.,[2] dau. John,[1] s. Antony Hoskins,* 1699.

I am unable to trace further connections—the genealogy of the family in Stiles being very meagre, and I do not find any other. Several of the name were petitioners to the Legislature from Boomfield as early as 1734, and I find some of them in the earliest list of members of the church there; I find none in the early Windsor church records. A few names are in the list of revolutionary soldiers from Windsor.

ISABEL BROWN*

Was the wife of Antony Hoskins,* and mother of Grace (Hoskins) Eggleston.* By oversight this branch is omitted in the diagram. Of her previous connections I am not informed.

XXIII. JOHN OWEN* *and his descendants.*

He was a Welshman, and came to Windsor about 1650, and first lived in Hosford's lane, and afterwards removed to Polly's Orchard, on the Farmington River, near the present village of Poquonnock. His wife was Rebecca Wade.* He was sexton of the old church for some time, and, I think, was by trade a carpenter and joiner. Nothing appears derogatory to his character as a quiet, respectable member of society. He died February 1, 1698, aged seventy-six. His sons were Josias, who settled in Simsbury or East Granby; Nathaniel, who removed

to Westfield, Mass.; Joseph, who settled in Hebron, Conn.; Obadiah, Joseph, Benjamin, John, Daniel, and Isaac.* The latter lived at Turkey Hills, in East Granby, and married Sarah,* daughter of Benajah * Holcomb, and their son Elijah * married Hannah Higley.*

I well remember my great grandmother, Hannah (Owen) Brown, daughter of Elijah Owen and Hannah Higley, who died in 1831, aged ninety-one years. She was often a very welcome and pleasant guest in my father's family. She retained her mental faculties in a remarkable degree to the last, and very entertaining stories did she tell us children of her eventful life. Her husband, Captain John Brown,* died in the revolutionary army at New York, in 1776, leaving her with four sons and seven daughters, the eldest son being but nine, and the eldest daughter eighteen. The responsibilities and labors of bringing up this family, and managing the farm affairs, were met and discharged by her with such fortitude, discretion, and patience, as are seldom exhibited by her sex. The suffering and hardships of the hard winter of 1777–8, have been described by those who experienced them in the hearing of many now living. With grandmother Brown these were peculiarly severe. For a long time she was obliged to provide water for her cattle by melting snow; and repeatedly during this winter did she go on horseback several miles to the mill, with a bag of grain for grinding. Her faith in God, with a naturally energetic, brave, and indomitable spirit, sustained her through all her trials, and she kept her family together, and reared all her children to respectable stations in life. All were married, and, I believe, all had numerous children, except one son—Dea. John, of New Hartford. She was a noble woman. I loved her, and shed many tears when last I looked upon her placid countenance. It seems to me that in her were united the best elements of the Drake, Moore, Higley, Holcomb, Bliss, Chapin, Eno, and Owen characters. Her mother was first cousin of the first Governor Jonathan Trumbull. I remember a conversation between my mother and her brother, then of Amherst, some twenty-five

years ago, in regard to the excellencies of character of grandmother Brown, in which they agreed that of all her numerous descendants, not one was immoral, so far as they knew; and they ascribed this fact very much to the influence of her teachings and example. "Though dead she yet speaketh."

The Owens of Shelburne, N. Y., are descendants of John Owen.* One of the descendants settled at Kingsborough, N. Y. Rev. Dr. John J. Owen,[5] of the New York Free Academy, is a descendant of John Owen,* the emigrant, in the 5th degree—a distinguished classical scholar and writer, and has published commentaries on the New Testament. His brother Edward H.[5] and son Edward J.[6] are lawyers in New York city. I have seen brief memoirs of several of the Owen family, from which, and from my personal acquaintance with others, I conclude that evenness of temper, sedateness and modesty, are family traits. I have found no genealogy by which I could trace connections by intermarriage with other names. Benedict Alford, of Vermont, m. Rebecca Owen, dau. of Elijah.*

XXIV. REBECCA WADE *

Was the wife of John Owen, and mother of his children. I do not know her antecedents.

XXV. JAMES ENO * *and his descendants.*

He settled at Windsor in 1646, and died there in 1682. His wife was Anna Bidwell,* whom he married in 1648. He afterwards married the widow of Thomas Holcomb,* and again the widow of James Eggleston.* I am unable to gain any distinct knowledge of his character from what is said of him in Stiles' History of Windsor. He may have been a barber, as he was allowed land by the town to build a barber-shop upon. He was engaged with Michael Humphrey * in the controversy with the Church at Windsor, of which some account may be found in another place; and in the resolutions of the General Court on that subject, all of the *agitators* are recognized as moral and respectable men, which is a kind of indorsement of his character. His descendants, immediate and later, were prompt to enlist for the defense of the settlements, and of the honor

and rights of the country. His son James was in the bloody "swamp fight" of King Philip's war, and five of his name were revolutionary soldiers from Windsor. Colonel Roger Eno,[3] of Colchester, his great grandson was Lieutenant-Colonel under Arnold, in his expedition to Quebec, and subsequently became a General in the Revolutionary war. The name of Eno has not become common in the country. I suppose all who bear it in any of its forms—Enos, Enno, or, as generally written and pronounced, Eno—are descended from James.* He had two sons, James and John, and one daughter Sarah,* who married Benajah Holcomb,* and after his death, Samuel Phelps.

TULLER, Elijah, m. Rhoda,[4] dau. of Jonathan,[3] (who was brother of Gen. Eno,[3]) son of David,[2] son of James, Jr.,[1] son of James.*
HUMPHREY, Granville, m. Lucretia,[4] another dau.
PHELPS, Alexander, m. Eliz.,[4] another dau.
VIETS, John, of East Granby, m. Abigail,[4] another dau.
BASSETT, Ozias, m. Emeline,[5] dau. of Salmon,[4] son of Jonathan.[3]
HUMPHREY, Milton, of Farmington, m. Mary,[5] another dau.
LEWIS, Horatio, late of New Britain, m. Jane,[5] another dau.

XXVI. ANNA BIDWELL.*

I only know that she was the wife of James Eno,* and mother of his children.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

IN the review of the results of my investigations in regard to the lineal and collateral consanguinities of my wife and mother, I feel much satisfaction. It must be agreed by all who carefully inspect them, that they are remarkably respectable and honorable; and the kindred of the dear ones to whose memories these genealogical notes are appended, will not, I am sure, feel that such an appendix is inappropriate or valueless. I hope some one or more of them will now devote the time and

labor necessary for the preparation of a volume or two, which shall contain brief biographies of the worthy and distinguished descendants of the Puritan ancestors brought to view in the preceding pages. I have traced out a large number of collateral relatives whose lives are worthy of extended and enduring records: eminent clergymen of various denominations, presidents and professors of colleges, Revolutionary heroes and patriots, foreign ministers, cabinet secretaries, judges of the highest courts of the United States and of several States, senators and representatives in Congress, governors of States, &c., &c., and there are doubtless many more to be traced. Such a collection would be very interesting and valuable. At the risk of an undeserved imputation of weak vanity, I call the attention of my readers to the fact, that during the last one hundred years, the office of Governor of the State and colony of Connecticut has been filled by descendants of the Puritan ancestors of my wife, or my mother, more than half the time. Of those descended from one or more Puritan ancestors of my mother:

Jonathan Trumbull 1st, (2° from John Higley,* and 4° from John Drake 1st,* and Dea. John Moore,*) was Governor fifteen years, from 1769 to 1784:

Oliver Wolcott 1st, (4° from John Drake 1st,*) two years, from 1796 to 1798:

Jonathan Trumbull 2d, (3° from John Higley,* and 5° from John Drake 1st* and Dea. John Moore,*) eleven years, from 1798 to 1809:

Oliver Wolcott 2nd, (5° from John Drake 1st,*) ten years, from 1817 to 1827:

Wm. W. Ellsworth, (5° from Thos. Holcomb,*) four years, from 1838 to 1842:

Clark Bissel, (6° from Thos. Holcomb,*) two years, from 1847 to 1849:

Joseph Trumbull, 4° from John Higley,* and 6° from John Drake 1st* and Dea. John Moore,*) one year, from 1849 to 1850.

Of those descended from the Puritan ancestors of my wife:—

John Cotton Smith, (4° from Nicholas Worthington,* 5° from Thomas Graves,* Richard Church,* and Thomas Bunce,* and 6° from Thos. Bull,*) was Governor four years, from 1813 to 1817:

Thomas H. Seymour, 6° from Nathaniel Merrill,* John Watson,* and John Pratt 1st,*) three years, from 1850 to 1853:

I can not presume that no errors exist in these genealogical notes; doubtless there are some, perhaps many, inaccuracies of dates and degrees, made by the copyist or the printer, which have been overlooked in the proof-readings and comparisons, although great care has been taken to avoid these. I ought to acknowledge my great indebtedness to Mr. Hobbs, the stereotyper, for his close, vigilant, and patient attention to the proof-readings and corrections. There may be more important errors into which I have been led by genealogical works, from which I have chiefly drawn the facts stated in regard to collateral relatives, or into which I have fallen by reason of my own carelessness. I believe, however, that my *lineal* traces are correct. I have taken exceeding pains to verify every point in the ancestral lines, and have not received or stated any thing as true upon the uncorroborated statement of any single genealogist. I have repeatedly, upon the authority of official records to which I have had access, rejected the statements of others, and adopted the facts disclosed by the records.

With this acknowledgement of probable imperfections, I commit this embodiment of the results of the hard and arduous labors of the days and nights of the last six months, to the use and charitable judgment of my kindred and friends.

May 21, 1864.

APPENDIX.

For the benefit of my brothers and sisters, and their children and mine, I give the lines of my father's descent as far as I have traced them:

THOMAS BARBOUR, who came to Windsor, 1635; Thomas Barbour, Jr.,[1] Samuel Barbour.[2] John Barbour,[3] Jonathan Barbour,[4] Henry Barbour.[5]

WILLIAM PHELPS, who came to Dorchester, 1630, and to Windsor, 1635; Mary Phelps,[1] who m. Thos. Barbour, Jr., Dec., 1665, Samuel Barbour,[2] John Barbour,[3] Jonathan Barbour,[4] Henry Barbour.[5]

THOMAS HOLCOMB, Dea. Nathaniel Holcomb,[1] Sarah Holcomb,[2] who m. Samuel Barbour; John Barbour,[3] Jonathan Barbour,[4] Henry Barbour.[5]

Dea. SAMUEL CHAPIN; Catharine Chapin,[1] wife of Nathaniel Bliss; Mary Bliss,[2] wife of Nath'l Holcomb; Sarah Holcomb,[3] wife of Samuel Barbour; John Barbour,[4] Jonathan Barbour,[5] Henry Barbour,[6]

THOMAS BLISS, Nathaniel Bliss,[1] Mary Bliss,[2] Sarah Holcomb,[3] John Barbour,[4] Jonathan Barbour,[5] Henry Barbour.[6]

LYDIA REED, of Granby, who m., about 1746, John Barbour; Jonathan Barbour,[1] Henry Barbour.[2] (*Lydia Reed was undoubtedly gr. dau. of Dr. Jacob Reed, who d.* 1710, *and probably gr. grd. dau. of Dr. Philip Reed, of Concord, Mass.*)

NATHANIEL MERRILL, Dea. John Merrill,[1] Dea. Daniel Merrill,[2] Jonathan Merrill,[3] Jonathan Merrill, Jr.,[4] Abi Merrill,[5] who m., 1786, Jonathan Barbour, Henry Barbour.[6]

JOHN WATSON, Sarah Watson,[1] who m. Dea. John Merrill; Dea. Daniel Merrill,[2] Jonathan Merrill,[3] Jonathan Merrill, Jr.,[4] Abi Merrill,[5] Henry Barbour.[6]

JOHN PRATT, John Pratt, Jr.,[1] Susannah Pratt,[2] wife of Dea. Daniel Merrill; Jonathan Merrill,[3] Jonathan Merrill, Jr.,[4] Abi Merrill,[5] Henry Barbour.[6]

SUSANNAH JORDAN, who m. Nath'l Merrill, Dea. John Merrill,[1] Dea. Daniel Merrill,[2] Jona. Merrill,[3] Jona. Merrill, Jr.,[4] Abi Merrill,[6] HENRY BARBOUR.[6]

SAMUEL DOUGLASS, who removed from Hfd. to New Hfd., about 1733; Hannah Douglass,[1] who m. Jonathan Merrill, Jr., about 1762; Abi Merrill,[2] HENRY BARBOUR.[3]

Alexander Douglass was in Hfd. 1676, *and owned land on the east side of Windsor Road, in the "Neck," (perhaps near my own house,) and as no other Douglass is mentioned in Hfd. early, I presume he was the father of Samuel Douglass. Nicholas Clark mentions Alexander Douglass, in his will, as his "son-in-law."*

NOTE.

I have thus traced seventy-seven distinct lines of descent of my sons, ending in sixty different ancestors; four of these lines end in Thomas Holcomb, three in Dea. Samuel Chapin, three in Thomas Bliss, three in Nathaniel Merrill, three in Susannah Jordan, three in John Watson, two in Dea. John Moore, two in John Drake, two in John Higley, and two in John Pratt. Besides these lines of descent, I have named over four hundred collateral branches from the various ancestors of my wife and my mother, and have noted as many more which I have not mentioned in the preceding pages. I have discovered at least fifty of these lines of descent, and nearly all the collateral branches, within the last seven months; and of the others I had but slight knowledge previously. To the labors requisite for a novice in such business to make so extensive genealogical traces, and prepare the foregoing memoirs, add the ordinary labors of a profession, and my other labors, trusts and cares, of which my familiar acquaintances know something, and a sum is obtained sufficient to excuse a good many of the imperfections which will be found in this work.

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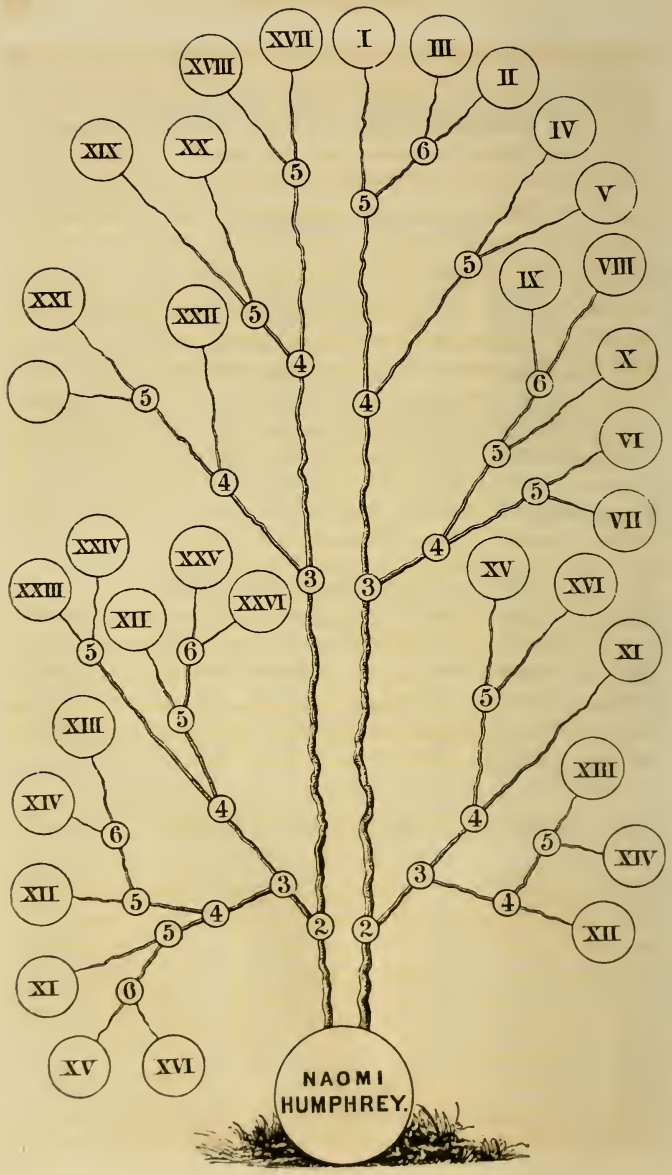
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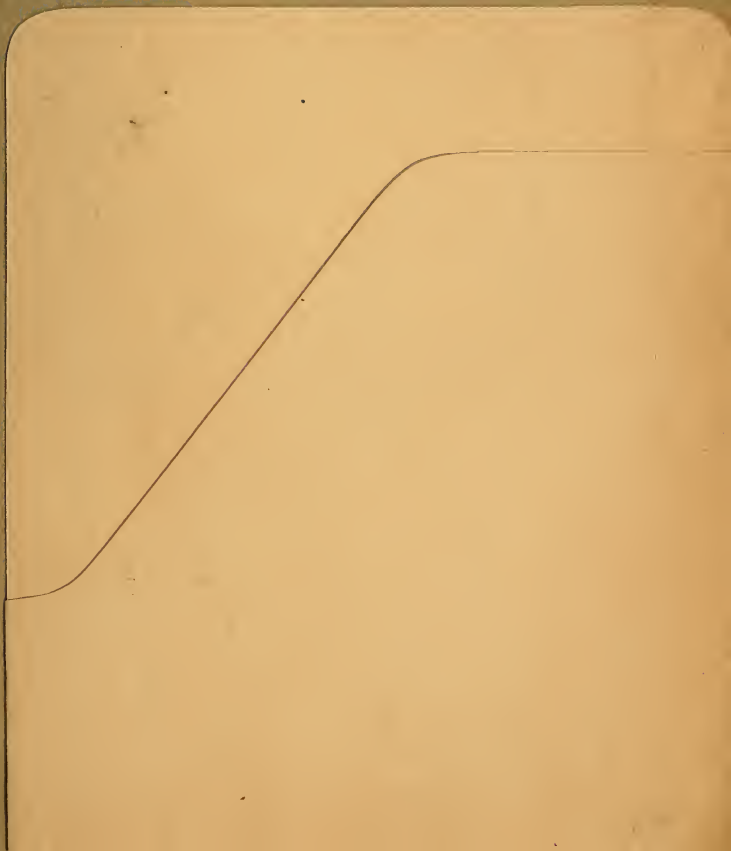
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